MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER

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WHEN WE WERE TRAMPS

BY FRANCES WILSON HUARD

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD

WE really had no intention of becoming tramps, and up to the time of our adventure, nothing in our lives would have led one to suppose we ever would be such.

We had just finished our first season at the Beaux-Arts, and for our vacation Gerald and I decided to take a trip into Normandy. So we bought a circular ticket and set forth, stopping regularly at every station indicated on our itinerary. For nearly a fortnight we visited churches and cathedrals, listened religiously to explanations recited by the guides (without understanding a quarter of what was said), came back to the various hotels just at meal-time, to find chicken, ever chicken, served up with the same chicory salad, and, what became more annoying, the same faces of fellow-students and travelers following the same route. It seemed to us as though all the Americans we had known in Paris had arranged to spend their vacation in Normandy.

We consulted together, and decided we were "doing the thing too well"; so, in hopes of finding more amusement, we began frequenting cheaper hotels and lodgings. But it was useless; for in trying to escape our compatriots, we fell into the society of other tourists of the regulation sort.

Things became more and more monotonous. We thought of other holidays, spent under other conditions, but for some reason we were bashful about mentioning them to each other. At length one day, on coming out of the *table d'hôte,* Gerald spoke of a cruise he had made one summer on Long Island Sound. That broke the ice, and a perfect torrent of recollections poured forth.

"Have you ever been big-game shooting in northern Maine?"

"Rather!"

"Trout-fishing or camping in Canada?"

In less than no time we decided that vacations at home most decidedly had their charms.

As soon as the first enthusiastic moments of joyous reminiscence were over, we felt bluer than ever, and wandered up and down the winding streets of old Avranches, wishing for even the mildest adventure, something that would put a little spice into the insipidity of our lives.

As we came out upon a public square, a

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gathering crowd attracted our attention. Hastening to the scene of action, we discovered that an auction-sale was being held in the doorway of a fine old Louis XVI mansion, and questioning a fellow-onlooker, we learned that the heirs of a very old lady, recently deceased, were selling the contents of her house. Pressing farther into the crowd, we were able to get a peek inside, where we caught sight of an elderly man in a frock-coat mounted on a stool. Two men in blue blouses passed him the articles to be sold, and this person, who looked as though he had just stepped out of a Balzac novel, was rapidly disposing of the goods.

The buyers, chiefly women, were grouped about the entrance, their wrinkled, knotted faces betokening the second-hand dealer in all its picturesque horror.

Unfortunately, we were a little late, for there remained only a few kitchen and garden utensils to be sold, and every one was fast making ready to go when the auctioneer, coming to the door, shouted:

"Be not so hasty, ladies and gentlemen! It is not over yet. We have a surprise in store for you. We are now going to put up Sidi and Beefsteak."

Everybody laughed.

"Let Sidi and Beefsteak come forth!"

A youngster explained that these were no other than the donkey that the old lady used to carry her to market, and her pet dog, which followed behind.

Sidi and her carriage were now brought forward. She was a dear, little, dark-gray donkey, with long, velvety ears, and from time to time would turn her head and cast a frightened glance at her companion, a ridiculous dog, which was not much less timid than she. In the midst of the general hilarity, the auctioneer called out:

"Now 's your chance, ladies and gentlemen. Don't miss it. The cart, the harness, the whip, the donkey, and the dog, all together in one lot, offered for one hundred and fifty francs. Who bids? What do I hear?"

Not a mouth was opened.

"It is for nothing—like giving it away," screeched the old fellow. "The donkey is still young, and the carriage is in good condition. With a single coat of paint it would be as good as new."

Not a sound came from the crowd.

"One hundred francs, then!"

The silence was leaden.

"Come, come! Shall I be obliged to say ninety?"

"Ninety-one!"

The voice that came from behind me sounded strangely like Gerald's. The auctioneer knew his assembly, and without further ado he let fall the hammer, crying:

"Sold!"

There was a general murmur, and then:

"Step up, sir, if you please."

A passage was opened, and to the amazement of all present, who wondered what on earth a young stranger could want with such a sad-looking equipage, Gerald came forward and took possession of Sidi and Beefsteak.

"Are you mad, old man?" I hissed in his ear. "What the deuce are you going to do with them?"

"Never mind," was his cool reply. "Here, you look after Beefsteak while I see to Sidi; and before I 've finished, you 'll bless them both."

I obeyed in silence, awaiting the development of his plan. We started down the road, and presently he turned toward me and asked:

"What was it we were sighing for a few moments ago? A little variety in this monotonous trip, was it not? Well, now we 've got it. If I am not very much mistaken, there is no coast-line railroad between here and Cherbourg. The country all through that region must be lovely, I know. Just think! There 's the beautiful abbey at Hambye that we never should have been able to visit without Sidi. We 'll pile our luggage upon the cart, and take a walking-trip, stopping to sketch and paint wherever we please. You 're willing, old boy, are n't you?" said Gerald, addressing the dog.

Beefsteak barked his acquiescence.

As to myself, perhaps I was the most enthusiastic member of the party, and I became so demonstrative that I must have jerked too hard on the cord attached to Beefsteak's antique collar, for the thing gave way, and I came near being precipitated into the ditch. This highly amused a number of small urchins, who followed us all the way to the hotel, making fun of our queer little turn-out.

Once our suit-cases, color-boxes, and

Drawn by Charles Huard

THE AUCTION

Drawn by Charles Huard

"SIDI" AND "BEEFSTEAK"

easels were on the cart, we set out to buy the articles necessary for our impromptu camping-party. A couple of blankets, a basket containing two cups, two plates, a pound of tea, and an alcohol lamp, completed our outfit; so by four o'clock in the afternoon we were well out on the highroad, faithfully followed by Beefsteak, whose sudden attachment for his new masters proved that if he were not one of its most brilliant samples, he was at least one of the most affectionate representatives of the whole canine race.

Leaving Avranches in the distance, we followed the road in hopes of reaching Ste. Piance by nightfall. Our inexperience as pedestrian travelers prevented us from being capable judges of distance, so we may have walked five miles, we may have walked ten, when, in spite of our enthusiasm, we began to feel weary. It was just after sunset, and we were fast gaining the summit of a very tiresome hill. Imagine, then, our delight when, arriving at the top, we saw a fresh, green valley, watered by a silvery river, and a little village sheltered beneath the rocks, like a beehive in the crotch of a willow.

We spent the night at a little tavern pompously called "Les Trois Rois et le Soleil Levant," and slept the sleep of the just.

Next morning we arose at dawn and started on our way with renewed enthusiasm. Our "Travels with a Donkey" had begun in earnest, and we tramped along, stopping every now and then to sketch an ideal bit. At ten o'clock we made a halt and liberally partook of a cold joint and some preserves with which our innkeeper's wife had stocked our basket. As to the tea, which we made over our alcohol stove, it was the best I ever tasted. Even Beefsteak liked it, for I surprised him lapping in my cup, which I put down for a moment when Gerald called my attention to a delightful bit of landscape.

We reached Fleury early in the afternoon, and found it to be a little hamlet composed of a few small houses clustered about a picturesque church. We

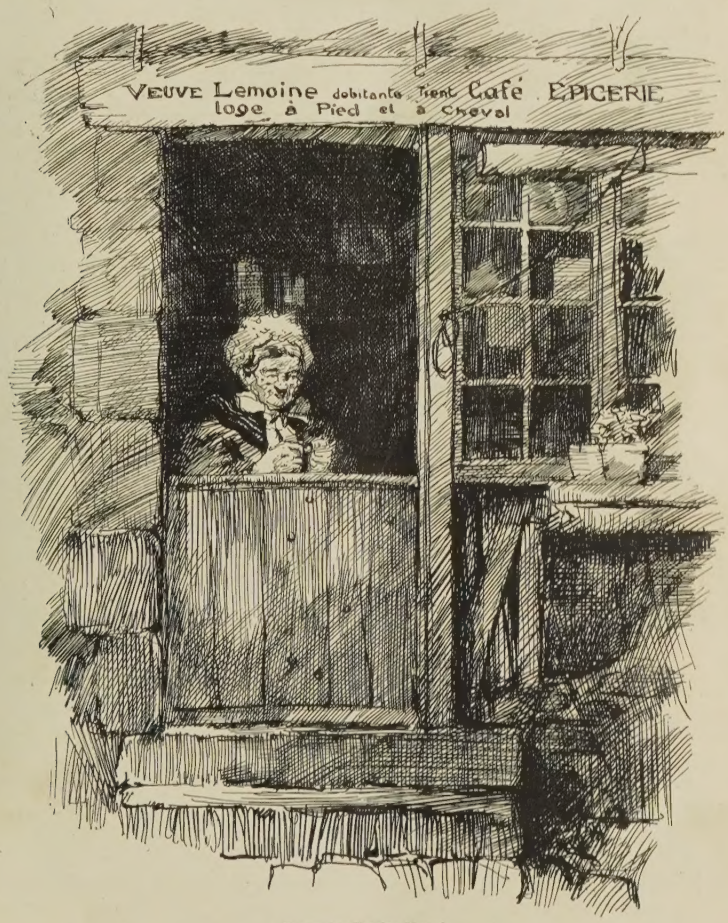
questioned an old road-mender as to a hotel.

"Oh, you 'll find no hotel in these parts," he replied. "Go to Madame Lemoine's, though. She has good food and beds."

We soon found Widow Lemoine, thanks to her amusing sign, which announced that she lodged "on foot or on horse," sold dry groceries, and kept a café. A glance at her narrow little shop showed that the sign made no pretensions to enumerate the wares contained within, for almost every conceivable thing necessary to the comfort of the entire population of the village could be procured there.

Madame Lemoine herself, an elderly, white-capped person, greeted us cordially; and following her directions, we put Sidi into the stable behind the house, and started out to find subjects for painting. We were not long installing ourselves, but we soon discovered that landscape-painters were unknown quantities at Fleury. First of all, some ducks and then a few small children began circling about us. Presently an old woman, who had eyed us at a distance for a long time, approached, and stood with her mouth wide open in astonishment. She was quickly joined by a neighbor, and in a short time we were entirely surrounded by a silent crowd, who nudged one another's elbows, and lifted their eyebrows inquiringly.

"Perhaps you are working for the map



Drawn by Charles Huard

THE WIDOW LEMOINE

Drawn by Charles Huard

"LANDSCAPE-PAINTERS WERE UNKNOWN QUANTITIES AT FLEURY"

of France?" interrogated an old peasant, wearing a cotton bonnet.

"No. For my own pleasure."

They all looked at one another, anxious and astonished, filled with doubt and suspicions.

"And to sell," I added.

"Oh, my boy, you 'll dispose of none of it here. Better go to the city, where there are gentlemen. You 'll stand more chance. What on earth would you expect us to do with such things?" exclaimed old cotton-bonnet, walking away, shrugging his shoulders.

Widow Lemoine was more expansive. She admired our painting, observed that it must require a deal of patience to do such work, and, finally scrutinizing our faces, burst out:

"But think of it! Two great healthy

fellows like you! Could n't you find a more sensible job, instead of wasting your time on such foolishness?"

We promised to think it over.

Dear, brave-hearted Mother Lemoine, who misunderstood our aims, but who cooked such delicious dishes! I shall never forget the trout and the chicken she served us, preceded by a wonderful vegetable soup that we watched her make in the back of her store, bothered every few moments by a customer come to buy a penny candle, or a small boy begging for a bit of string.

Dinner was served within a few paces of where it was cooked, and when we were about to sit down, a big, black-bearded man made his appearance, and took his place beside us. He presented himself, and proved to be the superintendent of road-menders, making his round. He talked at length with us about all the surrounding country, gave us much useful information concerning routes, and finally, after discussing hunting and farming, dropped asleep by the fireside. As nine o'clock sounded from the neighboring church steeple, Madame Lemoine lighted a candle and led the way to our chamber. It was an immense room that occupied the whole upper floor, and the staircase opened into it directly. It contained three beds, and the old lady gave us our choice, saying: "The superintendent does n't care which one he has." We looked at each other in astonishment, but before we had time to utter an objection, the superintendent appeared, wished us "Good night," and turned over to snore. Having shared our dinner, he was going to share our room. But, then, what could we do?

Loath to separate ourselves from Mother Lemoine's savory cuisine, we loitered about Fleury, having for successive companions in our room a traveling grocer and a cobbler. Then on the morning of the third day we took our leave, *en route*

Drawn by Charles Huard

"WE WERE HAILED AS TRAVELING PHOTOGRAPHERS"

for La Bloutière. Here we spent one night, and the next day about noon we discovered the remains of an interesting old abbey. So, having assured ourselves that there was an inn near by, we remained and worked until dusk.

Hambye being only two or three miles distant, we reached it very early the following morning, just at the hour when the weekly market was at its busiest. It was one of those open-air *marché Normand* where every conceivable product was sold on the public square, and as we drew up to watch the interesting details, we created a sensation.

I gathered that we had been taken for song-vendors, then later on as rat-exterminators, and finally, when Gerald got out his kodak and began taking snapshots, we were hailed as traveling photographers. When we started off without producing anything for sale, or without asking any questions, we were followed by many suspicious glances, and more than one threat was hurled after us.

We had intended to take tea at St. Denis Le Ghast, and pushing on to St. Malo de la Lande for the night; but after leaving Hambye, we came across so many interesting landscapes that we unharnessed Sidi, and putting her out in the field to graze, opened our color-boxes. So earnestly did we work that we paid heed neither to time nor to Sidi, the latter going farther and farther away, until, when the chill of evening came on and we were ready to start again, she was nowhere to be seen. Leaving Beefsteak to

Drawn by Charles Huard

"ONE MORE PILGRIM"

guard our things, we began our search. But Sidi was small, and at that season of the year the grain was high. We glanced helplessly about us, but it was almost like hunting for the proverbial needle in the haystack. All at once Gerald spied a high stone wall. We managed to climb up on it, and were able to get a most wonderful view of the surrounding country, which I 'm afraid we did not duly appreciate at the moment. What interested us most of all was a tender gray spot half-way between us and the horizon. Proceeding in its direction, we came upon Sidi feasting in a thistle-field. Evidently unaccustomed to such liberty, and not as yet familiar with her new masters, she resented our approach, and when one of us would try to go near her, she would either take to her heels or make use of them as a means of defense. We spent fully an hour jumping about that field, and by the time Sidi finally consented to be caught, led back to the road, and harnessed, night had closed in.

We hurried along, straining our eyes to see a light in the hamlet we wished to gain; but it was nearer ten than nine when, at the end of a long avenue of shade-trees, we were greeted by the yellow rays of the only street light in St. Denis Le Ghast. Beneath its welcome glimmer we opened our maps and note-books, to discover that the "Star" inn was not far off.

Not a sound stirred the absolute calm save the pitapat of Sidi's hoofs on the cobbled square: the hamlet was sound asleep.

On our arrival, the "Star" presented a very gloomy appearance. Everything was bolted and barred, the proprietors, like all the other inhabitants of St. Denis Le Ghast, were evidently long since in the land of dreams. We looked for a bell. There was none; and to our modest knock there was no response.

At length, after prolonged knocking, a night-capped head appeared at an upper window, and a woman's voice called:

"What do you want?"

"Rooms and a stable for our donkey."

"Who are you?"

"Travelers."

She turned her head toward the interior of her room, and we heard her explaining:

"They are strangers—Bohemians, animal-trainers, without a doubt."

Then a masculine voice roared from within:

"We want no such people here. Go on with you; and without making any noise, or I 'll put some lead into your hides."

We had of course gone on, but shortly, at the side of the road, beneath a clump of trees, we spied a workman's shed, the door of which was open. It did n't take us long to discover that it was empty, and in spite of Beefsteak's growls, we quickly unharnessed Sidi, took her within, and then proceeded to unroll our blankets and stretch out beside her.

I was awakened harshly by a fierce growl and a snap from Beefsteak, and sitting up, I could just distinguish the outline of a human form in the doorway. A voice called:

"Say, comrade, is there room for one more pilgrim?"

"Yes."

"Then call off your dog."

I fumbled in my pocket, found a match, by the light of which I perceived a gray-bearded man.

"Down, Beefsteak!" I commanded.

The old fellow entered, and as he did so, I saw that he carried on his back a heavy load of new brooms, rat-traps, dusters, bird-cages, salt-boxes, and wooden spoons. He looked more like a walking bazaar than a human creature.

"Hello!" he said. "There are two of you. And a cart! That 's luxury. Where are you bound for?"

"Cherbourg."

"North, eh? Humph! Give me the South when the sun begins to turn. Normandy is too cold when your bones get old. I need the heat. Nice, Menton—I 'll be there in a couple of months. But, there, I 'm boring you. Good night, everybody."

It was broad day when we awoke again, and I found our companion sitting up, rubbing his eyes.

"Say, if I were rich enough to own a donkey and a cart, I 'd have a *roulotte* [a sort of prairie-schooner]. Then you 're always at home, and traveling is a pleasure. When my wife was with me, I used to own one, but the old lady went to the hospital, the nag died, and business was

no good. What a rotten government this is, anyhow! Let 's have coffee!"

The old merchant produced a saucepan, and went in search of water while we pulled ourselves together.

When he returned, we were up and dressed. He shot a piercing glance at us, and I have never seen a more astonished man than he as he exclaimed:

"But you 're not tramps; you 're *bourgeois!*"

We confessed to our rank and calling, and then to the aim of our journey.

"Artists, eh? Well, then we 're not such strangers, after all. Oh, I know Monsieur Bonnat, Monsieur Gérôme, and poor old Monsieur Cabanel. I used to be a model; could have had a fine situation now if I 'd stayed, but I liked traveling too well."

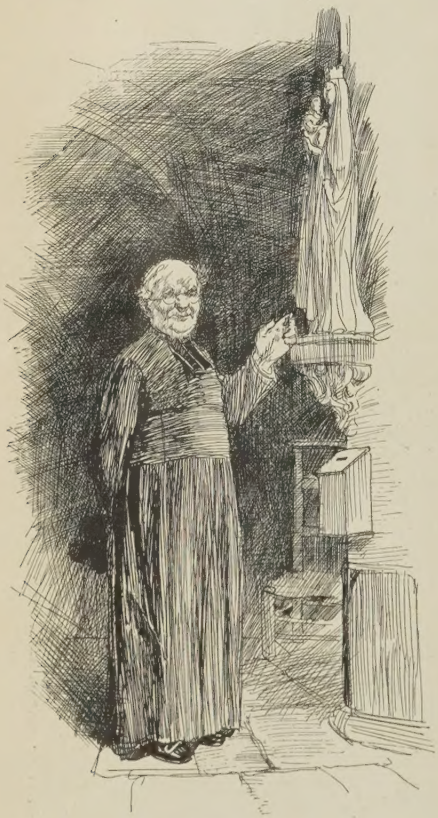
It took little or no questioning to draw forth his story, and we learned that he was a small merchant of an adventurous

"A REAL FRENCH TRAMP"

turn of mind, a lover of travel, and not afraid of walking. So in summer he did the North, and in winter he sought the Riviera. Formerly he and his wife went together, but she became ill, and was in an old woman's home near Paris. He visited her every time he reached the capital—that is, twice a year. Sometimes the brooms weighed heavily, but he took his time and ease, sleeping out of doors only in fine weather, paying for a dinner and a bed when circumstances required.

"One enjoys only the pleasures he pays for," was his remark as he shouldered his burden, and we bid one another "Good-by" and *"Bon voyage."*

At St. Malo de la Lande we had two happy days of work, with good lodgings and excellent food. Then we mused along the route to Hauteville, on our way to which we encountered a typical roulotte, settled in a shady grove. A greasy woman offered to cook us a luncheon, while her husband, a basket-mender, volunteered much information about the present social condition of the working classes. During our meal we were joined by a *chemineau,* or real French tramp, who, with pick-ax and bundle on his shoulder, sought just enough work to pay for a cup of coffee or a night's lodging.



"MONSIEUR LE CURÉ"

At the Grande Lande de Lessay an innkeeper tried to hold us over an extra night by telling startling stories about specters and ghosts who dwelt in the "Lande," but, much to his disgust, we braved the *revenants*, and arrived safe and sound at Dielette. From there we wandered on by winding paths and shady lanes to Osmonville, where a delightful old church attracted our attention. With our backs against the wall of the little cemetery that surrounds it, we were busy putting the scene on canvas when a discreet little cough made us turn and look behind us. It was a little, white-haired, gold-spectacled parish priest that was looking down at us from above the wall, his wrinkled face contradicting the youthful sparkle in his eyes.

"Fine weather for your work, my sons."

"Very fine, Monsieur le Curé," replied Gerald.

"I see that you are painters. Perhaps you are traveling this way in search of work?"

"Perhaps so, Monsieur le Curé."

"What would you say if I were to procure some for you?"

"Oh, that depends. We should have to see it first."

"Come with me, then.

We again confided our studies to Beefsteak's care, and followed the curé to the church.

"He 's going to order a mural decoration," whispered Gerald, all enthusiasm on seeing that the interior was whitewashed.

But we were destined to disappointment, for, showing us a statue of the Virgin, the curé said:

"She is the Protector of our little country; but, as you see, the dampness has sadly damaged her garb. I have been obliged to scrape the statue, and now I am looking for some one to paint on a fine azure robe, spangled with golden stars. Do you think you would be capable of the undertaking?"

"It 's difficult, and a delicate job," replied Gerald, without smiling; "but I think we 'll be able to manage it."

"And what will be your price?"

"Oh, I could n't really say, answered Gerald, somewhat taken aback. "We are not used to doing such work. How much did you intend to give?"

"My sons, I shall be frank with you. I cannot exceed ten francs. Five for each of you."

"A TYPICAL ROULOTTE"

"That 's not very much, sir; but we 'll accept."

The good man was delighted; invited us to lunch with him, as our task would require most of the day; and then he left us to apply our most delicate cobalt to the statue.

Luncheon at the rectory was a most palatable meal, served by a jovial, fat servant who responded to the name of Olive. Here I tasted for the first time a real Norman *andouille* and *canetonaux navets*, dishes fit for the gods, which were washed down with sparkling cider that turned our heads a trifle, though our host assured us that it was as "mild as milk, and incapable of intoxicating a baby."

We returned to our work, and by three o'clock we had painted the last yellow-ocher stars upon the Virgin's gorgeous blue robe. Our work was pronounced a success by the curé, who announced that it was the very thing he had always dreamed of, and he could not take his eyes from the statue.

"I 'm going to send you to one of my friends who is curé at Grouville. I 'm sure he has some repairs to be made," he told us as he departed to write the letter.

We were smiling over our amusing situation when he returned, holding in his hand the note and two five-franc pieces.

"Monsieur," said I, "permit us to offer this to your poor," and I pressed the money back into his palm.

He looked at us in astonishment, and was somewhat displeased.

"My sons, it is generous of you to think of my poor,—God bless you for the thought!—but, remember, 'Charity begins at home.' Keep the money"—here he glanced at our weather-beaten hats and suits,—"especially as you seem to be in need."

Up to that moment we had not fully realized that we really looked like tramps.

At the end of two hours' steady walking we observed that ugly-looking clouds were scurrying across the sky, and presently in the distance we heard the roar of thunder. We were tired and foot-sore, and not at all in the mood to be drenched to the skin, so we began to look about us for a place of shelter. Not a sign of a shed or even a hedge presented itself, and we were about to resign ourselves to our fate when we spied an avenue leading to a private residence. We agreed that we would go and ask leave to remain in the barn until the worst was over; and as we drew up beside the house, a pretty child, leaning from one of the upper windows, exclaimed in the purest English:

"Oh, mama, come and look at the donkey!"

We had fallen among compatriots, and what a joy it was to meet them! The next morning when their carriage took us to the train for Cherbourg, we left little Sidi in the tender care of the charming daughter of our hostess.

As to Beefsteak, we drew lots for him, and to-day he is one of the greatest comforts of my life.

ACTÆON

BY FLOYD DELL

I DARE not look into your eyes,
For fear I should find there
The naked soul behind the guise
That earth-born spirits wear.

Lest, gazing on immortal love,
I should go mad, like him
Who found her bathing in a grove—
The Huntress, white and slim.

A GROUP OF ALDRICH LETTERS

BY FERRIS GREENSLET

THE annals of American poetry are a remarkable record of longevity. The poets of our first rank, barring tragic Poe, have lived to an honored and benignant old age. Thomas Bailey Aldrich was no exception in the calendar of years, yet even at three score and ten it was hard to think of age and him together. Blond, erect, ruddy, alert, he seemed at seventy untouched by mortality. More than Lowell even he was the perennial boy. And to his biographer, curiously inquiring into the vanished days of that long and singularly fortunate life, the image that overlays all others is that of "Tom Bailey," the bad boy, who was yet "not such a very bad boy." The exquisite lyric poet, the inimitable story-writer, the accomplished editor, the witty, urbane man of letters, all take in the mind a coloring of sincerity and soundness, of mischief and mirth, from that Portsmouth boyhood which makes his whole life seem not only its fulfilment, but in strange sense its prolongation.

It is, then, with a certain surprise that one becomes aware of the wide segment of American literature that his life touched. And it is precisely in this that one prime interest of his letters lies. Through them, as through the candid eyes of Tom Bailey, we watch the flow and ebb of the literary tides of more than half a century.

The safe full of old letters that has been the center of the writer's daily thought for more than a year echoes with mute voices and teems with ghostly life. These packets of yellowing letters, full of friendship, the casual records of the details of daily living, of work and play, of pleasant and sad times, embody the very form and pressure of periods and manners and opinions that have gone irrevocably into the night. Old Portsmouth, with her parochial personalities, with privateers of 1812 still rotting at her dreamy wharves; literary Bohemia in the black-walnut New York of N. P. Willis and General George P. Morris, of Fanny Fern and Ada Clare; Boston in her Augustan age, when Longfellow and Lowell and Holmes, might be met any night at dinner; the eighties, that prehistoric decade of the woodcut, terra-cotta, and the dawn of the dialect story—all live again in these letters with a life that is made the more convincing as the record comes on down unbroken and veracious almost to the very hour.

More impressive still, perhaps, is the friendship of the letters. The series begins in an age when there was ampler leisure than now, and a greater liking for the cultivation of the ancient art of being friends. In the letters to and from Bayard Taylor, with their bounteous humanity; in those from Edwin Booth, with their undertone of tragic gloom, their pathetic eagerness for affection and mirth; in the long, reciprocal, diverse-faceted correspondence with Lowell, Fields, Stoddard, Stedman, Howells, Clemens, Woodberry, and many more, there is a sincerity of feeling, a richness of interest and ripeness of expression, that make one ashamed for the meager communications that are the contemporaneous type of the friendly letter.

Yet Aldrich was not a born letter-writer: he never, like Lowell or Stevenson, cultivated letter-writing as a fine art; still less did he ever pour out his soul in lyrical effusion, like Lafcadio Hearn. He wrote a letter, when he did write one, chiefly because there was some compelling occasion to do so, but never perfunctorily, never without the magnetic personal touch, the sincere friendly expression, and rarely without some sparkle of his

inextinguishable wit. And in these yellowing, mystically communicative old letters we have a revelation of character that gives a new meaning to his work.

THE earlier years of Aldrich's poetic career, the period of his life in New York as a young beginner in literature, were years of as near approach to storm and stress as was possible for a man of his happy and wholesome temperament. Throughout them he was wistful of joy, and struggling for complete recognition as a poet. Sentimentality in him had not yet been thoroughly refined into sentiment, and it and his humor were often at war. Save in a few memorable pieces, the light and shade in his poetry had not yet attained that perfect commingling which is the characteristic quality of his best work. The letters of this period are very personal, sometimes a little agitated, but with his marriage in his thirtieth year and his removal to Boston as editor of "Every Saturday" in the employ of that famous and kindly publishing house, Ticknor & Fields, his life found its appointed channel, and his letters begin to be most engaging specimens of "the gentlest art." He feels now that he has at last arrived, and has become, as he liked to say, if not "genuine Boston," at least "Boston-plated." Witness this note to Bayard Taylor, to whom he always wrote with a peculiar frankness of affection:

Boston, March 26, 1866.

MY DEAR BAYARD: You are right touching Howells. He is a thoughtful, able, good fellow and I am glad the firm "imported" him. We are of course thrown much together and promise to become the warmest of friends. You speak of the great city drawing us atoms into its literary vortex. I 'm a-Tom that does n't want to come back just at present. I miss my few dear friends in New York — but that is all. There is a finer intellectual atmosphere here than in our city. It is true, a poor literary man could not earn his salt, or more than that, out of pure literary labor in Boston: but then he could n't do it in New York, unless he turned *journalist*. The people of Boston are full-blooded *readers*, appreciative, trained. The humblest man of letters has a position here which he does n't have in N. Y. To be known as an able writer is to have the choicest society opened to you. Just as an officer in the Navy (providing he is a gentleman) is the social equal of anybody — so a knight of the quill here is supposed necessarily to be a gentleman. In N. Y. — he 's a Bohemian! outside of his personal friends he has no standing. I am speaking of a young fellow like myself who has n't kicked up all the dust he intends to. The luckiest day of my professional life was when I came to Boston to stay. My studies and associations are fitting me for higher ends than I ever before cared to struggle for. . . .

Your faithful friend,

T. B. Aldrich.

The hint in the foregoing letters of speedy and pleasant relations of intimacy with the Boston and Cambridge circle gives only a modest indication of its quality. The young poet's charming personal presence and ready wit soon made him a favorite with the older men, — notably with Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell, — and how momentous this was in the ripening of his work will become apparent to whomsoever reads it attentively and consecutively. Not the least interesting letter in his correspondence with the elder group is the first in a long series to Lowell — a letter of thanks for the gift of a volume of poems.

Boston, Dec. 4, 1868.

MY DEAR MR. LOWELL: I think you must have had a benevolent suspicion that a copy of your book from your own hand would give me no ordinary pleasure. At all events it was very kind of you to send me the volume. I shall treasure it carefully for my boys, who are not the fellows I take them to be if they dispose of it, even at the highest cash price, to that tasteful bibliophile, — born last month perhaps, — who will be going round in the year 1930 let us say, buying up your autograph copies. I sit here chuckling to think how the perplexed collector will stare at my name on the fly-leaf and wonder who the deuce I was to receive such coin from the mint itself. Then, may be, the name on the fly-leaf will take off its hat, so to speak, and address the startled bibliophile as follows: —

"If you please, sir, I am nobody in particular, therefore I am the more proud at being found here, for I think that this volume contains the richest and most varied music of our time. To change the metaphor, we have no such monument, bronze or marble, over our Dead as the 'Commemoration Ode.' You will wonder that the hand which shaped columns so noble and severe could at the same time cut such delicate cameos as 'The First Snow-Fall,' 'The Nightingale in the Study,' and 'The Fountain of Youth.' You well may wonder. Others have done so before you. No, sir; this copy of 'Under the Willows' is not for sale. It is to be kept in

the family; but I should be delighted to lend you the volume, if you will leave a handsome deposit with the twins, here. An old bookmonger like you is not to be trusted with 'a first edition.' Is it true that Messrs. What-d'-you-call-'em are printing a 97th edition from this text?" . . .

This is what I would say, in 1930, to the lover of your autograph. If I were to attempt to tell *you* how much I admire these poems, I should make awkward work of it, lacking that coolness which enables a man to praise another to his face. But I am not shut out from thanking you for remembering me, and I do thank you very heartily.

Faithfully yours,
T. B. Aldrich.

The twins referred to in the preceding letter had been born four months previously. In August, 1868, Mr. Howells had telegraphed Aldrich, "Fine boy"; a month later Aldrich had telegraphed Mr. Howells, "Two fine boys." As the boys grew older, the town air was thought not perfectly to agree with them, and when, in 1872, Lowell went abroad for a two-years' rest from his multifarious labor as professor, editor, and poet, the Aldriches went to dwell at Elmwood. Of the many letters written from this rich old house to its absent master, the following is perhaps most characteristic. The reference to "phantoms" at Elmwood is not all a jest. To the end of his life Aldrich nearly half-believed that there were ghostly presences within its walls.

Elmwood, Feb'y 14, 1873.

My dear Lowell: You will be glad by this time, I take it, to see a note sheet with Elmwood written in one corner. Does not the word up there seem like the photograph of a friend? I don't wonder you love the place. It is a friendly old home, so fond of making people comfortable that it cannot be cold even to strangers. It has taken us to its heart, and sheltered us, and warmed us, and let its chimneys croon its best ditties for us just as if we were its own brood. Still I think the invisible gods about the house have missed you and mourned for you. Strange sounds have been heard at night in the upper rooms, in the laundry especially. On particularly cold nights I believe there is a company of phantoms who keep themselves warm by running each other through the mangle! The spirit who presides in the library has probably had the hardest time of it. It must have gone against *his* grain, at first, to see a fellow writing thin romance and short-breathed lyrics at *your* desk! . . . —I am living *en garçon*, just now, Mrs. Aldrich and the boys—who have become as hardy as oaks — having gone to New York. . . . I shall get about 150 pages of The Great American Novel done before they return. You see, you would n't write it yourself. We have had a happy winter here. At this writing there are twelve or thirteen inches of snow on the ground. It has been snowing since daybreak. I go to the window every ten minutes to look upon the wonderful picture outside — the picture you must have looked upon in how many different moods! As I glance out of the window next the parlor, I find it hard to believe that only a few weeks ago I went down the grassy terrace one morning — the grass kept its color very late this year—to *gather* the unique pear which the boys had left me. (The pear, by the way, had been taken over night.) It does n't look much like fruit down there at present. The youth of Cambridge took every peach, pear, quince, and grape, as it ripened! But next summer I shall be on my guard.

Sitting at the fireside and toasting my toes, these winter nights, I have written you hundreds of letters, in my head. Luckily for you, there are no mail arrangements for the transportation of such airy epistles. Yet the sense of having written to you too often is so strong in me that I feel like apologising for troubling you again! . . .

Ever faithfully yours,
T. B. Aldrich.

"The Marquis of Thompson's Lot," as Lowell liked whimsically to style himself, returned to his home acres on the 4th of July, 1874, and the Aldriches, instead of going back to Boston, settled themselves in a commodious house at Ponkapog, a village nestled on the slope of Blue Hill above the Neponset marshes, twelve miles south of the city. "Every Saturday" had passed into new hands, and was to be discontinued, and Aldrich had resolved to free himself from all routine fetters, and spend some years in country-living, travel, and writing. The five years of his residence at Ponkapog from 1875 to 1880, broken only by two or three visits to Europe, were perhaps the most productive of his literary life in both poetry and prose, and in no other period were his familiar letters so exuberant. In 1871, through a note in "Every Saturday" concerning an alleged plagiarism in a story entitled "Three Aces," Aldrich had been drawn into an animated correspondence with Mark Twain, which presently ri-

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

pened into warm friendship. In December, 1874, Aldrich asked Mr. Clemens for his photograph. The latter put fifty-two different specimens in fifty-two different envelops, and began to mail them Ponkapogward at the rate of one a day, with the following epistolary result:

Ponkapog, Mass., Dec. 22, 1874.

MY DEAR CLEMENS: When I subscribed to *The Weekly Photograph* I had some doubts as to whether I should get the numbers regularly. The police, you know, have a way of swooping down on that kind of publication. The other day they gobbled up an entire edition of *The Life in New York*. I trust that the *Life* of Hartford (or any other place he happens to be in) will not come to grief that way. It is a good portrait. Looks like a man who has just thrown off an Epic in twelve books, for relaxation. I was glad to get the picture of where you live. It is apparently a comfortable little shanty. Cosy, and all that sort of thing. But you ought to see *my* Mansion at Ponkapog. It could n't have cost less than $1500 to build. And then the land. Land at Ponkapog brings $25 per acre; but then real estate has gone up everywhere. The soil there is so light that it would go up of itself, if you let it alone. They have to put manure on it to keep it down. The house is furnished in a style of Oriental splendor. Straw matting everywhere — even in the servants' rooms straw matting. It 's as common with us as Turkey rugs and Wilton carpets in the houses of the poor. Of course you can't have these things, but you are content. I like to see a man living within his means — and content. . . .

Yours always,

T. B. Aldrich.

After a week or two, Aldrich protested still more firmly against the inundation of the photographs. As a result, he received on New Year's Day twenty envelops of all possible sizes containing twenty pictures of Mr. Clemens, his house, and family. He acknowledged them as follows:

Police Headquarters, Ponkapog, Mass.,
Jan. 1, 1875.

SIR: At 4 P.M. this day, the entire Constabulary force of Ponkapog—consisting of two men and a resolute boy—broke camp on the border of Wampumsoagg Pond, and took up its march in four columns to the scene of action — the post-office. There they formed in a hollow square, and moved upon the Postmaster. The mail had already arrived, but the post agent refused to deliver it to the force. The truculent official was twice run through a mince-meat machine before he would disclose the place where he had secreted the mail-bag. The mail-bag was then unstitched with the aid of one of Wheeler & Wilson's sewing-machines, and the contents examined. The bag, as was suspected, contained additional evidence of the dreadful persecution that is going on in our midst. There were found no fewer than 20 (twenty) of those seditious, iniquitous, diabolical and highly objectionable prints, engravings and photographs, which have lately been showered—perhaps hurled would be the better word—upon Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, a respectable and inoffensive citizen of Ponkapog.

The perpetrator of the outrage is known to the police, and they are on his track — *in your city*. An engraving with a green background, in which was a sprawling yellow figure, leaves us no room to doubt. This figure was at once recognized by several in the crowd as an admirable likeness of one Mark Twain, *alias* "The Jumping Frog," a well-known Californian desperado, formerly the chief of Henry Plumer's Band of Road Agents in Montana, who has recently been "doing" the public not only in the Northern States of America, but in the realm of Queen Victoria. That he will be speedily arrested and brought to Ponkapog to face his victim, is the hope of every one here. If you could slyly entice him to come into the neighborhood, you would be doing a favor to the community. Would n't the inducement of regular meals, and fishing through the ice, fetch him? Do something. In the meanwhile the post-office is closely watched.

Yours respectfully,

T. Bayleigh, Chief of Police,
Ponkapog, Mass.

Samuel Leghorn Clements, Esq.

On the outside of the envelop was written:

It is of no use for that person to send any more letters here. The post-office at this point is to be blown up. Forty-eight hogsheads of nitro-glycyrrhirine have been surreptitiously introduced into the cellar of the building, and more is expected. R. W. E., H. W. L., O. W. H. and other conspirators in masks, have been seen flitting about the town for several days past. The greatest excitement combined with the most intense quietness reigns at Ponkapog.

T. Bayleigh

A more intimate picture of his Arcadian life at Ponkapog is contained in a letter to Bayard Taylor written a year later:

Ponkapog, Mass., April 16, 1876.

MY DEAR BAYARD: It was not my intention to assess you photographically. However, I shall be mighty glad to have the pictures from your hand, and you, as usual, will be glad to do a kindness,— even to a Ponkapogian. You ask me why I bury myself in these wilds. I never was so comfortable. I 've an old farm-house with five rooms on a floor. I have garnished it with all my city furniture, pictures, books, draperies, etc. I 've 125 chickens! I have butter that would cost you a dollar per pound in New York, and milk that you cannot get at any price. . . . I am more independent than the late A. T. Stewart ever was. When I feel like it, I write; I 've a lot of things in Mss. When I don't care to work, I read, and study Italian. The German language is a foe whom I intend to lay out next summer. I should deserve to be put into a lunatic asylum if I were to give up this life for the sake of going to N. Y. to live in a flat, the rent of which would take half my income. We have had a charming winter here; in summer the place is delightful. I do not know a locality, except Portsmouth, that has so many lovely roads winding about it. Altogether, I don't ask anything better for the next two or three years — I have a lease for five. When my boys are older, I mean to go abroad and remain long enough for them to learn to speak French and German. All this God willing.

. . . I had an odd mail the other day, bringing me letters from Yeddo, London, Florence, Leipzig, Paris, Rome! The postmaster here regards me as a suspicious character. But don't you. . . .

Ever yours,

T. B. A.

This is almost the last of the thick packet of letters to Taylor, who was soon to go abroad with his well-merited ministerial honor, only to meet his untimely death. Save Booth's, no death in his circle touched Aldrich so nearly. His letters are laden with it. "My heart is heavy just now," he wrote to one correspondent, "with the death of Bayard Taylor, my dear friend without a cloud for twenty-five years. It is like losing an arm,—it is worse than that,—it is losing a loyal heart. He was a man without guile."

A downrightness of literary judgment became increasingly characteristic of Aldrich as he grew older. An excellent specimen of the vigor and animation of his views is found in this letter to Mr. Stedman:

Ponkapog, Mass., Nov. 20, 1880.

MY DEAR EDMUND: You seemed to think that I was going to take exception to your paper on Walt Whitman. It was all admirably said, and my own opinion did not run away from yours at any important point. I place less value than you do on the endorsement of Swinburne, Rosetti & Co., inasmuch as they have also endorsed the very poor paper of ——. If Whitman had been able (he was not able, for he tried it and failed) to put his thought into artistic verse, he would have attracted little or no attention perhaps. Where he is fine, he is fine in precisely the way of conventional poets. The greater bulk of his writing is neither prose nor verse, and certainly it is not an improvement on either. A glorious line now and then, and a striking bit of color here and there, do not constitute a poet — especially a poet for the *People*. There never was a poet so calculated to please a very few. As you say, he will probably be hereafter exhumed and anatomized by learned surgeons — who prefer a subject with thin shoulder-blades or some abnormal organ to a well-regulated corpse. But he will never be regarded in the same light as Villon. Villon spoke in the tone and language of his own period: what is quaint or fantastic to us was natural to him. He was a master of versification. Whitman's manner is a hollow affectation, and represents neither the man nor the time. As the voice of the 19th century he will have little significance in the 21st. That he will outlast the majority of his contemporaries, I have n't the faintest doubt — but it will be in a glass case or a quart of spirits in an anatomical museum. While we are on the topic of poetry, and I 've the space to say it, I want to tell you that I thought the poem on Gifford exquisite, particularly the second division. The blank verse was wholly your own, "not Lancelot's nor another's" — as mine always is. . . .

I am curious to see your review of Mrs. Fields's "Under the Olive." Here 's a New England woman blowing very sweet breath through Pandean pipes! What unexpected, antique music to come up from Manchester-on-the-Sea! . . . While we are on marbleized classical subjects, let me beg you to read my sketch of "Smith" in the January number of the "Atlantic." Plutarch beaten on his own ground!

With our love,

T. B. Aldrich.

Stedman seems to have returned to the charge, for a week later we find Aldrich writing him:

. . . I do not see but we agree perfectly on Whitman. My estimate of him was based,

not, as you seem half to suspect, on the recollection of his early "barbaric yawps," but on a careful study of his complete works. Awhile ago I invested ten dollars in two solid volumes which I should be glad to let any enthusiastic Whitmaniac have at a very handsome reduction. I admire his color and epithets and lyrical outbreaks, when I can forget the affectation which underlies it all. There was something large and sunny in Wordsworth's egotism. There is something unutterably despicable in a man writing newspaper puffs of himself. I don't believe a charlatan can be a great poet. I could n't believe it if I were convinced of it!

Early in 1881, Mr. Howells, after fifteen years of distinguished occupancy, resigned the editorial chair of the "Atlantic Monthly," and Aldrich was chosen as his successor. In February he wrote to Mr. Stedman:

I wanted to write to you — but "Good God!" as Mr. Samuel Pepys says. Between the "Atlantic Monthly" business and the storming of my Charles Street house, where an unpaying tenant has entrenched himself and refuses to surrender, I have had my hands full. When I see you, as I hope to do next month in N. Y. I 'll give you the point of the situation. I have a very clear understanding of the responsibilities I have assumed in taking the editorship of the "Atlantic." I accepted the post only after making a thorough examination of my nerve and backbone. I fancy I shall do very little writing in the magazine, at first. I intend to edit it. I am lost in the admiration of Howells, who found time to be a novelist.

He continued in the editorship of the "Atlantic" until 1890, and save for his habitual seasons of summer travel, gave himself very faithfully to editorial assiduities. The mass of correspondence covering these years is very largely professional, showing an admirable editorial conscience in his dealing with his contributors. But with his release from the editorial shop in 1890 began a ten-years' period in which the writing of friendly letters was one of his chief pursuits. These were happy years for him. His life was enriched by prosperity, with its accompanying accretions of books and objects of art, its opportunities for wide-ranging travel and friendly intercourse. His days passed in a mellow afternoon light, not unvisited by the Muse. Of his pursuits and preoccupations in these years this little group of letters to Mr. Woodberry, Mr. Howells, Mr. Gilder, and Mr. Mabie, chosen almost at hazard, present some indication:

Hotel Royal, Constantinople,
22d of July, 1890.

DEAR WOODBERRY: Christian, having thrown off his burden and quitted "the shop" forever, is walking in the streets of the City Beautiful. He unwinds the turban of care from his brow and sits down by the fountains of delight. . . . The bazaars in the early morning, cooling drinks and many-colored ices at noon-day, and afternoon dreams on the Bosphorus, leave his mind smooth for his nightly divan. The life and color of the streets, — the grand vizier riding by on his milk-white mare and only just not stepping on the curled-up toes of the professional cripple on the curb-stone — the mosques, the markets and the minarets — all this Orient business goes straight to the heart of your friend, who will return to his own uncivilized land in October loaded to the muzzle with magazine papers of the most delightful novelty at the very highest prices. Meanwhile he has begged his friend Jacob, the seller of sweet waters, to drop this missive into the post across the street in order that you may be assured that you still live in the memory of

Your faithful
Thomas Ben-Aldrich.

Milton, May 14, 1892.

DEAR WOODBERRY: This little realm — bounded on the north by "Tamerlane," and on the south, east and west by preparations for Europe — must seem to you a very contracted realm indeed, compared to the great wallowing sphere in which you live, move and have your — salary. Nevertheless I drop you a line from this dim spot of earth called Boston. A bloated bond-holder with $1850 snatched that copy of "Tamerlane" away from me, and I saw it go with tears in my eyes. I went home and wrote a misanthropic poem called "Unguarded Gates" (July "Atlantic"!) in which I mildly protest against America becoming the cesspool of Europe. I 'm much too late, however. I looked in on an anarchist meeting the other night, as I told you, and heard such things spoken by our "feller citizens" as made my cheek burn. These brutes are the spawn and natural result of the French Revolution; they don't want any government at all, they "want the earth" (like a man in a balloon) and chaos. My Americanism goes clean beyond yours. I believe in America for the Americans; I believe in the widest freedom and the narrowest license, and I hold that jail-birds,

professional murderers, amateur lepers ("moon-eyed" or otherwise) and human gorillas generally should be closely questioned at our Gates. Or the "sifting" that was done of old will have to be done over again. A hundred and fifty years from now Americans — if any Americans are left — will find themselves being grilled for believing in God after their own fashion. As nearly as I can estimate it offhand, there will be only five or six extant — the poor devils! I pity them prospectively. They were a promising race, they had such good chances, but their politicians *would* coddle the worst elements for votes, and the newspapers *would* appeal to the slums for readers. The reins of government in all their great cities and towns slipped from the hands of the natives. . . . Rudyard Kipling described exactly the government of every city and town in the (then) United States when he described that of New York as being "a despotism of the alien, by the alien, for the alien, tempered with occasional insurrections of decent folk."

But to turn to important matters. I am having a bit of headstone made for Trip's grave at Ponkapog. The dear little fellow! he had better manners and more intelligence than half the persons you meet "on the platform of a West-End car." *He* was n't constantly getting drunk and falling out of the windows of tenement houses, like Mrs. O'Flararty; *he* was n't forever stabbing somebody in North St. Why should he be dead, and those other creatures exhausting the ozone? If he had written realistic novels and "poems" I could understand "the deep damnation of his taking off." In view of my own mature years I will not say that "they die early whom the gods love." . . . I 've had no word from you for ages, and now I think of it, you don't deserve so long and instructive a letter as this, and so I 'll end it.

Affectionately yours,

T. B. A.

59 Mt. Vernon St., Oct. 25, 1895.

DEAR HOWELLS: How long ago it all seems! The landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth and your arrival in Boston are events separated by only a few months. The little wooden pill-box on Sacramento Street, and the cardboard affair which I clung to in Pinckney Street, are coëval with the Old State House and Faneuil Hall.

In your collection of antiquities I have the feeling of a piece of bric-à-brac doubtful of its own value, in spite of the plush-lined case in which you have so handsomely placed me.

What you say of Osgood is touching and true. . . . Those were — at least in looking back to them — happy days for us, though I doubt if Osgood's enjoyment was always on a level with ours. The other morning as I was turning over a bound copy of "Jubilee Days," I suddenly recalled Osgood's grim smile, a smile of blended rheumatism and incredulity, when I announced to him that my contributions to "Jubilee Days" measured 17½ feet — I had measured them with a piece of twine. "Jubilee Days," however, was a financial success in a small way, one of the few successes that befell him at that period. But all is over and done, and poor old Osgood is bound in full marble in Kensal Green, laid away like a copy of an *edition de luxe*, to be valued, but not to be read any more. As for ourselves — the years are after us; but I shall always be young so long as *you* continue to put forth lovely leaves with all the profusion of a budding author. I envy you. In my early New York days I used to throw off a lyric or two every morning before going down town. I wish I had my springtime fluency with my chastened autumnal judgment. Perhaps — I 'm not sure — I was foolish not to train myself to turn out just so much "copy" every day. But we all are as God made us. I like to think of what Clemens once wrote to me: he said that if he was a fool, he was at least God's fool, and entitled to some respect.

You so completely fill the autobiographic field that I am fighting against a desire to write two or three chapters about New York as I knew it when a boy of seventeen or eighteen. Irving, and Willis, and Bryant, and Fitz-Green Halleck and Rufus Griswold were still prowling the streets, upon which still rested the shadow of Poe. Ned Buntline was a queer figure about town. He had been something or other in the Mexican War, and he went round with a slouched hat on his skull and a sabre dangling at his thigh! He was a picture. In order to lay these ghosts I shall have to ink them, and pigeonhole my manuscript. — I 've forgotten that I am writing to a man who cannot have time to read letters even when, as in this case, they need no answer. Our ever kind remembrances to you and yours.

Sincerely,

T. B. A.

Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Dec. 4, 1897.

MY DEAR MABIE: Your paper in the last *Chap Book* places me in all sorts of grateful debt to you. After thanking you for the judicial kindness of the criticism, I want to tell you how deeply it interested me at certain special points. . . .

I like to have you say that I have always cared more for the integrity of my work than for any chance popularity. And what you say of my "aloofness" as being "due in part to a lack of quick sympathies with con-

temporary experience" (though I had never before thought of it) shows true insight. To be sure, such verse as "Elmwood," "Wendell Phillips," "Unguarded Gates" and the "Shaw Memorial Ode" would seem somewhat to condition the statement; but the mood of these poems is not habitual with me, not characteristic. They did, however, grow out of strong convictions. . . . I have always been instinctively shy of "topics of the day." A good poem on some passing event is certain of instant success; but when the event is passed, few things are more certain of oblivion. Jones's or Smith's lines "to my lady's eyebrow" — which is lovely in every age — will outlive nine-tenths of the noisy verse of our stress and storm period. Smith or Jones, who never dreamed of having a Mission, will placidly sweep down to posterity over the fall of a girl's eyelash, leaving about all the shrill didactic singers high and dry "on the sands of time." Enviable Jones, or Smith!

You mention Stedman, Stoddard, Winter and myself as belonging to the generation of Bayard Taylor. Stoddard did, or does, but the rest of us were in our teens, or scarcely out of them, when Taylor was already widely known as traveller, poet, and lecturer. Poe, as a personal factor, was of course long before our day. It was only the poets who were alive and — rhyming that made it difficult for the newly hatched birds to get themselves heard. . . .

Believe me, your sincere friend,
T. B. Aldrich.

Ponkapog, Mass., June 15, 1898.

DEAR GILDER: I am sorry that you and Madame did n't find a day or two for Ponkapog. Everything is so lovely here, where we live on cream and amber butter from our purple cows; where nothing disturbs us but the far-off rumors of war. . . .

"Soft crescendo" came to me instinctively in "Forever and a Day." But I have n't any business to be writing about poetry, for the Muses have kept their nine snowy shoulders turned on me these many months, and in future I do not intend to make love to any of those capricious girls, if I can help myself. At a time when it is supposed to be poetical to write "Gawd" instead of God and to otherwise mutilate God's choicest language, perhaps silence is the best poem for a man who respects his art. Oh, no, this is not sour grapes. My verses still sell — from force of habit; but what the great American public really likes is:

"Her body 's in the baggage car."

At the Howard Athenæum the other night I saw an audience of apparently human beings deeply moved by the singing of this rot. A stereoscopic picture of "the baggage car" brought tears to the eyes of all the burglars and murderers in the upper gallery. For a homely, horny-handed, whole-souled, *heart-song* give me "*Her body 's* in the baggage car." It is even better than ———'s epileptic best. Poor ———, he really might write poetry that would n't sell!

No more at present from
Yours faithfully,
T. B. A.

Ponkapog, Mass., Sept. 12, 1900.

DEAR MR. MABIE: I have just been reading a charming paper of yours on Shakspere's Sonnets, and one or two — I don't call them criticisms — things occur to me. You speak of the English form of sonnet as "surrendering something of the sustained fullness of tone of the Italian sonnet, but securing in exchange a sweetness, a flow of pure melody, *which were beyond the compass of the original sonnet form.*" Are you sure of that? I have always entertained the conviction that the Petrarchan form of sonnet, with its interwoven rhymes, its capacity for expressing subtle music, was an instrument as superior to the English form as the harp or the guitar is superior to the banjo, and I fancy that most workers in this kind of verse will agree with me. The alternate lines rhyming, and closing with a couplet, gave the poet the command of some of the richest melodic effects within the reach of English versification. The sonnet that ends with a couplet misses *that fine unrolling of music* which belongs to the sonnet proper. The couplet brings the reader up with a jerk. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the couplet has the snap of a whip-lash, and turns the sonnet into an *epigram*. To my thinking, this abruptness hurts many of Shakspere's beautiful poems of fourteen lines — for they are simply that. One must go to Milton, and Wordsworth, and Keats (in three instances) in order to find the highest development of the English SONNET.

I have taken three note-pages to state my exceptions; I should require six letter-pages to tell you how much I liked all the rest of your essay.

If you have n't had a happy summer, and don't always have happy summers, I shall make a protest as soon as I get into the other world (should I go before you) and can speak to some one in authority.

Sincerely yours,
T. B. Aldrich.

With this it is interesting to read, though a little out of its chronological place, a letter to Mr. Brander Matthews concerning the quatrain:

Saranac Lake, N. Y., Jan. 19, 1904.
DEAR MATTHEWS: "While *The Lamp* holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return," and so it is not too late for me to confess that I ought long ago to have thanked you for your little paper on the Quatrain. I read it with easy interest. It is a surprisingly difficult form of poem. The difficulty of its construction is out of all proportion to its brevity. A perfect quatrain is almost as rare as a perfect sonnet. "Many are called," as Oliver Herford remarks, "but few get up." The quatrain has laws as imperious as those of the sonnet, and not to be broken with impunity. Four lines do not necessarily constitute a quatrain proper any more than fourteen lines necessarily constitute a sonnet. If your little stanza ends with a snap it becomes an *epigram* and ceases to be a poem. The idea or thought expressed must be so fully expressed as to leave no material for a second stanza. The theme that can be exhausted in the space of four lines is not easy to light upon. I have written forty or fifty so called quatrains (I called 'em Footnotes) but not more than five or six of them satisfy me. Landor was a master in this field. I once meditated printing my collections of four-liners in a little book with an elaborate essay on the quatrain, but the plan escaped, and now it is not worth while doing. . . .

It is forty-two degrees below zero here this morning, but my cordiality for you has n't frozen over.

Yours sincerely.
T. B. Aldrich.

But the mellow years when it "seemed always afternoon" were at last overtaken by the shadow of the night. On his landing from a visit to Europe in the autumn of 1901, Aldrich was met at the dock by the news that one of his sons had been hurried to the Adirondacks, stricken with a mortal disease. For three years the boy lingered, with his father almost constantly by his side. The letters of these trying years reflect alternate moods of hope and sad certainty, but along with their burden of foreboding goes a characteristic, sweet, and humorous courage. Nearly all are in the key of this fine letter to Mr. Howells:

Saranac Lake, N. Y., Dec. 23, 1901.
DEAR HOWELLS: This is one of those not-to be-answered letters with which I threatened you. I 've been thinking of the old days — prodded by your note. We *did* enjoy them, but I fancy that time and distance and the present moment add a phantasmal gilt edge to the real enjoyment. Somehow we don't like things to-day as we liked them yesterday, and are going to like them to-morrow. Ah! — I 'm a little doubtful about to-morrow. When I think of poor old Osgood sitting rosy and genial at the host-end of the table with no hair on the polished top of his head and another bottle of champagne, not as dry as he is, standing in front of him — when this picture shapes itself in my memory and suddenly dissolves into a view of the dismal London burying ground where the poor lad lies slowly turning into dust — when this kind of thing gets busy in my brain I would n't turn over my hand to be a great novelist, or a great general, or a great anything else. It is n't worth three pins. It is nothing but dust. Yet, with a sort of hopeful vivacity I have just bought two 5 per cent. railway bonds that expire in 1967! Who 'll be cutting off the coupons long before that? — provided the road has n't gone into bankruptcy. Not I. I shall just be beginning to be known as the author of "The Jumping Frog" and "A Hazard of New Fortunes," while you will be preparing to dance down the lists of popularity in "The Helmet of Navarre." But this is talking shop. I can't get away from it. We (I don't mean us) are very literary up here. Why did Hutton go to Jerusalem for "Literary Landmarks" when he might have found plenty of them in the Adirondacks? Among others who have left footprints on the sands of time in this neighborhood are Stillman, Emerson, and Stevenson. The plateau upon which our house stands overlooks a small river, on whose opposite bank, near by, stands the melancholy cottage where Stevenson spent the winter of '87. I admired (and felt enviously how far it was beyond my courage) the wholesome candor with which you confessed to having never read a novel of his. You have missed an entertaining writer, though not a great one. His surviving friends, still under the glamor of what must have been a winning personality, are hurting him by overpraise, and will end by getting him generally disliked. I 've a theory that every author while living has a projection of himself, a sort of eidolon, that goes about in near and distant places and makes friends and enemies for him out of folk who never knew him in the flesh. When the author dies this phantom fades away, not caring to continue business at the old stand. Then the dead writer lives only in the impression made by his literature: this impression may grow sharper or fainter according to the fashions and new conditions of the time. . . . I began this fearful letter several days ago, and now I find myself brought up against Christmas. My greetings will be a trifle late in reaching you, but they are not perishable.

Dec. 24-25. For the last few years I have

had a suspicion that there is something not at all merry in Merry Christmas — that sinister flavor which one detects in one's birthdays after one has had fifty or sixty of them. . . . This morning our boy was able to come down-stairs and watch the revealing of a pathetic little Christmas tree in his front parlor. When he was brought here on the 1st of October he was not expected to live through the journey. And now we have seen him sitting in his arm-chair and smiling upon the children as the gifts were plucked for them from the magical branches.

Dec. 27. In default of anything better to do I am wondering what kind of new story you have in your brain. I am all the time inventing plots which I can't use myself, plots for other fellows. I laid out a story for Stockton t' other afternoon. It was to be called "The Reformed Microbe." I wish I were not too lazy to give him the outlines of it. The thing was up-to-date and just fitted to his grotesque methods. Tell me of your find. . . .

Dec. 30. This letter is made up of patches, like a crazy-quilt. From time to time I interrupt my idleness to add a square or a triangle. It is a busy idleness, however, since "they also serve who only stand and wait," and I am doing a good deal of energetic waiting. I find myself in a *monde* different from any I have ever known. *You* would get a book out of these surroundings. The village of Saranac is unique and the natives are — uniquer! Their lives are very simple and accumulative. The rent for two years' occupancy of a cottage pays for building it. No style at all. The Saranacers, like the folk described by David Harum, don't dress for dinner, they dress for breakfast. A thrifty people, with very large ideas of the lavishness becoming in foreigners — *i.e.* persons from New York and Boston and other partly civilized centers. There is much wealth and little show among this part of the population, which consists of invalids and their families, and an occasional misguided guest. When all is said there is a charm in the place. There 's something in the air to heal the heart of sorrow. . . .

Dec. 31. Blizzard. I must polish up my snow-shoes. Meanwhile I 'm reading *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne* and have just come across a pretty thing: "Every woman is always only twenty years old in one corner of her heart." No more for some time to come, from

Yours affectionately,

T. B. A.

The first great sorrow of Aldrich's life came to him in the death of his son, March 6, 1904. How great the loss was, only his intimates knew. He still went his friendly ways, writing admirable letters to old friends and new. He even managed to find a kind of anodyne in the construction of his stirring poetic drama "Judith of Bethulia," but his writing days were numbered. His seventieth birthday (November 11, 1906), which he promised never to let occur again, found him brave before the world as always, but at heart, one imagines, aware, for almost the first time, of age. The composition of his fine memorial poem for the Longfellow Centenary happily occupied him in the last months of the year. At the end of January, 1907, he was taken to the hospital for the operation that resulted in his death March 19, 1907.

Aldrich's neat and telling wit has long been a tradition, his haunting lyrics and delightful prose are bound together in his collected works for all men to read, but only one who has read his familiar letters can adequately know the fineness and soundness of his nature. He had his prejudices and prepossessions, but there were no "kinks" in him. He was the soul of sincerity, a good lover, a good hater, a true man. In proportion as we become aware of this, we become aware of a new integrity and importance in his work, already so securely fixed in its place among the choice treasures of American poetry.

LOVE AND THE TERROR

BY ANNIE STEGER WINSTON

WITH PICTURES BY WORTH BREHM

BEFORE the long virgin-pine piazza of Elixir Springs Hotel upon which she sat, with a complement of unimportant adults, Thomas Jefferson busied himself with making a grave in the sand for the limp remains of a hawk—his choicest possession, as affording the basis of an unending series of funerals, in which there resided, to his mind, a charm which age could not wither nor custom stale. If he reckoned, besides, upon the seduction of the sight of her, he reckoned wisely. A dainty mite of a girl, in a crisp, white dress, a large, blue bow, perched like a butterfly on her short, blond curls, she drew near, and stood watching him with absorbed and respectful attention, he apparently oblivious of her presence.

"*I* want to bury the bird," she mentioned casually.

Thomas Jefferson took no notice.

"Boy," she said in a tone more peremptory, "*I* want to bury the bird."

He slowly and clumsily proceeded with his task as if she had not spoken.

"I want to bury the bird," she wailed with sudden tears; and then there dawned a faint, beatific grin upon Thomas Jefferson's chubby countenance, which was embellished by a large pair of steel-rimmed spectacles with glasses so curiously bedimmed with dirt that he was obliged to look around rather than through them—a necessity which imparted to his expression a sinister quality out of keeping with his tender years.

"You are a cry-baby," he remarked dispassionately.

"I *ain't* a cry-baby," she wept so piercingly that her fond mother—an arrival of the day before—flew from the piazza and carried her off. And so ended the first chapter of Thomas Jefferson's first romance.

It had already been a wonderful summer for Thomas Jefferson even before she came, one incomparably rich in human interest, to say nothing of the joy of strange food at unseasonable hours, of an unprecedentedly noble residence, and of undreamed-of opportunities of adventure. Twice a day the cars stopped in front of the hotel,—a building so new that clean curls of pine still strewed the ground around it,—and twice a day Thomas Jefferson, to the accompaniment of shrieks from the portico, crept under them to inspect the wheels, and was dragged forth, with an impassive face, in the very nick of time. And there was always the river just at the back of the house; always the piazza railing for one to climb up on, to the discomfiture of nervous ladies.

"He is the most dreadful child!" was sure to be one of the first pieces of information imparted to every arriving visitor in a sibilant whisper, after a preliminary and entirely futile, "Go away, Thomas Jefferson!" addressed to the immovably staring small son of the house. *That* of itself was something new—that perpetual "Go away, Thomas Jefferson!" which added so much of piquancy to staying.

A wonderful summer, truly, even before she came—a summer of proud privilege, such as that of going to sleep in the middle of the room where they danced at night, casting upon the dancers the whole responsibility of avoiding one's prostrate form, instead of going prosaically to bed; of having all the chicken heads for one's very own; of poking the pigs; of paddling in the famous sulphur spring which

was the nucleus of the place; of playing in the fishermen's sacred minnow-buckets; above all, of extracting from the people, under the slow torture of drawling question, the richest variety of general information, incidentally evoking interesting reactions of exasperation.

In the people, above all, I repeat, there resided for Thomas Jefferson an endless fund of innocent entertainment—entertainment ranging from the absorption of hero-worship awakened by the more accomplished whittlers of sticks and chewers of tobacco among the gentlemen, to the deep joy of experiment upon the nerves of the old ladies; from the esthetic pleasure of haunting the side of light-robed beauty, bread and molasses in hand, to the moral exhilaration arising from perfect disregard of the dismissal attempted by attendant chivalry; from the calm philosophic delight of pursuing knowledge at the expense of the elder visitors, to the more stirring diversion of fighting the tender youth of the place.

Drawn by Worth Brehm. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

THOMAS JEFFERSON

A summer of summers, I repeat, it had already been to Thomas Jefferson. And then she came. Never in its brief history had there been anything like her at Elixir Springs, though to define the difference would have baffled the budding powers of Thomas Jefferson. Intrinsic or extrinsic, personal grace or unimagined daintiness of frill and furbelow, pink of cheek or pink of stocking—what did it matter to him? He only knew nebulously that there was charm.

She was different, entrancingly different; so much, at least, was certain—certain from his first sight of her after her emergence from the chrysalis of her traveling garb, in a little white dress setting out around her in a jauntily horizontal frill, displaying to advantage long, pink stockings and small, pink slippers to match the bow in her curly head. It was a vision unique in his experience; and then and there he succumbed—succumbed, had he but known it, to the rosy slippers and stockings. But when could the masculine heart analyze the spell to which it yielded?

She was different, amazingly different. The little girls whom he had known habitually wore colors which would not show dirt in shoes and stockings and dresses, and plaited their hair in tight little pig-tails, and held fast to the rule that children should be seen and not heard; while she was a little queen, as accustomed to adoration as to pink stockings and slippers. Blue stockings and slippers she had also, he was subsequently to discover, and white. And her attire was always like that of the flowers of the field. And the whole place did her homage, and sought her capricious favor. Only Thomas Jefferson held aloof, though never far aloof.

Feigning to ignore her presence, he turned somersaults before her—or came as near turning them as his imperfect acquisition of the accomplishment permitted. Puffing his cheeks like a young Boreas, he achieved painful snatches of windy whistle. He threw stones with large intention, if not with conspicuously certain aim. He ostentatiously paraded peripatetic feasts of his favorite bread and molasses and other delicacies for her envy, and took, for her astonishment, the hugest mouthfuls possible for his powers to compass. He snatched off the caps of babies in the laps of objurgatory nurses. He hit at unoffending small boys. He laid himself across main doorways and defied the passage of the public. In a word, he spared nothing of accomplishment or of derring-do to commend him

to his fair. And yet, I repeat, he was not of the common herd who surrounded her with flatteries. When, upon rare occasions, he addressed himself to her, it was with a fine masculine scorn.

"You are *urgly,*" he would say to her, in his slow, deliberate speech, looking at her askance from behind the obstruction of his cloudy, steel-rimmed glasses, and kicking negligently in the dirt with his bare, brown heel. And she, unused to contempt, would lift up her voice and weep, or perchance, in less melting mood, strike at him with her little hand; in either case crying passionately, "I *ain't* ugly!"

"You, Thomas Jefferson Tunbury, I 'm going to tell your pa on you, and make him whip you," Miss Betty told him more than once, obtuse to the subtler aspects of the situation.

"An' I goin' to make the bears eat *you* up, an'—an' I goin' to make the rattlesnakes bite you," he would retort calmly.

Miss Betty was a plump, little old lady who had retired with a modest competence from the career of milliner in a contiguous mountain town. This competence was in part the fruit of her own honest toil, in part the legacy of a recently deceased brother, to whose memory she scrupulously paid the respect of invariably wearing a short, flounced, black moreen petticoat with the cream-colored, lace-bedecked dressing-sack, or whatever else of quaintly cheerful adornment she permitted herself to assume for the evening. As part proprietor of Elixir Springs, she made set and earnest apology to the small girl's mother (otherwise Mrs. Isaac Brantley) for Thomas Jefferson, and other things about the establishment open to criticism, eloquently disclaiming personal responsibility.

Drawn by Worth Brehm. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"THOMAS JEFFERSON TOOK NO NOTICE"

Drawn by Worth Brehm. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"THE HUGEST MOUTHFULS POSSIBLE FOR HIS POWERS TO COMPASS"

"If my angel brother could look down and see how things are run," she assured Mrs. Brantley, "I *know* he would tuck his head under his left white wing for shame."

Mrs. Brantley attempted feeble protest.

"I know things are not like what you are used to," Miss Betty insisted. "They are not even like what *I 'm* used to. I may not have been accustomed to velvet carpets and marble mantelpieces, but I *have* been accustomed all my life to good, greasy cooking, and—"

"I have n't noticed," Mrs. Brantley said gently, "that it was n't greasy enough. In fact,"—she hesitated—"I don't see how things could *possibly* be any greasier. And the water is splendid—and the fishing. My husband is delighted."

Miss Betty beamed pleasure.

"Ain't he a noble-looking gentleman!" she said, with enthusiasm—"especially before the sun peeled his nose that way. I was sitting here just before you came out, wondering what his given name was. I hear you calling him something, but I have n't made out what it was."

"I call him Isaac," his wife said. To be called Isaac Brantley, be it said in passing, had been the cherished prerogative of the eldest son in the main line of the Brantley family for at least two centuries.

"Isaac!" Miss Betty exclaimed blankly. "Isaac? I reckon you are joking, ain't you? I *know* his name ain't Isaac. He don't *look* like he was named Isaac."

"What *does* he look like he was named?" Mrs. Brantley not unnaturally inquired.

"He looks," Miss Betty replied promptly, "like he was named Augustus."

Obviously, praise could no further go. Nor was her friendliness limited to glowing words. To the best of her ability she served as bodyguard against Thomas Jefferson for the family she favored, and "shooed" him off with a vehemence which showed the sincerity of her intention, however fruitless of result against the Gibraltar of his persistence.

Of what avail her prohibitions when beauty drew him? Of what avail her scathing "They don't want any of *your* company, Thomas Jefferson," when he set off in the wake of his charmer and her mother, or strolled immediately ahead, be procurable stores for a private larder marked by a certain restraint in the matter of grease and soda.

"Don't you want to go with Fredericka and me and show us the way to the store?" she asked with a winning smile.

Drawn by Worth Brehm. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE HELD OUT SOMETHING IN HIS SMALL, SOILED HAND"

meditatively kicking up the dust, as bent upon some perfectly independent quest?

Past-mistress of the art of yielding gracefully where yielding was inevitable, Mrs. Brantley, upon occasion, made gentle overtures to him, even inviting his attendance, one morning, as guide to a store reputed to be in the near neighborhood—at which, she reflected, there might

Thomas Jefferson continued his absorbing occupation of swinging a fish-head, tied to a string, in long, slow circles.

"Naw," he said composedly.

Nevertheless, he sauntered behind when they set out under the escort of another —Willie White, her open slave, and a rival not to be despised; he being Thomas

Jefferson's senior by three years, and richer than he by two imposingly large front teeth of the second issue. Thomas Jefferson, I say, followed, and not alone because the store, picturesquely situated in the second story of a saw-mill, and tastefully embellished at the entrance with a wooden box covered carelessly with a pane of glass and containing two large and lively rattlesnakes, was to him an enchanting place—indissolubly associated with large, pale ginger-cakes of a brown-paper flavor, and sticks of candy gorgeously striped with the rich red of aniline. Habitually he attached himself to anybody who was going anywhere. And how much more to a party containing his small enchantress, in a little, sky-blue cambric bonnet as different from the old established sunbonnet of his experience as she herself was rare and exotic?

He went as a matter of course, and so there befell to him the bitterness of hearing Willie's boast:

"You love me the best of everybody here, don't you, Fredericka?" and her guarded concession, barbed for himself with a glance of scorn:

"I love you the best of Thomas Jep'son."

Ah, many a stick of the striped candy, many a ginger-cake, it took to dull the sting of that ingratitude! Was it not for her that he had "shown off" to the uttermost, and not, as he might well have flattered himself, wholly in vain? Had not her bright eyes rained influence only that morning, as, kneeling beside a convenient rain puddle much frequented by the pigs of the establishment, he had made mud marbles—made them in ostentation of the power to make, rows of them drying at that very time on the edge of the piazza, to say nothing of the pocketful already in active service? Had she not, with tears, begged to share the fruit of his skill, coyly withheld from her? Truly in femininity resides eternal mystery.

He had not yet, however, fully tried with her the power of discourse. Disdaining the partiality of addressing any particular member of the party, he remarked, on their homeward way, as to the circumambient air, in a voice husky with ginger-cake,

"We *did* have fo' caouws, but we ain't got but three caouws naouw. I don't keer if they *did* kill Belle, she was sech a *mean* ol' caouw! An' we had her for dinner yestiddy, an' for supper las' night, an' for breakfas' this mornin', an' I ken have all of her I want, an'—"

"And my share," Mrs. Brantley interpolated, with generous haste; "only, please, please, Thomas Jefferson, don't call her *Belle!*"

But why should auld acquaintance be forgot, even when in the form of irregular chunks dished up in soup-plates? No reason whatsoever was apparent to Thomas Jefferson then or subsequently.

"I feel as if we were a party of cannibals," Mrs. Brantley said to her husband. "And the cooking! And the flies! And there are n't any children here now for Fredericka to play with—"

"There 's Thomas Jefferson," he said, laughing.

She disdained reply. "We have been here three weeks," she said eloquently. "And now, if you are ready to go, *I* am."

Fredericka, on the other hand, was not altogether ready.

"I don't want to go," she said; "there 's so much nice dirt here—and Thomas Jep'son."

"But he is always making you cry," her mother expostulated. And the child, debarred by inexperience of her own sex from the fair retort, "And what, pray, is that to the purpose?" was without answer.

All unaware of the blow impending over him, Thomas Jefferson made pies in his favorite mud-hole with a preoccupation the more intense, to outward seeming, as she approached in morning freshness of white frock and small, cerulean bonnet.

"I 'm going home to-morrow," she announced with importance. Already, with the volatility of her years and sex, she had passed from regret to rejoicing; and only pleasurable anticipation spoke in her tone.

Startled out of his constitutional composure, he paused at his task.

"Huh?" he said.

"I 'm going home to-morrow on the choo-choo cars," she vaunted.

He turned upon her his red-calico shoulder, and dipped his hands once more deep in the plastic mud.

"I don't keer 'f you are," he said valiantly.

And in maintenance of the ghastly pretense, he disported himself in her presence on the fateful morrow with unwonted sprightliness; kicked at people and things with more careless daring, trod more pertinaciously upon the rockers of the old ladies' chairs, threw stones more wildly, breaking another window—his fourth of the season. While others flatteringly lamented the departure of the family, he discoursed of indifferent matters in his own Socratic method; though it might be observed that it was her father that he forced into the rôle of respondent with particular pertinacity, following him about during his preparations for departure, stolidly propounding queries relative to his every belonging, and the meaning and motive of his every act.

Solemnly, at last, wiping his heated brow, the man addressed him.

"Boy," he said, "I don't want to go away from here a gibbering idiot. Ask me another question, and I shall."

"Run along, Thomas Jefferson," his wife supplemented in the favorite phrase of the place, he sublimely disregardful of their united plea.

To the last he clung to them, even to the very steps of the train, to which he pressed close with characteristic disregard of his own personal safety, habitually left, with a fine indifference, to the care of the general public. He had said no adieu to her; and even in the supreme moment when her father stooped to lift her into the car he found no words. But he held out something to her in his small, soiled hand—and she took it.

Three mud marbles!

"Thank you, Thomas Jep'son! Thank you!" she called ecstatically from the window to the little, pudgy, red-bloused, dun-trousered figure, just then in the hands of his friends, busily withdrawing him from the jaws of destruction.

"I 'm going to send you some *store* marbles, Thomas Jefferson," her mother said over her head, touched with some vague pang of compunction.

But he paid no heed. The very kick with which, as always, he rewarded his rescuers, was absent and dreamy. Was not her dainty hand throwing him kisses? A moment the miracle lasted. A moment more, and in all the fair mountain landscape there remained, to testify of it and her, only a thin trail of smoke.

THE BLIND

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith"

"DON'T be scairt, Lady; we 're only blind," said the journeyman plumber, much amused.

The woman who had given them the whole of the sidewalk as she saw them coming, arm in arm, stepped farther into the street. Of all the human motives a woman might ascribe to such a united pair, the love of one's neighbor was the last one she would think of on that street. More than one had adjudged these two drunk until it came to be seen, upon closer view, that the workman had a gait that was above suspicion, and that his companion, a straight, active fellow, came along with a step most confident and certain.

The blind fellow had come almost five miles that morning by changing men four times, one passing him along to another. His latest guide was the plumber.

It was, as the blind man remarked to the plumber, for he was a sharp observer, one of those clear, bright days in early spring, both warm and cold. He could feel winter stirring at his back, while one side of him was in summer, as in a warm bath; and so he knew that the sky was clear and the sun had come out to practise. And there were other things, too, which told him the day was dreaming of summer.

The shopkeepers, he observed, all had

the doors open to make a trade of outer atmosphere for the inner; there were odors that he came to and went through —aroma of coffee and spices, scent of fresh meats or new leather, perfume of tropical fruits, and the humid, sweet breath of the flower store. And then the dusty regions of the blacksmith; and, farther on, an atmosphere of newly offered incense and soapsuds, where cleanliness and godliness made commerce together, and he felt himself breathed upon with the breath of the almighty joss. He saw nothing; and yet at times he saw more than there was.

To the blind fellow the way presented itself one thing at a time—a panorama of imagination unrolling from his memories of other days. To the plumber it was to-day, come out in full procession. The beer-soothed drivers nodded on their lofty seats as they drifted down the stream of commerce, and held idle reins, in mere dreams of authority, over portly percherons and big, buff-bellied shires. A grocer had created a great display of green stuff, setting a Southern cabbage where it would lend itself to the best advantage. Pacing up and down before the pawnshops were the usual man-catchers—one of them hidden from head to foot in the shaggy coat in which he had kept up that restless walk all winter. A beast of prey he was, confined within the limits of the law; and he was always pacing the cage. Back and forth he went from line to line, while he eyed the humans and chafed for gain.

"Let 's look in this window," said the plumber; and making consent of action, he brought his companion up short before the beast's show-window. Within was a bushel or so of revolvers spread out for the public to take its chances with; and the mechanic looked them over critically, preferring this one and that as he considered different cases of killing. The man-catcher, not to be always confined to mere oral advertisement, occasionally stepped forth and took the wayfarer by the arm; and when the two at the window started away without buying, he laid hands on the blind man; whereat the plumber, seeing in this a tampering with his own person, clenched his fist and asserted his American citizenship most freely. And a little farther on he swung the scales of justice down on the other side with a jovial compliment to a girl who was sweeping the steps; and he raised her opinion of herself mightily. Again the blind fellow felt the strong arm move forward, and he took up his journey through the noise and weather.

There is a kind of weather, in the disputed part of the calendar, when summer and winter come together so intimately, and with such regard for each other's rights, that warmth and cold occupy the same space at the same time. The sunshine gets all the way down through the cold without being blown cool, and the breezes traverse the beams regardless of their warming powers. It is something like a miracle. The blind man, feeling a warmth that seemed to come straight from the sun to him, without pretending to warm the weather, was grateful to heaven for it. To him especially, who could only feel where others saw, it had this effect of a personal benefit, a special attention of the sun to him. Thinly clad as he was, in the shiny black coat, he felt the contrast strongly upon his body; and being thus reminded that it was neither cold winter nor hot summer, he was doubly thankful. Spring days are artful ones, knowing the secret of all pleasure.

Presently the time came when the plumber announced the street where he would have to say good-by and turn off. As his turn lay in the direction of the opposite corner, the two now started across Newmarket Street together.

Suddenly, down Newmarket Street, darting this way and that among clanging street-cars and crawling drays and stubborn loads of coal, giving way to wagons that creaked and groaned with toppling, rope-bound burdens, skidding round the four-horse newspaper truck whose weight of web knocked hub on axle as if its joints would break, trumpeting at sleepy drivers rapt in the poesy of beer, squawking back at bawling peddlers, and blurting out affright at every crossing, came a red automobile.

The plumber saw it bearing down upon them. And being alive to his unusual responsibility in a case of instant action —of which he in the automobile was not aware,—the plumber gave alarm and impetus to the blind one at the same moment. The blind fellow, answering to

Drawn by Leon Gulpon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'HE ONLY WANTS TO TAKE HOLD OF YOUR ARM SO HE CAN FIND THE WAY'"

the powerful arm, cleared the wheel with a closer call than he ever realized. The plumber then brought his companion up short with a sudden turn as he looked after the automobile and disburdened himself of his opinion of all such. He detained the blind man a while in doing it, keeping firm hold on his arm. By the time the plumber was fairly done, but still in eruption, the machine had crossed the bridge and gone panting into the business district which was its goal.

"You did n't hear it much, did you? He goes on air. Ever see one?"

"No; I never did. They came in just after I went blind. They don't make as much noise as they used to—some of them."

This was the corner at which the plumber was to have found his companion a new friend; but now that the blind man was a life he had saved, he felt a greater interest in him, a new and nobler warmth. He was reminded that he would himself be back at this corner in a short while, having only some pipe to measure in the meantime, and that he was then going farther out on this street; and so it was decided that the blind fellow should wait for him. In due time the plumber returned; and again the blind one took up his journey.

"Well, here is where I leave you for sure," the plumber finally said. "I guess I 'll have to put another man on the job. We 'll stand here till I can spot some one that 'll take you next. It 's only eight blocks more to where you want to go."

And so they stood, the plumber watching to take his pick of men, the blind one wondering whether, at the end of his trip, there would be any sort of success. Somewhere was a man who would be willing to take him the rest of the way. He was coming somewhere down the street. And who was the next friend to be?

The Metropolis Club was giving a round-table luncheon that day in connection with a short address on civic charity work. Among those who were guests was the visiting Philadelphian, and he had, by the fortunes of conversation, fallen into the hands of the colonel; and the colonel kept him. The colonel admired him; and besides, he needed him to talk to.

"And you let it burn five or ten minutes," said the colonel.

The Philadelphian made himself look pleased again.

"Two lumps of sugar and a little cinnamon; then you put in the cognac, and light it, and let it burn," said the colonel, still talking as they came through the door out of the dining-room. The Philadelphian looked pleased again. It was becoming evident to him that he was in a social difficulty; but there was no way out of it. He was a prisoner of etiquette.

"It 's my own receipt," insisted the colonel, taking a leaf from his note-book, and, like a tractarian persevering in good works, handing to the Philadelphian the secrets of a *petit brûlé*. The Philadelphian looked pleased again. When a man takes you so utterly for granted, and likes you for it, what are you going to do about it?

As they came into the sitting-room, Uncle John, that dark and ancient servant of the club, was on his knees before the massive broken-boulder fireplace, and half into the mouth of it. The arch of that fireplace would have made a grotto for Pope.

"Well, well, we are going to have a fire! Good! Now we shall have solid comfort." And the prisoner suffered himself to be led to that place.

"Sit down; sit down," said the colonel, placing two roundabout chairs almost arm in arm. And the Philadelphian sat down.

"Not that way, Uncle John. Now, when you are constructing a fire—" and the colonel turned his attention parenthetically to the old black man. When Uncle John had construed his fagots and set his back log, and applied his match, all according to the colonel's rules of procedure for an indoor camp-fire, he rose and stepped back from his smoking work. The colonel's eyes filled with "lamentable rheum," and his countenance glowed back at the conflagration in a very plethora of approbation. Then he proceeded to take up the topic where it had been interrupted by this change of base.

Possibly the Philadelphian, despite social virtue, should not have started to dissemble interest in things foreign to him. Possibly he should have had the hardi-

hood to let it be seen at once that his range of interests did not touch at all points the other's mental territory, even though it would imply in himself a restricted state of being. But such acknowledgment is difficult. And it was particularly so with a man like the colonel; for it was plain to be seen that the colonel had not the remotest suspicion, not even the ungenerous nature, to conceive such a state of affairs in another. The basic difficulty (and a most perplexing one) was that the colonel was a true democrat. When a real or true democrat, perceiving something of your high and noble outlook, admires and looks up to you for it, he does it on the assumption that your feet are on the common ground with him —that you have passed *through* the stage where he is, growing up to the heights. That is why he likes you—because he is the equal of your superiority, potentially. There are some few men in the world, of this attained culture, some idols of democracy who amount to something, if they could ever be recognized. But the Philadelphian, with all his deserts, was not such. He was not tall, but only elevated. But the Philadelphian, feeling and perceiving some sort of flattery in the attitude of the colonel, who was not without certain strong and staple qualities, persevered in being bored. Seeing that his altitude was respected, he stayed by the colonel with such perversity to his own inclinations that an observer would have supposed they were boon companions. Anyway, it would have been hard for him to work his escape; it was too well understood that he was to remain thereabouts until such time as his host, who had been called away, should come and get him.

While the colonel spoke on, others came to the fireplace with their various topics until there was a semicircle of roundabout chairs camped on the zone of comfort—the social arch without which no fireplace is complete. On this afternoon there was a dozen or so of presidents and vice-presidents, and a whole host of directors assembled in the persons of the few men at the fireplace; for they were all good, solid men. And the further nature of their solidity might be well represented by the formation in which they were now sitting—a sort of living arch. A tremendous weight of the financial structure rested upon its back.

The exclusiveness of the circle was very flattering to Uncle John, for as he had built the fire on his own responsibility he considered himself the fire's proprietor. He had stationed himself at a point of vantage near the door purposely to observe how much of a success it might be. One chair near the middle had been drawn up and not used; and when no less a person than Fred Greaves came to close up the formation, the old black man smiled benignantly, and he could not help coming forward and offering some assistance, however useless, in the matter of sitting down. When a workman has undertaken a social structure, it is no small matter to have it so strongly buttressed, and then so ably wedged.

Greaves, coming alone, without any topic in hand, assumed his usual listening attitude, his finger-tips resting methodically against one another, his eyes engaged on the space before him, as if it held some airy vision of the subject to which he was deeply listening. Greaves, when he did not care to talk, got credit for being a good listener; and when he was hardly listening at all he actually shone forth in social virtue because he seemed to be thinking as well. Thinking he usually was. And when it happened to be about some matter known only to himself, his appearance passed very well for rapt attention. In his life he had become an excellent random thinker; he had a knack of following the main drift of talk or casually examining something, while letting his intuitions arrive on some different matter. As a matter of habit he studied best while slightly engaged with something else; he had conceived some of his most brilliant moves simply by contemplating this fireplace.

At present he focused his attention, with a look of interest, upon a gleaming part of the fireplace, a particularly starlike, steady glint that broke forth from a quartzose facet of a broken boulder. Here and there were other glints; and when he moved his head slightly, as if listening more closely, he was engaged in observing that the rocks, when viewed from a different angle, presented an entirely new constellation of the scattered stars. Then he returned to the first facet and brought

his mind to the original point of his reflections. It was an interesting fireplace; it may have caught at times a scintilla of his most brilliant ideas.

Greaves's face, even for a man in his prime, was remarkably free from set wrinkles, those permanent records of inward strain. But this was only indicative of his easy ability in handling affairs; for though it might have seemed to many that he was too constantly engaged with business, it was he that was master, not business. Even in his present definite problem there was little sign of perplexity—merely the introspective pursing of his eyes. The subject of the day being organized charity, he was not greatly interested; and so he continued to study such things as his logical imagination projected before him. It was so much like deep listening that one would have supposed that what came into his ears as sound was put forth from his eyes as pictures.

Among the others, the topics remained local and various, each subject maintaining a separate warmth without starting up any of that lighter material that easily becomes a wide-spread conversation; but finally a discussion of the address settled on the welfare of babies, and this matter was referred in a jovial way to Greaves. He retorted quietly, effectively. Then another made a remark to which he gave rejoinder. When the next man was taking his turn at poking the fire of fun, Greaves consulted his watch and was reminded that it was time for him to be off. He gave his companions a victorious farewell out of the tail of his eye and arose.

"I am sorry I could not remain longer, and that I could not get to hear your address," he said, taking special leave of the speaker of the day. "I think you will find White a congenial host—and he will no doubt keep your suggestions before the Charities Committee. He is one of our most distinguished authorities on—babies." And he left immediately.

"By Gad!" exclaimed the colonel, waking up to the fact that he had overtalked; "I was going to introduce you to him. And now he 's gone."

"Oh, that was Greaves, was it? It is he we were talking about?"

"And the first word he said was good-by," mused the colonel. "Well, well; time waits for no man, as they say."

"Or one might say no man waits for time in your city. And yet, if one were to give it curious examination, all time comes to him who waits. Time catches up with a man so quickly when he sits down! But," said the Philadelphian, hastening to patch up the moment, "I am sorry I could not have heard some of his interesting views."

"Of course," said the colonel, "there are those among the financial opposition who think he is a regular modern Lafitte—sort of a perfumed pirate. But Greaves has, though there are only a few of us know it, a heart as big as an ox."

"I suppose," said the Philadelphian, "that his taking hold of the family estate and running it noiselessly, as you say, and remaining unmarried, and in general showing no confusion between the different departments of his head and heart, would hardly make him seem more human in the popular estimate?"

"That 's it—exactly. But there is one class he is popular with, and it 's a peculiar thing: he has a way with babies. I 've seen the worst criers go to him and shut up on the spot—just as if they thought, 'Well, if this is n't my old friend Greaves!' Mrs. Dwight calls him a regular baby's man."

"Well, well!" said the Philadelphian, growing interested.

"Yes, sir," continued the colonel, "he can go into a passenger-car where a baby is going it, and in about a minute, if he wants to, he can have it away from its mother, and satisfied. He did it for a delegation that was going down to Boston one time; and they gave him a vote of thanks—after the woman was off."

"I have noticed this faculty, or gift, sometimes, and usually, in the most imperative and independent characters—the most virile men. It seems to be an instinct between them—really a subliminal knowledge."

"A sublemonal knowledge? Yes; exactly," said the colonel, quite satisfied with this word for it. "Greaves has got that down to perfection; but he does n't say much. He talked more the first year or two he was out of college—and got the worst of it right along in some big deals. He has turned out to be entirely different."

"I have observed," said the Philadelphian, "that those who at first seem the most impossible and hopelessly impractical in their efforts in any line are often the very ones who advance to the place of first position. In fact, I have often thought that all surpassing ability first manifests itself in unworldliness—almost a heavenly innocence of every-day circumstances. But let a nature of this sublime inaptitude once become sophisticated, and it will continue to go on to those depths of science called art. After that the impossible only sets itself up to be brought down and undone by private and esoteric means."

"Private and eso—exactly," said the colonel. "I believe you catch what I mean. He would make a good politician, as I tell him, if he cared for it, and only started at the top and worked down. He could never start at the bottom; he is n't a mixer. Now, in our ward, we have very sudden social contrasts, as they say. As I told them last election, the poor and the rich, in our ward, stand shoulder to shoulder. We have to carry that end of the ward always in order to do anything. Well, four years ago, when young Grayson came out of college, and they were looking around for a way for him to get started on his own responsibility, they decided he had better break in by way of politics—just for a start. Of course they looked to some of us old stagers to handle him. I wanted Greaves to come along with me to that end of the ward and flatter them up a little by putting in an appearance. But do you suppose he would do it? Did n't care for it—was n't interested. So I had to take the lead myself. I and young Grayson set them up in forty-six saloons in six hours. He 's climbing up fast now. The Graysons always said they owed me a family debt for that." The colonel paused, reflectively. "Forty-six in six hours," he mused fondly.

The Philadelphian was momentarily at a loss for a way to continue. And then he said, "The social topography of your city does present some abrupt and precipitous descents—sudden contrasts, as you say. It is due to the subsidiary business streets, reaching out in all directions, and running close to the desirable residence locations. The metropolis is a necessity, economically, no doubt. But that large part of it which is due to the huddling together of the lower class, merely to be in a big city, is to be regretted."

"Say, you really ought to meet Greaves," said the colonel, with new enthusiasm.

"Is he on the Charities Committee?"

"No; that 's just the point."

"And yet you say he is so big-hearted?"

"Big as an ox. But *you* would n't think so. He says just as you do; and right there is where he has no use for your charitable work. In fact, 'most everybody thinks he keeps his heart up on a high shelf somewhere, out of reach; but when it comes right down to a man-to-man obligation, he takes his heart out of his pocket, so to speak."

"And he loves babies—"

"No; I did n't say he loves babies; I say babies like him. They get along together."

"I have observed in our work in Philadelphia that men of very independent nature, however untouched they may be to appeals to their benevolence for *adult* purposes, melt at the word baby. I should think he would be just the man to get interested in day-nursery work."

"Well, I guess that would be the easiest thing to get him on. He *was* on the point of coming down with an endowment, but Mrs. Mortimer said the wrong thing just at the wrong time. You know the Mortimers, don't you?"

"The John Mortimers? I have met Mortimer himself a few times—at meetings in New York. You know I used to be quite a gallant with Mrs. Mortimer—that is, with Ruth Martin that was. She was quite a beauty in her day—quite a beauty."

"Yes; and she gave it to her daughter Martha. Martha is a flower off the old stem, so to speak."

"Yes, quite a beauty." The Philadelphian twirled his pince-nez and looked into far-away space. "And do you mean to say she has given it *all* to her daughter?"

"Well, she has some left," replied the colonel.

"Yes—quite a beauty," mused the Philadelphian again. "And she is still handsome, no doubt?"

"Well, now," said the colonel, choos-

ing to go into a quizzical tantrum, "if you knew her in her present character—and you know there are several ages of woman, more or less—if you knew her now, you would realize her saying that the more she gives, the more she has. She likes to make others give, too."

"And *quite* a dancer," said the Philadelphian—"most graceful girl."

"Yes, she did have a gallant girlhood—served charity in a good many regimentals. She still comes out to the annual call to arms—Charity Ball, I mean. But she has gone into benevolence more seriously of late years—mostly with the day nursery. She leaves the rest to Martha. It 's old women for counsel and young women for war, you know."

"Doing good by stealth. Ah—I see."

"Oh, Lord, no! She does n't give herself even *credit* for that. She 's looking for results, stealth or no stealth. You know John's motto always was, 'Make one hand wash the other.' And she has learned a good deal from him."

"I recall her at a bazaar—Grecian girl she was."

"Oh, yes; she did all those things. But, as I was saying about Greaves—"

"Ah, yes, Greaves."

"Well, just as she had Greaves won over, she added to it that we ought to care for the submerged classes, anyway, regardless of charity. Because if we don't, we are sitting on a volcano, and some day there will be trouble. Right there Greaves put his pencil down with a click, and there was a silence like a stopped clock. Mrs. Mortimer says she could hear him stop ticking. 'Self-interest!' he said. 'Danger? Then let her come!' "

"Well, well!"

"And that was the end of that. Not a cent. 'Colonel,' he said to me one time, 'if I were a poor man, I would n't be humble and apologetic about it. And I don't intend to apologize for being rich. I 've got *some* pride—a little family pride, at least.' "

"Well! And you say he has *no* favorite charity?"

"One time Owens came to him and asked if he wanted to chip in on the work in the slums. 'Slums?' said Greaves. 'Now look here, Owens; you people are trying to make beautiful slums. Ridiculous! They like it there—would n't leave the slums for anything. Try to get them into the country and see. Why, they think nature a perfect bore. And here you are, because you don't *want* slums, starting ice funds and cheap soup and all conveniences. Actually, Owens, if some one had the brains and originality to come to me with a scheme to make the slums twice as difficult and expensive—*impossible*—to live in, I 'd lead off the subscription with fifty thousand.' "

"Well—well!"

"He said to me one time: 'Colonel, a good horse-breeder does n't—' "

And just then came Judge Emerson, hurriedly, with apologies for his long absence from his guest. And the Philadelphian was delivered.

PROUD, eager horses; leisurely, prosperous horses; poor, limping whip-marked jades; the empty van rolling like kettle-drums; the belated trunk in its rattlespoke flight; the ash wagon; the ice wagon,—all of the caravan,—again they were overtaken and left behind, the red automobile *honk-honking* for every corner, and parting the people before it till finally it lost its wits entirely, went wrong in its machinery, and came to a standstill in front of two saloons. Again the van, the ice wagon, the grocer's wagon, the full procession of them—they all came up to it, and went on. And even the poor, spavined express horse overtook it and passed by as solemn as a funeral.

Greaves got out with his chauffeur, hoping to demonstrate his new mechanical knowledge. Before long he was at the work himself, but without success; and then noticing that his audience had been augmented by a banana cart and a garbage wagon, he abandoned the machine and decided to foot it home. He left the chauffeur and his hundred helpers to worry out of their trouble as best they might. Nine blocks he would follow this street, which ran parallel with the boulevard, and then a humble side street would bring him out within a few steps of home. In view of the noticeable condition of his light trousers and his cuffs, he decided it were better to keep to this obscurity of the crowd than to go direct to the boulevard and pursue a solitary way. Ordinarily his proper route lay along the boulevard

straight from his office to his home; but a disabled bridge had turned him to-day into the way of heavy traffic.

Once he was in the drift of it, he loitered along with rather an agreeable sense of novelty in the experience he was having. He took curious glances into kosher meat shops and Italian groceries; he noted the works of art in little German bakeries, and thought how tasteless the gaudy cakes must be, and how everlastingly durable the big loaves of workmen's bread. Near a crossing, a mere baby was sitting in the gutter, a miniature workman in mimic overalls with a horseshoe and a cobblestone that he had found. With these toys he was set up in the blacksmith business, pounding the horseshoe on the curb.

Greaves tarried a moment to observe. Possibly—without a doubt—it was this small act that made him a marked man. It denoted him as being just the sort of man another man was looking for.

"Say, Mister—how far are you going?"

"A few blocks. Why?"

"Would you mind taking him along with you? I brought him all the way out from downtown; but this is where I turn off. He 's blind."

Greaves did not immediately gather the purport of it—so sudden and unexpected a proposition.

"I brought him twelve blocks. He only wants to take hold of your arm so he can find the way. He 's blind."

Greaves paused a moment, his prepossession that it was a "scheme" requiring a little hesitation. Then he reached out and took the man's arm and guided it to his own. It was a service that a man could hardly refuse. It could not be put off on some other man, not without having to answer to his own self's question, "Why not you?"

Greaves had been going along leisurely; and now he had the natural expectation of making a slow and tedious trip with a blind man. But before long he noticed, to his wonder, that he was swinging along at a brisker gait than when he was alone. Not only did his companion walk with a sure step, but at the next corner he stepped off the curb down to the level of the street as if he knew it was coming quite as well as the man who could see. Greaves began to doubt that the man was blind. It was probably some sort of scheme between this fellow and his confederate—and a very original one.

"How did you know," Greaves inquired bluntly, "just when we came to that step down?"

"The sidewalk, if you take notice, slopes just a little to shed water. When I come to the corner of the building I can feel it start; and I know how far it is across."

True enough. Greaves watched, with interest, at the next corner. It seemed evident that the fellow knew the trade of being blind, at least. His eyes were almost closed; he was not unmistakably blind.

"How long have you been blind?"

"Oh, about five years."

"Then you were not born blind. Why do you not learn to go about with a cane? Is that hard to learn, if you are not blind from the first?"

"Oh, I could learn that all right. I used to be a pretty good workman, and it don't take me long to catch on to things. But what 's the use of doing that—poking around among people with a cane, or having a dog on a string? There 's always somebody going your way if you stay on the main streets; and any man is willing to give you an arm. You ain't so much bother to people that way, either."

The answer was surprisingly sensible; and, besides, it clung in Greaves's mind as a thing to be thought about in general. Such a flattering report of humanity, such a matter-of-fact witness of the average man's nature, coming from the lips of practical experience, was a unique sort of statistics, and of a kind to be thought about. Greaves looked him over with new interest as they walked along. The man had no pauperish airs, but his clothes were cheap and shiny. He was thin and poorly prospered; but he was straight and active, and he made no show of his disability in a professional way. He did the best he could, and was matter-of-fact about it. He had an odor that Greaves did not like,—not exactly of uncleanliness nor of anything he had about him,—but a personal effluvium that to Greaves was particularly noticeable—a sort of mustiness. And such, indeed, it was. It was the smell of anemia, of malnutrition, of the bodily household irregularly and poorly provided for. To

Greaves, in whose well-servanted way of life all sights, all sounds, all odors, had their skilled purveyors, their careful watchmen, the slight effluvium was very distasteful. It was as if he smelt a soul that had lain long in the dark, damp regions of Misfortune.

"Say, Partner, what time is it? Got a watch?"

"Two minutes after one," Greaves answered.

Partner! Greaves began to wonder what sort of mental picture the other had of him. Probably some poor workman going home to his wife and family. Or possibly not that, but just a man, a composite of the world's accommodating and sympathetic people. "Partner! Well!"

Greaves wondered when the request would come for alms; for he had begun to see the blind man's methods from a business standpoint;—not uncharitably, but with a business man's interest in methods. This way of getting about was sensible, sure enough—quite sensible and commendable. But it was also a good way, as the blind man had not said, of coming into intimate touch with all sorts of people, and profiting momentarily by their natural sympathies when they had time to think. He wondered—what he did not doubt—when the request would come for a dime or a nickel. As soon as it was found that it was not offered voluntarily, no doubt. Greaves would wait and see; and then give him half a dollar. The poor fellow was blind and enterprising, without affected humility. Greaves admired good business methods. Partner! To the blind fellow he was not vice-president of a trust company, and also half a dozen directors—hardly.

As there was now no subject between them, and as Greaves felt a little constrained in his peculiar position, he began to whistle a snatch of an opera in an aspirate way—a mere breathing of the tune.

"Can you whistle, Partner?"

"Not very well. I never was much of a whistler."

The blind man moistened his lips, and then, with a preparatory trill, a surprising flight of quick notes, he matched his own rendition of the air with that of his companion. It was as if a mocking-bird had learned an opera.

"It is n't very good weather for whistling," said the blind one. "It 's growing warm, but still it 's chilly, and I 'm not just right. The weather has to be right to whistle your best. Say, Partner, do you know where the Palace is?"

"Concert saloon? There are two of them up here, next to each other."

"Two of them. What 's the other one like? Is it a good place?"

"Really, I don't know," Greaves answered. "I guess they 're both pretty well attended. There 's a summer garden farther up, too. It is n't opened yet."

"Don't you live around here?"

"A few blocks away."

Despite Greaves's statements that he knew little about the private affairs of the proprietors, the blind man persevered in making inquiries. His anxiety for information seemed to possess him with the idea that he could stir up something in Greaves's memory.

"I 'm going to see if I can't get an engagement—whistling. I got an engagement about three miles west of here last week; made five dollars. I wish you knew more about the place, and could put me next to the boss, Partner."

Engagement! The fellow, then, conceived himself an artist. He could whistle; and yet he did not pass the hat among bar-room audiences,—Saturday-night spenders. He wished to be heard on the stage. And in his humble conception of it he was looking for an "engagement." He was sensitive to the state of the air! An opera whistler!

Greaves looked him over again—his thin, shiny, mismatched clothes. The blind man's confident step was flattering to Greaves; it was a tribute of trust, really of faith, in the man to whose utter keeping he had given himself over. This was especially surprising at the crossings. The blind man launched forth into the pandemonium with no hesitation; he stopped, and started as Greaves did, while he took his chances. Never, even at the rumble of a wheel within a foot of his toes did the blind man's arm have the least touch of doubt. It was a most intimate revelation of confidence. Greaves could not but ask himself whether he could ever give himself over so fully to another.

"Say, Partner, can you sling a con?"

"A what?"

"Sling a con. Throw a bluff."

"I can—at times. Why?"

"Would you mind going right into the saloon and leaving me there? The boss is n't sure to be in at this time of day; and if I sit around too long, the bartender is likely to put me out: they don't like a blind man hanging around. I 've got to sling a con because I don't look very good at first. I 'll go in and ask for the boss. And if he is n't there, I 'll say I guess I 'll sit down and wait. So then you turn to me and say: 'Say, Partner, I 'm going up the street a piece; I 'll come back and get you after a while.' Then you can go. You see, he 'll let me stay there as long as I want, then, because you 're my man that cares for me; so they won't think of putting me out—with you coming back. It puts up a good front right at the start—gives me a chance. Throw 'em a con, Partner. Sling 'em a bluff."

"All right," said Greaves. He smiled to think how much too strong the "bluff" would seem in his suit of the latest cut.

The ten-cent theater back of the bar-room was empty with the emptiness of three hundred chairs. In the saloon the bartender leaned on his bar and silently awaited the outcome of a solitary customer. The "boss" was not in.

The blind one, having been turned loose as he made his businesslike inquiry, now found himself at sea on the bar-room floor. He stood stock-still in the middle of the saloon. Greaves, seeing him standing motionless, not blundering about like a blind man, but waiting, immediately apprehended. He went and took his charge by the elbow. On second thought he led him up to the bar.

"Had n't we better have a little something to drink—something to warm us up?"

"No, thanks; I don't believe I 'll drink anything this afternoon. Much obliged."

The answer was surprising, unexpected. Coming from a man who had every reason to propitiate a bartender, it took Greaves momentarily off his legs. He led his blind man to a chair by the stove. Then he went to the cigar-case, on the other side of the screen behind which all drinkers hide, and patronized the place for a dollar's worth of cigars.

"Well, so long," he said, calling back to the man in the chair. "I 'm going up the street a piece. I guess the proprietor will be back after a while. I may be gone quite a little time."

Greaves, having swung his "con" with all its force, walked back rapidly till he came to his cross street; and there he halted. On one side of the blind man's methods he saw all the policy, the consistent, perfect business system of it. A saloon-keeper, however he may favor drinking on the part of the public, wants none of it in his employes; and therefore he has respect for the "No" in one looking for an engagement. The refusal was not morality alone. And then, too, the perfectly natural diplomacy with which the blind man had managed, by being led, to have himself landed by that stove with a good "front," in spite of his appearance, his great disadvantage! Even his standing motionless in the middle of the floor, waiting for his "man," was a work of art—of quick, opportune thinking in his dark mind.

On the other hand, all this sophistication, this deceit toward a low saloon, fitted strangely and completely with morality, practical enterprise, good common sense. It was sophistication; but in the commendable effort to get along like a man, despite his lamentable plight in life. It was admirable, pathetic. There had been no request for a nickel or a dime; he was really after an "engagement."

Greaves's conscience, and his business pride, also, turned on him—ashamed of himself. Why did he, fool that he was, expect a blind man to drink? Well, simply because he had not realized till now that the man was *blind*. And because he, Greaves, did not remember what he had always said, that a man in a position of responsibility should not drink. And the blind man was in a position of great responsibility; for it was important to him as a member of society, as an artist, that he get that "engagement," that he keep his wits clear at the important moment.

Greaves started on again, paused, lingered, hesitated. His rapid walk had put him at the edge of his own neighborhood—the parting of the ways. In this spell of privacy, at the threshold of his own way of life again, he seemed to come suddenly into personal relations with him-

self; and now, after his rather foreign experience, his mind took things up with all the vigor of reaction. Conclusions took place within him, not mere thoughts; trifles ran together like volunteer witnesses, and ransacked every part of his being for every bit of sympathy and insight; they shaped themselves together at once into complete conviction, full emotion.

He felt he ought at least to go back and give the fellow ten or fifteen dollars. Ten or fifteen dollars? It was worth ten thousand. A real man, who deserved it, ought to be endowed. Why not? And yet—how? To endow a man would only be to support him; and that would be to rob this fellow of what he was—what he ought to do. Ought to be? Here Greaves's fancy took a journey of a hundred miles or so with the led pedestrian; and he smiled inwardly as he saw all the self-occupied, scheming, suspicious, skinflint wayfarers who had had to lead him—in recognition of their own humanity. Ought to be? Yes.

To put the man in an institution was not to be thought of. To endow him with a competence, and give him liberty to go about as he pleased with the income,—Well, the liberty to do as he pleased would be only a technical liberty, after all, a mere form. He would not be himself any more. The man was not looking for charity, and Greaves hated to make him a pauper. Greaves worried about it.

But he could not be standing on this corner indefinitely. When his first perception of the situation was over, and he had got to thinking, he decided to walk along again, considering as he went. The man's shrewd, studied methods kept uppermost in his mere business mind. Sophisticated? Certainly. Mrs. Mortimer was sophisticated, too; she had candidly expressed her regret to him that one has to be so sophisticated, so diabolically studious and artful, in order to do good in the world. And where was there a gentler, nobler woman?

So thinking, he came to the corner at the boulevard; and here again he halted. The matter was not to be so lightly passed off his conscience—his heart, rather. The Mortimers were evidently at home. The big three-flued chimney was smoking out of the corner of its mouth. They probably had the fireplace going; the house looked inviting. He suddenly turned in that direction.

He rang the door-bell, waited, was ushered in by the maid. It was Martha, not Mrs. Mortimer, who came down to receive him. Mama, she said, was not at home; she had gone out within the half-hour. But she insisted upon his coming in; possibly her mother would be back in an hour or so.

"Your mother," said Greaves, coming to the point at once, as he sat down, "was talking to me yesterday about the Riverside Day Nursery. I have been thinking it over. I consider her work very worthy—very good in her. And she has some good ideas—very sensible ones. So I have decided to put in—say ten thousand—to start. It is nothing urgent that I called for; simply thought I would drop in and let her know. We can talk things over and put the matter into shape when she is ready. You know I am a great hand to do things at once—after I have decided."

Martha was, it was plain to be seen, delighted. Her quiet joy at the good fortune of the babies showed forth so warmly that Greaves felt a new sympathetic warmth wrapping him about. He tarried a while. And then, in a mere casual way, in no particular connection, he told how the automobile had acted with him. Very quickly this grew up into an account of the blind man. And *grew up* is the proper expression for it, truly. It grew into an account that put forth more and more details; the story waxed in vitality, took on life and color, and flourished in the warmth of his words; and was beamed on and encouraged by the light of Martha's big, enraptured eyes. Greaves was not in the habit of talking so directly forth from his feelings; but now, having started, he let himself go. He then went into this matter seriously with the thoroughness of a lawyer; he proved the blind man's case beyond question—and he vindicated himself, Fred Greaves, for having any weak emotions, any interest in the matter. Hardly realizing that it was the eyes of Desdemona that were calling him up and out of himself. "I tell you," he said emphatically, as he rested his case, "the man is a hero."

Martha's state of womanhood, sympathy, understanding, increased. In the silence that followed she seemed to be

looking at deep pictures in him. And he could feel new accession of warmth as her eyes rested within him, as it seemed. The fact was that their mutual engrossment over Fred Greaves's man had so drawn them together that they sat looking at each other in almost a oneness of being, impersonal and unconscious. Each was looking for solution in the other.

"But what to do about the case. Now, you see—" said Greaves; and he thought a while to make plain his difficulty in the matter, whatever it might be. He had not himself decided where the trouble was, in so many words.

"Now, is n't this what you mean," said Martha, leaning forward, as if she were reading him deeply—"is n't it your idea that the charity you would do the blind man would be the undoing of a still greater charity—which he himself is doing—to all sorts of people? Is n't that your feeling?"

Greaves looked at her in open admiration. She knew it beforehand—and said it. He had known Martha Mortimer since they were school children, and he now looked at her as if he were seeing her for the first time since he had the right kind of eyes.

"And you have n't done anything about it?" she asked. "Well—won't we have to do something? He may not get his engagement; be gone in a little while—in fifteen minutes; and you could n't find him. Then you would be *so* sorry."

"What would you say?" he asked.

She rose at once and went to the telephone in the upper hallway. He heard her speaking with the stable. "No, not the auto—not the coupe—that old buggy of father's—that 's it. I want to go to —well—a place—a place over on Newmarket Street. Yes, we 'll drive ourselves; hurry up. If it 's dirty, don't clean it up. But, wait—" In an instant she appeared at the door. "Can't we drive over there, Fred? There is n't any use having the coachman in this. Oh, I wish mama were here!"

"Do you—oh, well; just as you say."

When next she appeared, she threw down an armful of wraps with her hat on top, and she talked all the time she was getting ready. "We don't need to give him anything for charity, you know—just see that he gets an engagement and a good start. Now you know that Blinky Owens that ran that end of the ward for Grayson? Well, he knows the proprietor, and gets him out of trouble. We 'll see him right away. Then the man must be set on his feet,—show what a good whistler he is,—and he can get along. You say he is good on slinging a—what did you say about him?"

"He can sling a con, throw a bluff," replied Greaves.

"'Sling a con,'" repeated Martha, faithfully, as she explored the place for the point of her hatpin. "He can do that, and so you see he will be *perfectly* able to get along in the way of an actor. You know how the theatrical people are. He needs letter-heads and a dress-suit. We 'll see Alfred Hoyt later and make him give us a column in the paper—'Great Genius Discovered.' He owes mama some space anyway. And you know it does n't really matter if he is n't a *great* genius,—because he *is,* anyway,—and there are lodge entertainments, and all sorts of things. We 'll have that Blinky put him in touch with the Lyceum Bureau downtown; I 'll get the address and tend to it, too. He just needs a start. Oh, I *know* he will be a success, because he can do—what you say, you know." Thus she ran on till she was hatted and muffed, cap-a-pie. "We 'll go over and see that Owens tends to the saloon-keeper right away—at a good week's salary. But we 'll have to decide —in the buggy—how much we are going to have them pay him."

It was just at this time that the colonel, having alighted at his own door without feeling that he was talked out for the day, looked up the street and wondered if John Mortimer was at home. On second thought he believed he would go up and see whether John was in. As he was nearing the entrance, the two came running down the stone steps. And they, not knowing the colonel was bound for that place, hastened into the buggy.

"What 's happened!" cried the colonel.

"Oh, nothing," said Greaves. "Just going to tend to a charity case. Git ap."

The colonel stood his ground and slowly turned as the buggy went down the boulevard and swung around the corner so suddenly that it skidded.

"Humph! Well! Have those two started a—charity fire department?"

TO BUILD A FIRE

BY JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The Sea-Wolf," etc.

He travels fastest who travels alone . . . but not after the frost has dropped below zero fifty degrees or more.— *Yukon Code.*

DAY had broken cold and gray, exceedingly cold and gray, when the man turned aside from the main Yukon trail and climbed the high earth-bank, where a dim and little-traveled trail led eastward through the fat spruce timberland. It was a steep bank, and he paused for breath at the top, excusing the act to himself by looking at his watch. It was nine o'clock. There was no sun or hint of sun, though there was not a cloud in the sky. It was a clear day, and yet there seemed an intangible pall over the face of things, a subtle gloom that made the day dark, and that was due to the absence of sun. This fact did not worry the man. He was used to the lack of sun. It had been days since he had seen the sun, and he knew that a few more days must pass before that cheerful orb, due south, would just peep above the sky-line and dip immediately from view.

The man flung a look back along the way he had come. The Yukon lay a mile wide and hidden under three feet of ice. On top of this ice were as many feet of snow. It was all pure white, rolling in gentle, snow-covered undulations where the ice-jams of the freeze-up had formed. North and south, as far as his eye could see, it was unbroken white, save for a dark hair-line that curved and twisted from around the spruce-covered island to the south, and that curved and twisted away into the north, where it disappeared behind another spruce-covered island. This dark hair-line was the trail—the main trail—that led south five hundred miles to the Chilcoot Pass, Dyea, and salt water; and that led north seventy miles to Dawson, and still on to the north a thousand miles to Nulato, and finally to St. Michael on Bering Sea, a thousand miles and half a thousand more.

But all this—the mysterious, far-reaching hair-line trail, the absence of sun from the sky, the tremendous cold, and the strangeness and weirdness of it all—made no impression on the man. It was not because he was long used to it. He was a new-comer in the land, a *chechaquo,* and this was his first winter. The trouble with him was that he was without imagination. He was quick and alert in the things of life, but only in the things, and not in the significances. Fifty degrees below zero meant eighty-odd degrees of frost. Such fact impressed him as being cold and uncomfortable, and that was all. It did not lead him to meditate upon his frailty as a creature of temperature, and upon man's frailty in general, able only to live within certain narrow limits of temperature; and from there on it did not lead him to the conjectural field of immortality and man's place in the universe. Fifty degrees below zero stood for a bite of frost that hurt and that must be guarded against by the use of mittens, ear-flaps, warm moccasins, and thick socks. Fifty degrees below zero was to him just precisely fifty degrees below zero. That there should be anything more to it than that was a thought that never entered his head.

As he turned to go on, he spat speculatively. There was a sharp, explosive crackle that startled him. He spat again. And again, in the air, before it could fall to the snow, the spittle crackled. He knew that at fifty below spittle crackled on the snow, but this spittle had crackled in the air. Undoubtedly it was colder than fifty below—how much colder he did not

know. But the temperature did not matter. He was bound for the old claim on the left fork of Henderson Creek, where the boys were already. They had come over across the divide from the Indian Creek country while he had come the round-about way to take a look at the possibilities of getting out logs in the spring from the islands in the Yukon. He would be in to camp by six o'clock; a bit after dark, it was true, but the boys would be there, a fire would be going, and a hot supper would be ready. As for lunch, he pressed his hand against the protruding bundle under his jacket. It was also under his shirt, wrapped up in a handkerchief, and lying against the naked skin. It was the only way to keep the biscuits from freezing. He smiled agreeably to himself as he thought of those biscuits, each cut open and sopped in bacon grease, and each inclosing a generous slice of fried bacon.

He plunged in among the big spruce-trees. The trail was faint. A foot of snow had fallen since the last sled had passed over, and he was glad he was without a sled, traveling light. In fact, he carried nothing but the lunch wrapped in the handkerchief. He was surprised, however, at the cold. It certainly was cold, he concluded, as he rubbed his numb nose and cheek-bones with his mittened hand. He was a warm-whiskered man, but the hair on his face did not protect the high cheek-bones and the eager nose that thrust itself aggressively into the frosty air.

At the man's heels trotted a dog, a big native husky, the proper wolf-dog, gray-coated and without any visible or temperamental difference from its brother, the wild wolf. The animal was depressed by the tremendous cold. It knew that it was no time for traveling. Its instinct told it a truer tale than was told to the man by the man's judgment. In reality, it was not merely colder than fifty below zero; it was colder than sixty below, than seventy below. It was seventy-five below zero. Since the freezing-point is thirty-two above zero, it meant that one hundred and seven degrees of frost obtained. The dog did not know anything about thermometers. Possibly in its brain there was no sharp consciousness of a condition of very cold such as was in the man's brain. But the brute had its instinct. It experienced a vague but menacing apprehension that subdued it and made it shrink along at the man's heels, and that made it question eagerly every unwonted movement of the man as if expecting him to go into camp or to seek shelter somewhere and build a fire. The dog had learned fire, and it wanted fire, or else to burrow under the snow and cuddle its warmth in the confined space.

The frozen moisture of its breathing had settled on its fur in a fine powder of frost, and especially were its jowls, muzzle, and eyelashes whitened by its crystalled breath. The man's red beard and mustache were likewise frosted, but more solidly, the deposit taking the form of ice, and increasing with every warm, moist breath he exhaled. Also, the man was chewing tobacco, and the muzzle of ice held his lips so rigidly that he was unable to clear his chin when he expelled the juice. The result was that a crystal beard of the color and solidity of amber was increasing its length on his chin. If he fell down it would shatter itself, like glass, into brittle fragments. But he did not mind the appendage. It was the penalty all tobacco-chewers paid in that country, and he had been out before in two cold snaps. They had not been so cold as this, he knew, but by the spirit thermometer at Sixty Mile he knew they had been registered at fifty below and at fifty-five.

He held on through the level stretch of woods for several miles, crossed a wide flat of nigger-heads, and dropped down a bank to the frozen bed of a small stream. This was Henderson Creek, and he knew he was ten miles from the forks. He looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock. He was making four miles an hour, and he calculated that he would arrive at the forks at half-past twelve. He decided to celebrate that event by eating his lunch there.

The dog dropped in again at his heels with a tail drooping discouragement as the man swung along the creek-bed. The furrow of the old sled-trail was plainly visible, but a dozen inches of snow covered the marks of the last runners. In a month no man had come up or down that silent creek. The man held steadily on. He was not much given to thinking, and

just then particularly he had nothing to think about save that he would eat lunch at the forks and that at six o'clock he would be in camp with the boys. There was nobody to talk to; and, had there been, speech would have been impossible because of the ice-muzzle on his mouth. So he continued monotonously to chew tobacco and to increase the length of his amber beard.

Once in a while the thought reiterated itself that it was very cold and that he had never experienced such cold. As he walked along he rubbed his cheek-bones and nose with the back of his mittened hand. He did this automatically, now and again changing hands. But rub as he would, the instant he stopped, his cheek-bones went numb, and the following instant the end of his nose went numb. He was sure to frost his cheeks; he knew that, and experienced a pang of regret that he had not devised a nose-strap of the sort Bud wore in cold snaps. Such a strap passed across the cheeks, as well, and saved them. But it did n't matter much, after all. What were frosted cheeks? A bit painful, that was all; they were never serious.

Empty as the man's mind was of thoughts, he was keenly observant, and he noticed the changes in the creek, the curves and bends and timber-jams, and always he sharply noted where he placed his feet. Once, coming around a bend, he shied abruptly, like a startled horse, curved away from the place where he had been walking, and retreated several paces back along the trail. The creek he knew was frozen clear to the bottom,—no creek could contain water in that arctic winter,—but he knew also that there were springs that bubbled out from the hillsides and ran along under the snow and on top the ice of the creek. He knew that the coldest snaps never froze these springs, and he knew likewise their danger. They were traps. They hid pools of water under the snow that might be three inches deep, or three feet. Sometimes a skin of ice half an inch thick covered them, and in turn was covered by the snow. Sometimes there were alternate layers of water and ice-skin, so that when one broke through he kept on breaking through for a while, sometimes wetting himself to the waist.

That was why he had shied in such panic. He had felt the give under his feet and heard the crackle of a snow-hidden ice-skin. And to get his feet wet in such a temperature meant trouble and danger. At the very least it meant delay, for he would be forced to stop and build a fire, and under its protection to bare his feet while he dried his socks and moccasins. He stood and studied the creek-bed and its banks, and decided that the flow of water came from the right. He reflected awhile, rubbing his nose and cheeks, then skirted to the left, stepping gingerly and testing the footing for each step. Once clear of the danger, he took a fresh chew of tobacco, and swung along at his four-mile gait.

In the course of the next two hours he came upon several similar traps. Usually the snow above the hidden pools had a sunken, candied appearance that advertised the danger. Once again, however, he had a close call; and once, suspecting danger, he compelled the dog to go on in front. The dog did not want to go. It hung back until the man shoved it forward, and then it went quickly across the white, unbroken surface. Suddenly it broke through, floundered to one side, and got away to firmer footing. It had wet its forefeet and legs, and almost immediately the water that clung to it turned to ice. It made quick efforts to lick the ice off its legs, then dropped down in the snow, and began to bite out the ice that had formed between the toes. This was a matter of instinct. To permit the ice to remain would mean sore feet. It did not know this. It merely obeyed the mysterious prompting that arose from the deep crypts of its being. But the man knew, having achieved a judgment on the subject, and he removed the mitten from his right hand and helped tear out the ice-particles. He did not expose his fingers more than a minute, and was astonished at the swift numbness that smote them. It certainly was cold. He pulled on the mitten hastily, and beat the hand savagely across his chest.

At twelve o'clock the day was at its brightest. Yet the sun was too far south on its winter journey to clear the horizon. The bulge of the earth intervened between it and Henderson Creek, where the man walked under a clear sky at noon and cast

no shadow. At half past twelve to the minute he arrived at the forks of the creek. He was pleased at the speed he had made. If he kept it up, he would certainly be with the boys by six. He unbuttoned his jacket and shirt and drew forth his lunch. The action consumed no more than a quarter of a minute, yet in that brief moment the numbness laid hold of the exposed fingers. He did not put the mitten on, but, instead, struck the fingers a dozen sharp smashes against his leg. Then he sat down on a snow-covered log to eat. The sting that followed upon the striking of his fingers against his leg ceased so quickly that he was startled. He had had no chance to take a bite of biscuit. He struck the fingers repeatedly and returned them to the mitten, baring the other hand for the purpose of eating. He tried to take a mouthful, but the ice-muzzle prevented. He had forgotten to build a fire and thaw out. He chuckled at his foolishness, and as he chuckled he noted the numbness creeping into the exposed fingers. Also, he noted that the stinging which had first come to his toes when he sat down was already passing away. He wondered whether the toes were warm or numb. He moved them inside the moccasins and decided that they were numb.

He pulled the mitten on hurriedly and stood up. He was a bit frightened. He stamped up and down until the stinging returned into the feet. It certainly was cold, was his thought. That man from Sulphur Creek had spoken the truth when telling how cold it sometimes got in the country. And he had laughed at him at the time! That showed one must not be too sure of things. There was no mistake about it, it *was* cold. He strode up and down, stamping his feet and threshing his arms, until reassured by the returning warmth. Then he got out matches and proceeded to make a fire. From the undergrowth, where high water of the previous spring had lodged a supply of seasoned twigs, he got his fire-wood. Working carefully from a small beginning, he soon had a roaring fire, over which he thawed the ice from his face, and in the protection of which he ate his biscuits. For the moment the cold of space was outwitted. The dog took satisfaction in the fire, stretching out close enough for warmth and far enough away to escape being singed.

When the man had finished, he filled his pipe and took his comfortable time over a smoke. Then he pulled on his mittens, settled the ear-flaps of his cap firmly about his ears, and took the creek trail up the left fork. The dog was disappointed and yearned back toward the fire. This man did not know cold. Possibly all the generations of his ancestry had been ignorant of cold, of real cold, of cold one hundred and seven degrees below freezing-point. But the dog knew; all its ancestry knew, and it had inherited the knowledge. And it knew that it was not good to walk abroad in such fearful cold. It was the time to lie snug in a hole in the snow and wait for a curtain of cloud to be drawn across the face of outer space whence this cold came. On the other hand, there was no keen intimacy between the dog and the man. The one was the toil-slave of the other, and the only caresses it had ever received were the caresses of the whip-lash and of harsh and menacing throat-sounds that threatened the whip-lash. So the dog made no effort to communicate its apprehension to the man. It was not concerned in the welfare of the man; it was for its own sake that it yearned back toward the fire. But the man whistled, and spoke to it with the sound of whip-lashes, and the dog swung in at the man's heels and followed after.

The man took a chew of tobacco, and proceeded to start a new amber beard. Also, his moist breath quickly powdered with white his mustache, eyebrows, and lashes. There did not seem to be so many springs on the left fork of the Henderson, and for half an hour the man saw no signs of any. And then it happened. At a place where there were no signs, where the soft, unbroken snow seemed to advertise solidity beneath, the man broke through. It was not deep. He wet himself half-way to the knees before he floundered out to the firm crust.

He was angry, and cursed his luck aloud. He had hoped to get into camp with the boys at six o'clock, and this would delay him an hour; for he would have to build a fire and dry out his footgear. This was imperative at that low temperature—he knew that much; and he turned aside to the bank, which he

climbed. On top, tangled in the underbrush about the trunks of several small spruce-trees, was a high-water deposit of dry fire-wood—sticks and twigs, principally, but also larger portions of seasoned branches and fine, dry, last-year's grasses. He threw down several large pieces on top of the snow. This served for a foundation, and prevented the young flame from drowning itself in the snow it otherwise would melt. The flame he got by touching a match to a small shred of birch-bark that he took from his pocket. This burned even more readily than paper. Placing it on the foundation, he fed the young flame with wisps of dry grass and with the tiniest dry twigs.

He worked slowly and carefully, keenly aware of his danger. Gradually, as the flame grew stronger, he increased the size of the twigs with which he fed it. He squatted in the snow, pulling the twigs out from their entanglement in the brush, and feeding directly to the flame. He knew there must be no failure. When it is seventy-five below zero a man must not fail in his first attempt to build a fire—that is, if his feet are wet. If his feet are dry, and he fails, he can run along the trail for half a mile and restore his circulation. But the circulation of wet and freezing feet cannot be restored by running when it is seventy-five below. No matter how fast he runs, the wet feet will freeze the harder.

All this the man knew. The old-timer on Sulphur Creek had told him about it the previous fall, and now he was appreciating the advice. Already all sensation had gone out of his feet. To build the fire he had been forced to remove his mittens, and the fingers had quickly gone numb. His pace of four miles an hour had kept his heart pumping blood to the surface of his body and to all the extremities. But the instant he stopped, the action of the pump eased down. The cold of space smote the unprotected tip of the planet, and he, being on that unprotected tip, received the full force of the blow. The blood of his body recoiled before it. The blood was alive, like the dog, and like the dog it wanted to hide away and cover itself up from the fearful cold. So long as he walked four miles an hour, he pumped that blood, willy-nilly, to the surface; but now it ebbed away and sank down into the recesses of his body. The extremities were the first to feel its absence. His wet feet froze the faster, and his exposed fingers numbed the faster, though they had not yet begun to freeze. Nose and cheeks were already freezing, while the skin of all his body chilled as it lost its blood.

But he was safe. Toes and nose and cheeks would be only touched by the frost, for the fire was beginning to burn with strength. He was feeding it with twigs the size of his finger. In another minute he would be able to feed it with branches the size of his wrist, and then he could remove his wet foot-gear, and while it dried, he could keep his naked feet warm by the fire, rubbing them at first, of course, with snow. The fire was a success. He was safe. He remembered the advice of the old-timer on Sulphur Creek and smiled. The old-timer had been very serious in laying down the law that no man must travel alone in the Klondike after fifty below. Well, here he was; he had had the accident; he was alone; and he had saved himself. Those old-timers were rather womanish, some of them, he thought. All a man had to do was to keep his head, and he was all right. Any man who was a man could travel alone. But it was surprising, the rapidity with which his cheeks and nose were freezing. And he had not thought his fingers could go lifeless in so short a time. Lifeless they were, for he could scarcely make them move together to grip a twig, and they seemed remote from his body and from him. When he touched a twig he had to look and see whether or not he had hold of it. The wires were pretty well down between him and his finger-ends.

All of which counted for little. There was the fire, snapping and crackling and promising life with every dancing flame. He started to untie his moccasins. They were coated with ice; the thick German socks were like sheaths of iron half-way to the knees; and the moccasin-strings were like rods of steel all twisted and knotted as by some conflagration. For a moment he tugged with his numb fingers, then, realizing the folly of it, he drew his sheath-knife.

But before he could cut the strings, it happened. It was his own fault, or, rather, his mistake. He should not have

built the fire under the spruce-tree. He should have built it in the open. But it had been easier to pull the twigs from the brush and drop them directly on the fire. Now the tree under which he had done this carried a weight of snow on its boughs. No wind had blown for weeks, and each bough was fully freighted. Each time he had pulled a twig he had communicated a slight agitation to the tree—an imperceptible agitation, so far as he was concerned, but an agitation sufficient to bring about the disaster. High up in the tree one bough capsized its load of snow. This fell on the boughs beneath, capsizing them. This process continued, spreading out and involving the whole tree. It grew like an avalanche, and it descended without warning upon the man and the fire, and the fire was blotted out! Where it had burned was a mantle of fresh and disordered snow.

The man was shocked. It was as though he had just heard his own sentence of death. For a moment he sat and stared at the spot where the fire had been. Then he grew very calm. Perhaps the old-timer on Sulphur Creek was right. If he had only had a trail-mate he would have been in no danger now. The trail-mate could have built the fire. Well, it was up to him to build the fire over again, and this second time there must be no failure. Even if he succeeded, he would most likely lose some toes. His feet must be badly frozen by now, and there would be some time before the second fire was ready.

Such were his thoughts, but he did not sit and think them. He was busy all the time they were passing through his mind. He made a new foundation for a fire, this time in the open, where no treacherous tree could blot it out. Next, he gathered dry grasses and tiny twigs from the high-water flotsam. He could not bring his fingers together to pull them out, but he was able to gather them by the handful. In this way he got many rotten twigs and bits of green moss that were undesirable, but it was the best he could do. He worked methodically, even collecting an armful of the larger branches to be used later when the fire gathered strength. And all the while the dog sat and watched him, a certain yearning wistfulness in its eyes, for it looked upon him as the fire-provider, and the fire was slow in coming.

When all was ready, the man reached in his pocket for a second piece of birch-bark. He knew the bark was there, and, though he could not feel it with his fingers, he could hear its crisp rustling as he fumbled for it. Try as he would, he could not clutch hold of it. And all the time, in his consciousness, was the knowledge that each instant his feet were freezing. This thought tended to put him in a panic, but he fought against it and kept calm. He pulled on his mittens with his teeth, and threshed his arms back and forth, beating his hands with all his might against his sides. He did this sitting down, and he stood up to do it; and all the while the dog sat in the snow, its wolf-brush of a tail curled around warmly over its forefeet, its sharp wolf-ears pricked forward intently as it watched the man. And the man, as he beat and threshed with his arms and hands, felt a great surge of envy as he regarded the creature that was warm and secure in its natural covering.

After a time he was aware of the first far-away signals of sensation in his beaten fingers. The faint tingling grew stronger till it evolved into a stinging ache that was excruciating, but which the man hailed with satisfaction. He stripped the mitten from his right hand and fetched forth the birch-bark. The exposed fingers were quickly going numb again. Next he brought out his bunch of sulphur matches. But the tremendous cold had already driven the life out of his fingers. In his effort to separate one match from the others, the whole bunch fell in the snow. He tried to pick it out of the snow, but failed. The dead fingers could neither touch nor clutch. He was very careful. He drove the thought of his freezing feet, and nose, and cheeks, out of his mind, devoting his whole soul to the matches. He watched, using the sense of vision in place of that of touch, and when he saw his fingers on each side the bunch, he closed them—that is, he willed to close them, for the wires were down, and the fingers did not obey. He pulled the mitten on the right hand and beat it fiercely against his knee. Then, with both mittened hands, he scooped the bunch of matches, along with much snow, into his lap. Yet he was no better off.

After some manipulation he managed

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"AS HE LOOKED APATHETICALLY ABOUT HIM, HIS EYES CHANCED ON THE DOG"

to get the bunch between the heels of his mittened hands. In this fashion he carried it to his mouth. The ice crackled and snapped when by a violent effort he opened his mouth. He drew the lower jaw in, curled the upper lip out of the way, and scraped the bunch with his upper teeth in order to separate a match. He succeeded in getting one, which he dropped on his lap. He was no better off. He could not pick it up. Then he devised a way. He picked it up in his teeth and scratched it on his leg. Twenty times he scratched before he succeeded in lighting it. As it flamed he held it with his teeth to the birch-bark. But the burning brimstone went up his nostrils and into his lungs, causing him to cough spasmodically. The match fell into the snow and went out.

The old-timer on Sulphur Creek was right, he thought in the moment of controlled despair that ensued: after fifty below a man should travel with a partner. He beat his hands, but failed in exciting any sensation. Suddenly he bared both hands, removing the mittens with his teeth. He caught the whole bunch between the heels of his hands. His arm-muscles not being frozen enabled him to press the hand-heels tightly against the matches. Then he scratched the bunch along his leg. It flared into flame, seventy sulphur matches at once! There was no wind to blow them out. He kept his head to one side to escape the strangling fumes, and held the blazing bunch to the birch-bark. As he so held it, he became aware of sensation in his hand. His flesh was burning. He could smell it. Deep down below the surface he could feel it. The sensation developed into pain that grew acute. And still he endured it, holding the flame of the matches clumsily to the bark that would not light readily because his own burning hands were in the way, absorbing most of the flame.

At last, when he could endure no more, he jerked his hands apart. The blazing matches fell sizzling into the snow, but the birch-bark was alight. He began laying dry grasses and the tiniest twigs on the flame. He could not pick and choose, for he had to lift the fuel between the heels of his hands. Small pieces of rotten wood and green moss clung to the twigs, and he bit them off as well as he could with his teeth. He cherished the flame carefully and awkwardly. It meant life, and it must not perish. The withdrawal of blood from the surface of his body now made him begin to shiver, and he grew more awkward. A large piece of green moss fell squarely on the little fire. He tried to poke it out with his fingers, but his shivering frame made him poke too far, and he disrupted the nucleus of the little fire, the burning grasses and tiny twigs separating and scattering. He tried to poke them together again, but in spite of the tenseness of the effort, his shivering got away with him, and the twigs were hopelessly scattered. Each twig gushed a puff of smoke and went out. The fire-provider had failed. As he looked apathetically about him, his eyes chanced on the dog, sitting across the ruins of the fire from him, in the snow, making restless, hunching movements, slightly lifting one forefoot and then the other, shifting its weight back and forth on them with wistful eagerness.

The sight of the dog put a wild idea into his head. He remembered the tale of the man, caught in a blizzard, who killed a steer and crawled inside the carcase, and so was saved. He would kill the dog and bury his hands in the warm body until the numbness went out of them. Then he could build another fire. He spoke to the dog, calling it to him; but in his voice was a strange note of fear that frightened the animal, who had never known the man to speak in such way before. Something was the matter, and its suspicious nature sensed danger—it knew not what danger, but somewhere, somehow, in its brain arose an apprehension of the man. It flattened its ears down at the sound of the man's voice, and its restless, hunching movements and the liftings and shiftings of its forefeet became more pronounced; but it would not come to the man. He got on his hands and knees and crawled toward the dog. This unusual posture again excited suspicion, and the animal sidled mincingly away.

The man sat up in the snow for a moment and struggled for calmness. Then he pulled on his mittens, by means of his teeth, and got upon his feet. He glanced down at first in order to assure himself that he was really standing up, for the

absence of sensation in his feet left him unrelated to the earth. His erect position in itself started to drive the webs of suspicion from the dog's mind; and when he spoke peremptorily, with the sound of whip-lashes in his voice, the dog rendered its customary allegiance and came to him. As it came within reaching distance the man lost his control. His arms flashed out to the dog, and he experienced genuine surprise when he discovered that his hands could not clutch, that there was neither bend nor feeling in the fingers. He had forgotten for the moment that they were frozen and that they were freezing more and more. All this happened quickly, and before the animal could get away he encircled its body with his arms. He sat down in the snow, and in this fashion held the dog, while it snarled and whined and struggled.

But it was all he could do, hold its body encircled in his arms and sit there. He realized that he could not kill the dog. There was no way to do it. With his helpless hands he could neither draw nor hold his sheath-knife nor throttle the animal. He released it, and it plunged wildly away, with tail between its legs, and still snarling. It halted forty feet away and surveyed him curiously, with ears sharply pricked forward. The man looked down at his hands in order to locate them, and found them hanging on the ends of his arms. It struck him as curious that one should have to use his eyes in order to find out where his hands were. He began threshing his arms back and forth, beating the mittened hands against his sides. He did this for five minutes, violently, and his heart pumped enough blood up to the surface to put a stop to his shivering. But no sensation was aroused in the hands. He had an impression that they hung like weights on the ends of his arms, but when he tried to run the impression down, he could not find it.

A certain fear of death, dull and oppressive, came to him. This fear quickly became poignant as he realized that it was no longer a mere matter of freezing his fingers and toes, or of losing his hands and feet, but that it was a matter of life and death with the chances against him. This threw him into a panic, and he turned and ran up the creek-bed along the old, dim trail. The dog joined in behind and kept up with him. He ran blindly, without intention, in fear such as he had never known in his life. Slowly, as he plowed and floundered through the snow, he began to see things again,—the banks of the creek, the old timber-jams, the leafless aspens, and the sky. The running made him feel better. He did not shiver. Maybe, if he ran on, his feet would thaw out; and, anyway, if he ran far enough he would reach camp and the boys. Without doubt he would lose some fingers and toes and some of his face; but the boys would take care of him, and save the rest of him when he got there. And at the same time there was another thought in his mind that said he would never get to the camp and the boys; that it was too many miles away, that the freezing had too great a start on him, and that he would soon be stiff and dead. This thought he kept in the background, and refused to consider. Sometimes it pushed itself forward and demanded to be heard, but he thrust it back and strove to think of other things.

It struck him as curious that he could run at all on feet so frozen that he could not feel them when they struck the earth and took the weight of his body. He seemed to himself to skim along above the surface, and to have no connection with the earth. Somewhere he had once seen a winged Mercury, and he wondered if Mercury felt as he felt when skimming over the earth.

His theory of running until he reached camp and the boys had one flaw in it: he lacked the endurance. Several times he stumbled, and finally he tottered, crumpled up, and fell. When he tried to rise, he failed. He must sit and rest, he decided, and next time he would merely walk and keep on going. As he sat and regained his breath, he noted that he was feeling quite warm and comfortable. He was not shivering, and it even seemed that a warm glow had come to his chest and trunk. And yet, when he touched his nose or cheeks, there was no sensation. Running would not thaw them out. Nor would it thaw out his hands and feet. Then the thought came to him that the frozen portions of his body must be extending. He tried to keep this thought down, to forget it, to think of something

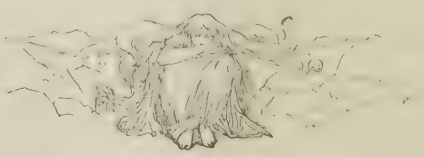
else; he was aware of the panicky feeling that it caused, and he was afraid of the panic. But the thought asserted itself, and persisted, until it produced a vision of his body totally frozen. This was too much, and he made another wild run along the trail. Once he slowed down to a walk, but the thought of the freezing extending itself made him run again.

And all the time the dog ran with him, at his heels. When he fell down a second time, it curled its tail over its forefeet and sat in front of him, facing him, curiously eager and intent. The warmth and security of the animal angered him, and he cursed it till it flattened down its ears appeasingly. This time the shivering came more quickly upon the man. He was losing in his battle with the frost. It was creeping into his body from all sides. The thought of it drove him on, but he ran no more than a hundred feet, when he staggered and pitched headlong. It was his last panic. When he had recovered his breath and control, he sat up and entertained in his mind the conception of meeting death with dignity. However, the conception did not come to him in such terms. His idea of it was that he had been making a fool of himself, running around like a chicken with its head cut off—such was the simile that occurred to him. Well, he was bound to freeze anyway, and he might as well take it decently. With this new-found peace of mind came the first glimmerings of drowsiness. A good idea, he thought, to sleep off to death. It was like taking an anesthetic. Freezing was not so bad as people thought. There were lots worse ways to die.

He pictured the boys finding his body next day. Suddenly he found himself with them, coming along the trail and looking for himself. And, still with them, he came around a turn in the trail and found himself lying in the snow. He did not belong with himself any more, for even then he was out of himself, standing with the boys and looking at himself in the snow. It certainly was cold, was his thought. When he got back to the States he could tell the folks what real cold was. He drifted on from this to a vision of the old-timer on Sulphur Creek. He could see him quite clearly, warm, and comfortable, and smoking a pipe.

"You were right, old hoss; you were right," the man mumbled to the old-timer of Sulphur Creek.

Then the man drowsed off into what seemed to him the most comfortable and satisfying sleep he had ever known. The dog sat facing him and waiting. The brief day drew to a close in a long, slow twilight. There were no signs of a fire to be made, and, besides, never in the dog's experience had it known a man to sit like that in the snow and make no fire. As the twilight drew on, its eager yearning for the fire mastered it, and with a great lifting and shifting of forefeet, it whined softly, then flattened its ears down in anticipation of being chidden by the man. But the man remained silent. Later, the dog whined loudly. And still later it crept close to the man and caught the scent of death. This made the animal bristle and back away. A little longer it delayed, howling under the stars that leaped and danced and shone brightly in the cold sky. Then it turned and trotted up the trail in the direction of the camp it knew, where were the other food-providers and the fire-providers.



Drawn by Henry J. Peck. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE CLAM-BAKE

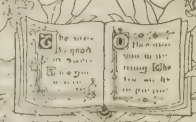
(SCENES FROM AMERICAN RURAL LIFE)

TO A YOUNG GIRL

BY MARY BURT MESSER

WITH PICTURE BY BARRY FAULKNER

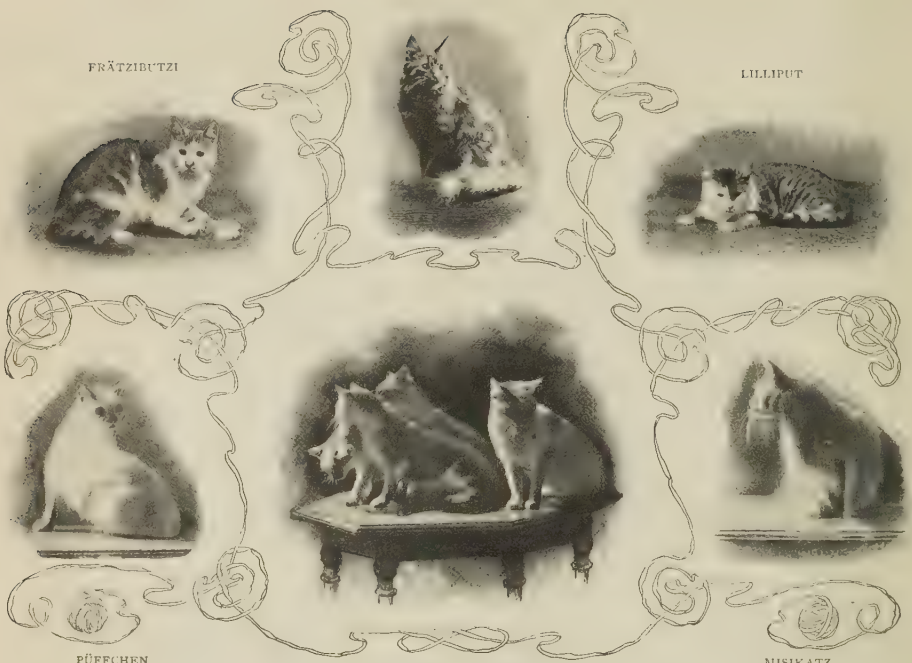
DEAR, you are grave and silent as you look
Up from the quiet pages of your book.
Put by your care.
Bright is the sunlight falling on your hair.
Has some old legend told its ancient woe?
—Nay, it was lives ago.
Grieve not, but let your gladness lightly run
In happy ripples, glancing in the sun.
If you but knew!
I see the morning of the world in you.
I see life upward springing,
Light round you clinging,
And in your eyes the dew.
And if into our fair companionship
Out of the pages of the tale should slip
Some hint of sadness—put the story by!
Lo, let them pass, world-weary queens and kings.
Rise, rise rejoicing, like the lark that sings,
Cleaving the misty sky.



R. WEIR CROUCH

Drawn by Barry Faulkner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"DEAR, YOU ARE GRAVE AND SILENT"



CARMEN SYLVA'S KITTENS

MY KITTENS

BY CARMEN SYLVA

(QUEEN OF RUMANIA)

I LOVE all animals, even spiders, they spin so cleverly and are such excellent mothers. Besides, they are musical. My friend, the Swedish composer, Hallström, told me that for a long time he had two spiders which would let themselves down from the ceiling by long threads when he played, and station themselves on the piano to hear the music. Of ants and bees I will not speak; one who does not love them is so stupid that I have nothing to say to him. Even wasps are not as black as they are painted. For snakes only I have no liking; they terrify me; but my aversion is doubtless due to the fact that I have not studied them enough. It seems to me impossible not to love an animal whose innocence and goodness one has accurately comprehended. How many kinds of insects have I painted with real delight, begging them to sit still upon my hand until their portraits were finished! How many bumblebees have I made my fast friends! Once I was painting some roses upon black marble when ten of these bees came flying in at my window to welter in the flowers and one of them flew down upon my painted roses but was frightened away by the smell of turpentine. He was evidently a courtier among bumblebees, and pretended that he mistook my painted roses for living blooms. Of dogs I have had a large number and have loved them dearly; but this is quite natural, and every one has done the same.

That dogs are faithful is admitted; but every one will be surprised when I

say that cats are much more faithful and attached than dogs, for this runs counter to the common belief. My first cat was the house-cat, who one day found the way into my chamber and honored me with her friendship. Every day she placed herself in my lap and attended my toilet, and soon would not leave me at all. I called her Misikatz or Micki, and she was as dear as only a friendly cat can be. Soon she had a very pretty daughter, whom I named Diddelchen and Bubi, and who was already so cultivated that she understood everything that one wanted of her. Her mother brought her up with the greatest care; taught her to be clean almost before her eyes were open; dragged her to the sand and pulled her about in it as a punishment when she misbehaved; and suckled her for nearly two years. Diddelchen was very fond of climbing up the casing of a door, stretching herself out along the top and catching little pellets of paper which were thrown at her and tossing them back. It was a regular game of ball—as if she were a little monkey and had tiny hands instead of claws. Every morning my ladies and I found the greatest amusement in this ball-game.

Diddelchen had two kittens, Müffchen and Püffchen,—Püffchen, however, alone survived. It was intended that it should become a highly educated kitten. I desired especially to make it musical, and kept it in a little fur bag on my lap when I played the piano. Musical, however, it did not become; but it grew to be extremely nervous and wonderfully clever. It had almost human intelligence, but remained small and thin, though it had very beautiful children; for I had, meanwhile, been presented with a splendid, gold-yellow Persian tom-cat named Vulpi, or Füchschen, from its color. I thus brought about a cross between the Angora and the common cat, which is extremely rare. The kittens were extraordinarily pretty, with snow-white breast and long dark stripes over back and tail, and from the eyes to the ears, little velvet caps over the forehead, very soft hair, and a peculiar disposition.

It is stated in Brehm's "Thierleben" that cats are the most faithful of nurses, but how much more have I seen than Brehm observed! Very interesting is their jealousy; they are frightfully jealous. They divide the rooms among themselves, and if any other comes in than the one who believes that she has the greater right to be near me, the growling and spitting are frightful.

To lie on my bed is their highest bliss, and they jump down from it only when the insufferable type-writer makes too much noise; for it is my custom to write early in the morning. I have even followed the example of Mahomet, who when his cat fell asleep upon his sleeve, cut off the sleeve rather than disturb the faithful animal. Since the type-writer is utterly unmusical, I have not been willing to accustom the kittens to it; I feared that it might injure their little brains, for they are exceedingly nervous and sensitive and are easily upset. One cannot be too careful not to irritate or offend them.

They never become attached to new masters as easily and quickly as dogs do. One of Püffchen's pretty children, named Lilliput, has such boundless affection for me that she climbs into my bosom and continually presses her little forehead against my lips, for me to kiss. She is so fond of flowers, that a potted plant must be brought to her every morning: she walks about it, purring, smells every bloom, lies down by it, rubs herself against it, and repeats the process again and again, purring about the flower and caressing it without crumpling a leaf. I have never seen such a love of flowers in any other animal; she cannot eat them, and finds in them only the purest pleasure. Moreover, she likes only flowers which have a pretty color rather than a pleasing odor: big red or rose blooms are her especial delight. It is a pretty sight to see her walking about the flower-pot, with tail erect, purring, and smelling, and admiring the flowers one by one.

When I return from a journey, I always bring them something,—a whip, a ball, a toy kitten,—and give to each its plaything. This none of the others may touch; they lie upon their property and defend it like little children. Each one knows exactly what belongs to it.

I have also a tom, a son of Püffchen and Vulpi, named Frätzibutzi, with the prettiest Angora marks and a white breast. His official name is Freiherr

Fratz von dem Katzenbuckel, but he answers best to Frätzibutzi. Indeed he has not even comprehended the fact that he has such a high-sounding and dignified title, but insists upon being petted and wails indescribably when he is left for an instant alone. Animals never want to be alone, but always with human beings, otherwise they are terribly unhappy. I do not let my cats out any more, for it has happened that they have come into contact with mangy toms and have with difficulty been made sound again. When they hear my bell they leave food and drink and rush for the door, and if they find that my attendant does not open it quickly enough, they tug at her dress in order to make her come more quickly. They will leave even a partridge, or any other tidbit, when I ring.

The common assertion that Angoras and common cats will not pair is not true. It is true, however, that after the first beautiful kittens, no more are forthcoming—at least these hybrids have not yet produced offspring. All my life long I have ridiculed the so-called equality of birth, and I now see clearly that even among animals there are some of higher and others of lower quality that do not go well together; and while I have always advocated the greatest possible mingling of races, I now discover that this also has its limits, and that if the diversity of the races be too great, an obvious weakness and lack of procreative power result from intermixture. Thus one learns best of all from nature, and can never cease to learn; and so it would, as a rule, be better quietly to observe animals than to torture them, or outrage them, or dissect them. Many things would be observed of which we have no suspicion. How often one is ashamed when one observes animals and their customs—their justice and injustice, their anger and forgiveness, their self-sacrifice and their innocence.

There is another false statement about cats which I can contradict: they are said, namely, to be more attached to the house than to man! I find, on the contrary, that where I am my little animals are quite happy, and that they are content even to journey on the railway if the accustomed faces are about them. We had once a scene so touching that all beheld it with tears in their eyes. Misikatz, from sheer jealousy, had made herself so intolerable that we decided to leave her in Bucharest while we went to Sinaia. But when she saw that all the others were in the basket and that the basket was already provided with a padlock, she placed herself before my attendant and cried pitifully. So, at the last moment, we stuffed her into the half-shut basket—two men trying to open a corner—and as soon as she was inside she began to purr and express her joy.

Cats rather than belong to a new master will cling in grief to the old walls and refuse to be taken away from them. But if they can follow their master they will go with him to the end of the world. One must not forget that they are extraordinarily nervous and timid, and from timidity easily lose their heads and run away, they themselves know not whither. They must be well protected and made to feel that they are guarded and cared for.

We must not, however, expect a cat to obey like a dog. It is a free and independent little beast,—a cousin of the lion,—a tropical animal which needs great warmth in order to become most beautiful and as large as its nature permits. Almost all of my cats lie about the stove, each upon its own chair or in its own basket, but all upon perfectly clean, white linen. Vulpi will on no account lie down upon a cloth that shows a spot or a hole, but steps back from it and is not to be induced to touch it or to lay a paw upon it.

What makes me like cats so much better than dogs, is the way they have of looking straight and deep into one's eyes as if they would say something by their wondrous and mysterious glance.

Another fable is that a cat is not hurt when it falls. Two of my cats fell from the roof, and never thereafter had living kittens. Poor Diddelchen was injured internally, and died after much suffering patiently borne. She had the most beautiful eyes of all—eyes like little lamps! I have never seen such a look.

When I have been on a journey I am first reproved and then totally neglected and no one purrs; they must show me just how unhappy they have been the whole time. I also generally find my

door scratched. According to report, the first eight days are passed most miserably; after that they sleep from sheer grief, and play not at all.

It is very pretty, when I am stroking one of them and stop, to see a velvet paw move softly up and pull my hand. They eat also very daintily. Lilliput takes hold of each piece of meat with a paw and puts it into her mouth like a human being; she does not eat like an animal with her mouth in the dish. From this one can see that my cats are extraordinarily cultivated and have very fine manners. When, however, I have Vulpi in my lap combing his splendid silk-soft fur, and they take him away, he growls and snarls and makes his indignation very obvious. Only I may not touch the sacred tail. If I attempt to comb it, he looks at me, growls, and gives my hand a tap—but without the claws—to remind me that he is too distinguished to permit any one to touch his train.

When children torment animals I feel as if humanity had reverted to the rudest barbarism and cannibalism. Children often are ignorant of what it means to suffer and feel pain; that is their only excuse. They themselves would not like to be stoned or drowned, or have an arm or a leg torn off. But they think that an unreasoning beast does not feel it so, and do not see the limitless sympathy which animals have for one another—how they aid and support one another and comfort with the tenderest affection those that are afflicted, just as children themselves love to be comforted. Under the pretext that cats eat birds, the poor animals are shamefully maltreated even by grown-up people. But when a cat's hunger is satisfied it does not eat birds or mice. It catches them, brings them alive, and lets them go. The presence of a cat in the house is generally enough to drive away the mice. Cats are always treated somewhat as if they were wild beasts, because they are shy, and do not flatter when they do not care to. One should try to win their proud hearts, and it is worth while to do so, for one will find in them very firm friends and very watchful guardians. They growl like dogs when they hear an unfamiliar step. If one has their confidence they will follow readily. I understand the strangest cats, for I know their pretty ways—how they stamp with the fore-paws and claw the floor when they are pleased, and how they scratch, for the most part, only from fear or in self-defense, when they think that one is about to injure them. They must feel that one is their friend and protector, and if one often plays with them they are especially delighted. Mine have made a little house out of an old hat-box, and they chase one another in and out of it and play hide-and-seek in the cunningest way. They play the game which all children love, "No, this is my house," sticking the little paws out of the window to defend it, or lie down in it two at a time and go to sleep.

It is absolutely inconceivable that man is not ashamed to abuse innocent animals, as he does,—as if all nature belonged to him, and as if he also were not a guest, by sufferance, upon the earth, upon which he cannot remain, and of which he cannot say that it belongs to him and that he can do what he pleases with it. And if man really imagines that he is the lord of the creation—which he, nevertheless, has neither designed nor made, and in which he can neither better nor alter anything—surely he has, before all, a tremendous responsibility toward his inferiors and must, perhaps, some time give an account of the way in which he has treated these animals. If eternal retribution is a reality, if we are responsible, what shall we then suffer for the way in which we have treated God's creatures! No animal is bad—only hungry; man first teaches him to be vindictive when he has exhausted his patience. But how long an animal suffers with patience, before he takes revenge! How long a dog or a cat will let itself be tormented by children, without defending itself, and yet how savagely it can bite and scratch! How well it could defend itself if it were not better and more patient than its small tormentors! And so it is cowardly for children to torture animals. They know that the animals are good and do what they please. Shame on them!

THE CALUMNY

A NOVELLA

BY FLORENCE MARTIN

ALL this that I shall tell you happened long ago and far away at the court of a small domain so remote and of so little count that, if its manners and customs shall be but ill described by my poor pen, no one will know or care.

The tale concerneth two pretty ladies who were maids of honor to her Grace the Duchess Adelaide, consort of the reigning Duke. They were both fair and of high repute, but the comely face and lively wit of the Lady Isabella grew in esteem beyond the charms of the Countess Clotilde, else this tale would not be to tell.

These bright maidens had been sweet friends from their innocent childhood, when, taught by the quiet-eyed nuns, they conned together the lives of the saints or bent their flaxen heads above samplers and embroidery-frames. It was their first heavy grief when the Countess Clotilde, by reason of her high birth and beauty, was taken from the peaceful convent to serve at the court of her liege lady, the great Duchess. Here her gentle manners and sweet dove's eyes, so modestly downcast, won praise and amity from all the courtiers, and, more than all, the special kindness of her noble mistress. So sweet a grace had she, so tender and demure, that there was none to speak of her other than friendly-wise. She was reverent with the old, and free and pleasant with the young, so that all loved her well and called her "the amiable Countess Clotilde," of which she was glad and proud; for she greatly desired esteem and praise, and secretly warmed her heart in the sun of approbation.

But the jocund life she led at court did not cause her to forget the Lady Isabella, her sweet friend and soul-sister. As the time sped on, and she became more free and wonted to the place, she grew bold enough to speak of her little convent mate and to tell the good Duchess of a dear and growing hope, to wit: that the Lady Isabella might be summoned also to the court, and the old-time love between them thereby renewed.

One night while standing near the Duchess she was timidly advancing, in the pauses of pleasant music, the claims of her friend; whereupon the great lady, in a merry mood, called to her side one of her favored courtiers, a young and noble gentleman, who lingered not far away.

"Come, my Lord Gaspar!" she cried. "Behold a prodigy! A beautiful young maiden who loves another fair lady so well that she would have her come hither to share her triumphs, perchance to rival them."

At this the Lord Gaspar, approaching them, looked tenderly at the Countess Clotilde,—and it was not for the first time,—and said with a laugh:

"Now tell me in all honesty, my Lady Clotilde, is your sweet friend indeed full as comely as you?"

At this the young Countess blushed and hung her head very prettily, for she could but remember that the Lady Isabella was pale and low of stature and had never been counted more than common fair.

Then the Duchess and the Lord Gaspar and all those who were standing by mocked her in loving-wise, wagging their heads and saying: "The amiable Countess Clotilde is like all the other pretty ladies: she, too, loves only where she need not envy."

But the Countess, turning to the Duchess, plucked up spirit to say:

"To me, your Grace, the Lady Isabella hath ever seemed fair to look upon; and I can testify that she hath a goodly understanding and a pretty sharpness of wit, ever ready to refresh the minds of them that talk with her. Even the sober nuns ofttimes could scarce bound their laughter to rebuke her quaint inventions and merry jests."

"Perchance," quoth her Grace, "this shrewd and winsome lady might persuade a smile to the grim lips of my Lord the Duke. 'T is worth the trying, for his mind is sore with the growing burden of heavy care."

Thus the Countess Clotilde won her suit and cherished the good hope that soon she would embrace the dear companion of her childhood.

The Lady Isabella delayed not to obey the summons of her Grace the Duchess Adelaide, but hastened forthwith to the court; and there at last, in full assembly, the Countess saw again, after three absent years, the face of her long-desired friend. Scarce could she believe her eyes at beholding her; for the little maid of fifteen years had become a tall and blooming woman of surpassing beauty. The lovely shape of her was soft, slim, and swaying, yet straight withal, like to an upright plume. Her laughing eyes, as gray as sea-water, sent out glistering beams of light fit to pierce the gloom of the dullest heart. And as she moved and smiled and spoke, there seemed to shine about her a certain wondrous radiance that drew the dazzled looks of all men.

When she had made a dutiful obeisance to her gracious mistress, the first thought of the Lady Isabella was for her faithful friend, and the two reunited maidens greeted one another with great love.

Then did the Duchess kindly commend the Countess Clotilde, saying:

"Truly you are indeed a good and generous friend and without envy." By which praise the Countess at first was made very glad, for, as I have said, she ever hungered for approbation; yet afterward, in savoring those flattering words, she found in them something to her own dispraise that stuck with her distastefully and was bitter in the mouth.

As the days went by, the Lady Isabella grew ever more and more in favor at the court, for in wit and spirits and nimbleness of judgment she was no wise equaled by any there. The Duke was jolly at her inventions and merry conceits, which provoked him to gusty laughter, and her prompt sayings and her calembours, or words used in two sundry ways, were passed from mouth to mouth. She devised many quaint pastimes, and seasoned the entertainments at the palace with a sauce of mirth and surprise; and the Duchess desired to keep her ever at her side, appointing her the mistress and guide of all the merry sports. The palace had never before been so gay. The fame of it flew abroad, to the pride of the Duchess, who found it pleasant to gather about her the wise and witty and good-humored company which traveled thither from many provinces to taste the vaunted relish of her court. Of these a little band drew near together which the Duchess bade nightly to her presence to divert her and themselves with dancing, supping, and mirthful talk; and none could enter this assembly save the most excellent spirits—the courteous and noble gentlemen and gay and miniard ladies.

In this wise and loving company the Countess Clotilde felt ever less and less at ease. Her flagging spirits could not freely flow, nor did her gentle beauty shine amid the new and surpassing brilliance.

One evening while the revelry waxed ever and ever more merry, she found herself sitting apart from the gay throng with the older women—with the Lady Margaret, the mistress of the robes, and the Countess Vittoria, a high-born, ancient lady, bowed and nearly blind. And no one missed her from the shifting rout of dancers or asked to lead her forth. In this plight she greatly longed to quit the ballroom and to hide her discomfiture in her own chamber, yet she dared not go before the departure of the Duchess. So she lingered sadly in the shadow, watching the graceful measures of the richly clad dames and gentlemen. And more than all else her eyes covertly followed the comely forms of the Lord Gaspar and the Lady Isabella, who, at this merry-making, were never long apart. Often, in the contra-dance, they passed so near to her that the wind of their garments fanned her drooped and sorry face, and she could see within his eyes the love-

light shining which she herself had one time kindled there, and then of late had missed. Careless and cruel in their young joy, these two new lovers did not forbear to let her hear the very murmurings of their tender words.

And while she sat thus lost in melancholy musing, the Duchess's notice fell upon her, and half-jesting, half-impatient, she called out in a loud voice:

"You be dull and mopish, my Lady Clotilde. Come, smile, sing, dance, else we give you our good leave to withdraw."

At this the Countess Clotilde was ready to sink with shame thus to be shrewishly set down before so many.

"I beg your Grace to pardon me. I am not well," she said, and hastened with trembling steps to her own chamber.

That night the Countess Clotilde wept long upon her pillow. The waters of bitterness rose high within her and drowned her spirit. All love and kindliness ebbed from her heart, leaving it empty of aught save a cold despair. It was then that the devil, who ever lieth in wait and lurketh in bushment, knew his hour and place and entered in. (May the saints preserve us all from such an evil chance!)

To her the evil one whispered the secret sorceries of hate, and plotted with her for a safe and sure revenge upon her rival. And she, whose dove's eyes had ever greeted the morning light with soft and pious gaze, now rose to face her victim with the dull, cold stare of the viper.

She robed herself with her wonted neatness, and glided to the chamber of the Lady Isabella, and silently entered. There she stood at the foot of the carven bed and glowered upon her sleeping friend; and if, as she looked at so much helpless and unconscious beauty, a timely repentance might have broken her base resolve, the name of "Gaspar," breathed softly from those dreaming lips, renewed the unholy will.

The Lady Isabella stirred beneath the malign scrutiny which bent above her, and awoke, smiling to see her friend. She was rosy with sleep and with the dreams of love and triumph which even the honest dawn did not gainsay. Her fair young arms were tossed abroad on the emblazoned cover of her bed, and the crisp fleece of her bright hair flowed over the silken pillow. Surely she looked as beautiful as Lady Psyche herself, who pricked to jealousy the Goddess Venus. The Countess Clotilde noted all, and compared this vision with her own image, pale, red-eyed, and uncomely from her vigil, as she descried it in the clear Venetian mirror, cunningly fashioned of glass, the latest gift of love from the Duchess to her new favorite.

"Isabella," quoth she, and her speech was sibilant and cold—"Isabella, ungrateful woman, you have bereft me of my friends and my lover, and have stolen away the favor of my once kind mistress. For love of you I brought you hither to your joy and triumph; and now, for hate of you, will I send you hence in grief and deep disgrace."

At this the Lady Isabella reared her head and looked about her as if she still were dreaming, and then she cried out: "My sweet friend Clotilde, what mean you?"

But the Countess Clotilde, still gazing straitly at her, only repeated her words slowly three several times. So strangely did she look and speak, swiftly thrusting forward her head the while, that the Lady Isabella was amazed and affrighted beyond the counsels of her ever-ready reason.

At last she summoned voice to ask again:

"What mean you, Clotilde? Read me this riddle."

"You shall not guess it," quoth the Countess, "and therein will lie your undoing. That I tell you plainly, nor fear to risk the spying of your subtle wits. Thus much you shall know: from this time forth your fair name is besmirched, and by me. The Duchess, the courtiers, —yea, even your lover, the noble Lord Gaspar himself,—shall turn from you, believing all manner of evil concerning you. I will snare you in a net whence there can be no escape—none whatsoever."

Then the Lady Isabella found her spirits return to her in anger. She sprang to her feet and looked boldly at the changeling Clotilde, although she could scarce forbear a shudder.

"What weapon have you, false Clotilde, with which to strike home such a wicked lie?" she demanded haughtily. "There is naught to be found against my

fair fame. I am well born and nurtured. I have led a white and blameless life."

"For your blameless life I care not," quoth the Countess Clotilde. "My weapon shall be mine own honesty, my gentle tongue, which never before spoke ill of any one, and the tale of my pious years at court before you came to trouble all my joy. Mark me well. Before the sun goes down you shall have good cause to know that I have spoken evil of you, and that I have been believed."

"Then there is indeed war between us," crieth out the Lady Isabella, pricked to a fury of rage and terror. "I, too, will forge a weapon no less keen, and fight the battle between your good name and mine own."

At this the Countess looked upon her sometime friend with a sinister and triumphant smile, as if already she beheld her vanquished. Then, repeating once again her challenge: "For love of you I brought you hither to your joy and triumph; and now for hate of you will I send you hence in grief and deep disgrace," she glided from the chamber as swiftly and silently as she had entered.

The Lady Isabella, trembling and overawed, yet hot with righteous anger, could scarce bide her tiring-woman's ready ministrations, so eager was she to go among the court and forestall and turn away the cruel calumny of the vengeful Countess. And when at last she sallied forth she fixed a gaze of sharp scrutiny upon each face, and pondered every word and smile of greeting or reply that she might make a sure detection of the first foul breath of slander. And soon she noted one, the Lady Margaret, mistress of the robes, who seemed to regard her morosely (for, indeed, that uncomely dame was ever of a sour aspect), so that she asked herself: "Hath she heard aught of calumny against me?" And incontinently she began to tell the wondering lady of the Countess Clotilde's wicked plot to ruin her friend's fair fame.

At this unchancy tale the old gossip opened wide her eager eyes and ears, nor ceased her questioning until the luckless damsel had poured forth all the story of her threatened peril.

"'T is a strange tale, and little like the amiable Countess Clotilde," quoth the Lady Margaret, narrowly looking at her companion. "But if you be innocent of evil, you need not fear calumny."

"If I be innocent!" cried the Lady Isabella. "There is no if or peradventure here. You, too, would do me wrong!"

And she flung away in a passion of wrath and woe.

The Lady Margaret lost no time in seeking for the Countess Clotilde; but purposely holding herself aloof, she was not to be found until the mistress of the robes had opened the matter of her speculation and tossed it about among the gossips of the court. Then were they all agog to waylay the young Countess, which they did shortly as she was setting forth meekly to vespers. She stared with a gentle wonder when these curious dames detained her on her pious errand, so that they were abashed and scarce knew how to put their questions. And after they had made all clear, she feigned bewilderment, and could scarce be brought to comprehend or believe the strange tale concerning herself and the Lady Isabella. But suddenly she fell silent, and seemed to muse a little space. At last quoth she:

"I cannot guess what strange fancy my Lady Isabella hath taken; but I call you all to witness that I have ever loved her well, and I have ever spoken good of her, and not evil. Is it not so?"

At that she passed on, sighing sadly; then, coming nigh to the Lady Isabella, she suddenly reared her head and whispered, but so low that none else could hear: "It works before the sun goes down! It works!"

At which the Lady Isabella shuddered and grew pale, for she had seen the cold, averted faces of the older women, and surmised that they had heard and believed the threatened calumny.

It was to the Lord Gaspar that she now fled in dismay, and he soothed her with loving words and confident promises to defend her honor even with his sword; and he tarried not in his endeavor to confound the Countess Clotilde with reproach and indignation.

To which she turned a very sweet and sorrowful face, saying only:

"I know not what you mean, my Lord Gaspar; no, nor the Lady Isabella neither, my once sweet friend. For from old time until now I have ever borne her a true

and faithful amity, and that can no one gainsay."

"Madam," quoth the Lord Gaspar, in an ireful voice, "the Lady Isabella declareth that you go about to do her a harm, bruiting abroad evil tales against her fair fame. Is that the part of a true and faithful friend?"

"What may these tales be, my Lord Gaspar?" quoth she. "Hath the Lady Isabella declared to you of what I do accuse her? If she hath done evil, it is unknown to me, nor will I lightly believe this ill report that she so much feareth. I would guard her good name as mine own. Have I not ever loved her well?"

At which the Lord Gaspar was astounded and full of thought, and knew not how to guess the truth.

Now, when the evening hour had come for the courtiers to assemble, there was scarce a creature among them, save the Duchess herself, who had not heard of the contention between the two friends, and been thereby confused and greatly intrigued.

As they noted the disorder and angry behavior of the Lady Isabella and the sweet sorrow of the Countess Clotilde, their reason counseled them to turn against the former lady's violent speech and unfounded accusations. Then she, believing that the nameless calumny was bearing fruit, went quite out of herself with fury and fear, and flinging herself at the feet of the Duchess, she denounced her persecutor and begged for protection.

Now the Duchess, though jocund and light when merriment was forward, was in truth a very great lady of surpassing dignity, who knew her way well in matters of high or serious import. Sternly she hushed the murmurs and the argument, and bade the two fair women to stand forth and rehearse their grievances.

Then did the Lady Isabella eagerly pour out all her tale of calumny and slander; but the Countess Clotilde, sad and demure, could scarce be prevailed upon to reply. With her dove's eyes meekly raised to the proud gaze of her liege lady, at last she said:

"Your Grace, it is now for no short time that I have been your true and loyal maiden. You know me well, and all the courtiers here assembled do likewise know me. Is there any among you who can testify that I have ever borne evil witness or wagged a bitter tongue? For my Lady Isabella I have naught but love and good words. Did I not in pure tenderness sue for her to be brought hither?"

This she said with gentle tears in her dove's eyes, and there was none to dispute her words, the while the Lady Isabella glared upon her like one distraught.

Then that great lady, the Duchess Adelaide, lost all patience, and quoth she:

"My Lady Isabella, if this be one of your subtile jests, we tell you plainly it is little to our mind. For you have cast a dimness upon the bright fame of our court, and you have grieved our amiable Countess Clotilde, your faithful friend, who has ever entreated you well and lovingly." And she turned a haughty shoulder to the distracted plaintiff.

Hereupon his Grace the Duke entered the assembly, and, hearing what was forward, his choleric temper was enkindled.

"How now, my Lady Isabella," he broke forth, "what have you done of secret naughtiness that you be so afeard? You fit a cap of scandal to your own flighty head, and then accuse a blameless maiden of vile calumny. 'T is ill bethought and unseemly, and argueth your unfitness to serve our gracious consort."

The weeping lady raised in vain her beseeching eyes to those of her angry sovereign, nor could she find comfort in the cold looks of the courtiers, her kind companions such a short while since. Even the Lord Gaspar turned away his sad gaze of deep distrust.

"Said I not so?" whispered the Countess Clotilde so low that none save her victim could hear.

At which the Lady Isabella turned on her in a frenzy, crying out, "This woman is a devil!" and then fell flat on the ground. Then the Countess Clotilde began to plead her cause to the Duke, saying: "Of a truth I think that my poor friend hath lost her sweet wits. Surely she is not well."

"Witless or wicked," quoth his Grace, "she is not for this court. Take her hence, and let us see no more of such disgracious behavior."

And thus that bright lady, the fair Isabella, falsely entrapped to her own undoing, was doomed to an unjust exile, and

Drawn by Ellen Macauley

"HE SOOTHED HER WITH LOVING WORDS AND CONFIDENT PROMISES"

compelled to seek refuge in a nunnery, where she spent her weary days in futile musing through the labyrinth of lies devised by the evil one himself. And all the courtiers marveled at her for a little space, but soon they thought of her no more; for memories are not long at court.

As for the Countess Clotilde, at first she won great laud and credit for her gentle and sweet behavior, yet, after a time, the praise of her rang with notes less clear and certain. Such evil passions as had ravaged her fair soul must needs leave their imprint, and there came to be that about her at which men recoiled, not knowing wherefor.

And soon she died mysteriously of a sickness which no leech could name or cure. But I, who have pondered much upon her story, believe that she, whose gentle soul was fashioned for love and kindliness, being turned aside from nature, was poisoned unto death by the venom distilled in her own wicked heart.

May the saints preserve us all from such an evil end.

A TALE OF TWO BURDENS

BY IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden," "D'ri and I," etc.

WE were smoking before the camp-fire after a long day in canoes. Soon our guides joined us and began to fill their pipes. I called for a story, and one said to the other:

"Bill, tell 'em how you got to be a millionaire."

For a moment Bill puffed like a locomotive on a stiff grade, then off he started:

"For about half a day I was one o' the richest men in the world; then I unloaded all of a sudden, as ye might say. It was the second year after John Calladay had bought his big tract and built a camp in the middle of it. There were a few squatters over there—poor devils!—who had claims o' one kind or another. He got right after 'em—drove 'em out with a club, as you 'd drive a bull out of a barnyard. I don't know as they had any right there, but they thought they had. They and their fathers had hunted and fished in that country for a hundred years, and they kicked some when they felt the club on their backs.

"Old Milt Thomas went to law about it, and quit work, and spent everything he had in one court or another, and got licked in the end. I had always lived in another neck o' the woods, and did n't know much about it. One day Calladay's superintendent sent for me. Wanted me to go to work over there; offered big money, and I agreed to tackle the job. I went for my duffle, and returned in four days, ready for business. Gabe Dorr was the superintendent,—you 've heard o' him,—went crazy one night, and that 's quite a story, too.

" 'Mr. Calladay would like to see you,' he says to me as soon as I had dropped my pack.

"We went into the house together, Dorr an' me. I had read a good deal about the great millionaire, and was just a little nervous, like a man meetin' his first bear. I set down and waited with a kind of a buck fever on me. I had n't ever seen a millionaire, an' I would n't have been surprised to see horns on him an' a gold vest an' a diamond breastplate. By and by in he come. Wal, Lord! he was just like any common man; held out his hand and said: 'How are ye, Gwinup? Take a chair. I 've heard a good deal about you, and am glad you 're going to be with us.'

"By ginger! you could have knocked me down with a knittin'-needle. I turned a kind of an inside hand-spring, and was myself again, cool as a cucumber.

" 'They say you 're a good fisherman,' says he.

" 'Wal, I gen'ally have good luck,' I says.

" 'We 'll go and try it to-day,' says the great man. 'All I ask is that you do your best for me.'

"He put his hand on my shoulder in a kind of a gentle way and says:

" 'I 'll do what 's right by you, Gwinup. Come with me."

"I followed him into another room, and he opened a closet and took out a pair o' top boots, a stout, han'some pair, and asked me to try 'em on. They were just the fit. Then he fussed around in the closet and found a splendid suit o' clothes, an' a flannel shirt that was soft as a kitten's ear, and flung 'em on a sofa.

" 'Try them, too,' says he. 'I 'll go into the other room a minute.'

" 'I guess I 'm gettin' into high society,' says I to myself, and begun to peel off as he left me. It was a gray suit, with big checks in the cloth, and it fit as fine as a buck's breeches. Wal, I got 'em on, and was wonderin' what next, when I heard him rap at the door.

" 'Come in,' says I.

"In he stepped, and begun to look me over.

" 'That 's good,' says he. 'I like to have my men look neat, specially when they 're round the camp with me. More particular about them than I am about myself. You go an' wait for me in the hall, and I 'll have 'em put up a luncheon, and we 'll be off.'

"Wal, he left me, and was back again in a few minutes. He had a cow-boy hat in his hand, with a leather band on it.

" 'Try that,' says he; 'there 's no better hat for the woods.'

"It was a perfect fit.

" 'You an' I are 'bout of a size,' says I.

" 'We 'd both dress about a hundred an' eighty,' says he, an' passed me the rods an' tackle.

"A girl came in with some luncheon done up in a paper, an' I put it in a pack basket with a raincoat an' the tackle.

"Then, great Scott! he swung the pack on his own shoulders. I objected.

" 'Look here, my friend,' says he, 'I spend a good deal o' money for the privilege o' doin' as I like. I 'm rather more in need o' exercise than you are, and I 'm goin' to carry the pack until I get tired. You 'll have enough of it; don't worry.'

"He led the way on a smooth trail, and I carried nothin' but the rod and trout-basket. I stepped high, and admired myself a good deal, and was all kind o' swelled up inside. Lord! If I 'd 'a' met one o' you fellers that day, I would n't 'a' seen ye. I could n't see anything on the earth, an' for a while I did n't do a thing but study astronomy. Bym-by I noticed that he did n't seem to be over-particklar about his own looks—wore a coarse, blue flannel shirt, no better 'n the one I come with, an' a pair o' lumberman's shoes, an' a black felt hat, which was a little faded, and had some trout-flies in the band.

" 'Wal,' I says to myself, 'he 's a millionaire, an' can afford to do as he likes. He don't care what folks think o' him, but he wants his help to look stylish.'

"I did n't know but the cuss would give me a million dollars some day,—he could have done it as easy as I could give away a nickel,—an' I guess I 'd have stood on my head if he 'd asked me to that morning.

"He stopped soon an' covered his face an' hands with tar oil, an' asked me if I wanted some. Say, he was about the blackest, stickiest lookin' devil that ever walked, I guess, when he got through with the dope. There were a few flies an' mosquitos, but I did n't mind 'em, and on we went, an' by an' by come to a landin' on the river, an' got into a canoe, and fished down-stream about ten miles. We did n't say a dozen words the whole trip. He got all the fish he wanted, and then says he, 'We 'll land here, an' put across country for camp.' We got ashore, an' I snapped the neck-yoke into place, thinkin' o' course that he wanted me to fetch along the canoe.

" 'We won't bother with that to-day,' says he. 'You can come back to-morrow an' take your time with it.'

"He was bound to carry the pack, and was dead game, and led the way for me, and neither one of us said a word for half an hour or so. Suddenly I thought I heard a deer in the brush ahead. We stopped and listened for half a minute, then he whispered:

" 'You might sneak on and see if ye see anything.'

Drawn by Oliver Kemp. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"I LIFTED MY HEAD, AN' *BANG!* WENT A RIFLE"

"I went on slow an' careful, and he followed about fifty feet behind. I don't know why, but I felt kind o' nervous, like when I was a boy an' got lost, an' had the woods' fear in my gizzard.

"Soon I see a brook just ahead o' me that came down out of a deep ravine filled with little spruce an' hemlock. There was quite a pool o' water above the crossin', which was nothin' more 'n a big log that reached from one bank to the other. I was thirsty an' got down to drink. An' as I leaned over the still water I stopped an' looked down into it for half a second.

" 'Good God!' I whispered, and just then—

" 'Here,' says Calladay, 'use this,' an' a tin cup fell beside me, and rattled on the stones.

"I lifted my head, an' *bang!* went a rifle in the ravine above me, an' a bullet splashed the water right where I was goin' t' stick my face in. Wal, the swellin' went out o' me quick, an' I begun to fill up with useful knowledge. My thoughts moved like wild ducks. Lord! they were faster 'n the spray that flew in my face. Somebody was gunnin' for Calladay, and he had made me look like him! I had seen the likeness there in the water, and begun to think about it—same mustache, same kind of a face, and his clothes on me! Wal, I give a jump for life an' home an' mother."

Bill shook his head and grunted, and the other guide laughed a little, and we vented our excitement in the same manner.

"Went up in the air like a grasshopper," Bill continued with a spasmodic movement of his hands, "and landed square in the middle o' the trail 'bout five feet away on all fours. Then a voice shouted:

" 'Come near gittin' it, did n't ye—you blankety blank-blank'! Stand right where ye are if ye want t' live. I 'm comin' down to have a talk with ye.'

"A man came out o' the bushes near, an' walked toward me with his rifle raised. I was on my feet an' scairt through an' through, an' thinkin' supple. I came near dumpin' my new fortune then and there, and lettin' the coward do his own cipherin'; but I 'm glad I did n't, for nobody can tell what would have happened. Calladay set like this on a log, and never budged or opened his mouth. I stood lookin' up at the stranger. He come right on, an' I believe he would have put a hole in me if I had moved a finger.

" 'My name is Thomas,' says he, 'an' you can get along with me easy if you want to, Mr. Calladay, or you can be on yer way to hell in about a minute.'

" 'What do ye want?' I asked.

" 'I want you t' sign this deed, an' agree t' swear to it, an' stan' by it—that 's what I want,' says he.

" 'Lemme see it,' says I.

"He handed me a paper, an' stood with rifle raised where he could cover either of us in the shake of a buck's tail.

"I read the paper carefully. It assigned to him about seventy acres in the town o' Harewood, on the upper river—all drawn up by a lawyer in due form.

" 'It 's the land you stole from me,' says he. 'My father bought it, an' you busted the title an' lawed me to the door o' the poor-house. I want it back, and I 'm goin' to have it. Here 's pen an' ink. I 've been loaded for you, an' waitin' my chance for more 'n a year.'

" 'Give me the pen,' says I.

"He passed it over, an' I signed 'John Calladay' with a few swift scratches, an' it looked about like three inches of the track of a squirrel in the snow.

" 'Let yer guide witness it,' he says, an' I passed the deed to Calladay, an',—would ye believe it?—the ol' cuss signed my name. We 'd swapped names.

"The stranger come back at me:

" 'Now you 've got to promise that you 'll go to a notary to-morrow an' swear that this is yer free act an' deed. Do ye promise?'

" 'Yes,' I says. 'I don't want any quarrel with you or anybody. I fought this out because it was a matter o' principle, but I intended to give ye the land when it was all over.'

"The man lowered his gun, an' in a second was down off his high horse. His face looked different.

" 'Glad t' hear ye say that,' says he; 'an' if I 'd known—wal, I 'm sorry—but—they would n't let me come near ye. I 've wrote letters, an' I 've begged Dorr to get me an interview; but it was no use. Then I sent word that I was goin' to gun

fer ye. An' one day I took a long shot at that old hat o' yours. I was desperate. You never knew what it was to see yer wife an' children hungry an' cold in a bark shanty, but I do. It made me feel like murder.'

"'I 'm sorry, an' I want you to come to camp with us, an' I 'll send your wife a check for a thousand dollars,' says I. 'I ain't sayin' but John Calladay is a low-down mis'rable cuss, but he 's a man of his word. Come right along, an' if you don't get the check, why you can use your rifle, that 's all.'

"'And no bad feelin'?' he says.

"'No bad feelin',' I says, for I knew what was in his mind. 'Bygones are bygones, and you can take your check and go home 'bout your business and have no more trouble from me.'

"'Wait till I get my pack,' says he, and he ran back to the bushes, and brought a heavy pack with him. It weighed at least fifty pounds.

"'Here, man,' I says, turnin' to Calladay, 'carry this pack for him. You can leave the other here and come back for it to-morrow. Get a move on ye.'

"I did n't speak in a very gentle voice, an' I could hear the old cuss mutter as he struggled with the pack.

"I started up the trail with Thomas. Old Calladay, worth fifty million dollars, puffed along behind us with the fifty pounds on his back—a pound for every million.

"We come to where the river crossed the trail by an' by. I knew Calladay kept a boat there to take him acrost whenever he come that way. Some one had taken it to the further side o' the river.

"I turned to my millionaire guide, as if he were no better 'n a cow dog:

"'Go, get that boat,' I says to him.

"He hesitated; but I was mad enough to brain him, an' I guess I looked it.

"'The water is rather deep out there,' he muttered.

"'You can wade it,' I said. 'I don't think it 's up to your neck.'

"'Good deal of a coward, that chap. I 'll have to discharge him,' I says to Thomas, good and loud, while my guide found a pole to wade with.

"He waded up to his Adam's apple, an' got acrost an' wallowed in a clay hole, and come out wet and nasty, and brought the boat to us.

"He moped along behind with the pack, and when we got to camp I went in with him.

"The millionaire led me to his room and took a chair in front of a big desk.

"'You 're a d—d tyrant,' says he. 'I resign my job.'

"'So do I, Mr. Calladay,' says I.

"He found a book and drew the check I had promised.

"'I was sorry to see you lose your temper, that 's all,' says he, and passed the check to me. 'There was really no occasion for it. You 'most broke my back.'

"'And you 'most broke my head,' I says. 'I 'm still on the earth—thank God, for that, not you. But I 've had a plenty. You carried my load an' I carried yours, an' it 's a little too much for me. Hereafter I 'll take the old pack for mine, an' the togs I 'm used to. These are liable to get holes in 'em any day. I don't want my clothes to wear me out or be obleeged to have any kind of a lightnin'-rod on me neither. I 'm goin' to stay on the job just long enough to see you swear to that deed.'

"An' that 's what I did."

THE RED CITY

A NOVEL OF THE SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF WASHINGTON

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

XVI

LEAST of all did De Courval like the change to the busy life of the city. A growing love, which he knew would arouse every prejudice his mother held dear, occupied his mind when he was not busy with Schmidt's affairs or still indecisively on the lookout for his enemy. Genêt, dismissed, had gone to New York to live, and later was to marry De Witt Clinton's sister, being by no means willing to risk his head in France. His secretary, as De Courval soon heard, was traveling until the new minister arrived. Thus for the time left more at ease, De Courval fenced, rode, and talked with Schmidt.

December of this calamitous year went by, and later the rage of parties increased. Neither French nor English spared our commerce. The latter took the French islands, and over a hundred and thirty of our ships were seized as carriers of provisions and ruthlessly plundered, their crews impressed and many vessels left to rot, uncared for, at the wharves of San Domingo and Martinique. A nation without a navy, we were helpless. There was indeed enough wrong done by our old ally and by the mother-country to supply both parties in America with good reasons for war.

Meanwhile the land was in an uproar, and despite the news of the Terror in France, the Jacobin clubs multiplied in many cities North and South, and broke out in the wildest acts of folly. In Charleston they pulled down the statue of the great statesman Pitt. The Democratic Club of that city asked to be affiliated with the Jacobin Club in Paris, while the city council voted to use no longer the absurd titles "Your Honour and Esquire."

Philadelphia was not behindhand in folly, but it took no official form. The astronomer Rittenhouse, head of the Republican Club, appeared one day at the widow's and showed Schmidt a copy of a letter addressed to the Vestry of Christ Church. He was full of it, and when, later, Mr. Jefferson appeared, to get the chocolate and the talk he dearly liked, Rittenhouse would have had him sign the appeal.

"This, Citizen," said the astronomer, "will interest and please you."

The Secretary read, with smiling comments: " 'To the Vestry of Christ Church: It is the wish of the respectable citizens that you cause to be removed the image of George the Second from the gable of Christ Church.' Why not?" said the Secretary, as he continued to read aloud: " 'These marks of infamy cause the church to be disliked.' "

"Why not remove the church, too?" said Schmidt.

" 'T is of as little use," said Jefferson, and this Mrs. Swanwick did not like. She knew of his disbelief in all that she held dear.

"Thou wilt soon get no chocolate here," she said; for she feared no one and at times was outspoken.

"Madame, I shall go to meeting next First Day with the citizen Friends. My chocolate, please." He read on, aloud: " 'It has a tendency to keep the young and virtuous away.' That is you and I,

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"RENÉ STRUGGLED IN SCHMIDT'S ARMS, WILD WITH RAGE"

Rittenhouse—'the young and virtuous.' " But he did not sign, and returned this amazing document, remarking that his name was hardly needed.

"They have refused," said the astronomer, "actually refused, and it is to be removed by outraged citizens to-day, I hear. A little more chocolate, Citess, and a bun—please."

"Citess, indeed! When thou art hungry enough to speak the King's English," said Mrs. Swanwick, "thou shalt have thy chocolate; and if thy grammar be very good, there will be also a slice of sally-lunn."

The philosopher repented, and was fed, while Schmidt remarked on the immortality a cake may confer; but who Sally was, no one knew.

"You will be pleased to hear, Rittenhouse, that Dr. Priestly is come to the city," said the Secretary. "He is at the Harp and Crown on Third Street."

"I knew him in England," said Schmidt; "I will call on him to-day. A great chemist, René, and the finder of a new gas called oxygen."

Very soon the star-gazer went away, and the Secretary, after some talk about the West Indian outrages, said: "I shall miss your chocolate, Madame, and my visits. You have heard, no doubt, of the cabinet changes."

"Some rumors only," said Schmidt.

"I have resigned, and go back to my home and my farming. Mr. Hamilton will also fall out this January, and General Knox, no very great loss. Colonel Pickering takes his place."

"And who succeeds Hamilton, sir?"

"Oh, his satellite, Wolcott. The ex-Secretary means to pull the wires of his puppets. He loves power, as I do not. But the chocolate, alas!"

"And who, may I ask," said Mrs. Swanwick, "is to follow thee, Friend Jefferson?"

"Edmund Randolph, I believe. Bradford will have his place of Attorney-General. And now you have all my gossip, Madame, and I leave next week. I owe you many thanks for the pleasant hours in your home. Good-by, Mr. Schmidt; and Vicomte, may I ask to be remembered to your mother. I shall hope to be here now and then."

"We shall miss thee, Friend Jefferson," said the widow.

"I would not lessen thy regrets," he said. "Ah, one lingers." He kissed the hand he held, the bright hazel eyes aglow. "Good-by, Miss Margaret." And bowing low, he left them.

Schmidt looked after him, smiling.

"Now thou art of a mind to say naughty things of my friend," said Mrs. Swanwick. "I know thy ways."

"I was, but I meant only to criticize his politics. An intelligent old fox with golden eyes. He is of no mind to accept any share of the trouble Mr. Jay's English treaty will make, and this excise tax."

René, who was beginning to understand the difficulties in a cabinet where there was rarely any unanimity of opinion, said, "There will be more peace for the President."

"And less helpful heads," said Schmidt. "Hamilton is a great loss, and Jefferson in some respects. They go not well in double harness. Come, René, let us go and see the philosopher. I knew him well. Great men are rare sights. A Jacobin philosopher! But there are no politics in gases."

The chemist was not at home, and hearing shouts and unusual noise on Second Street, they went through Church Alley to see what might be the cause. A few hundred men and boys of the lower class were gathered in front of Christ Church, watched by a smaller number of better-dressed persons, who hissed and shouted, but made no attempt to interfere when, apparently unmolested, a man, let down from the roof of the gable, tore off the leaden medallion of the second George[1] amid the cheering and mad party cries of the mob.

Schmidt said: "Now they can say their prayers in peace, these Jacobin Christians."

In one man's mind there was presently small thought of peace. When the crowd began to scatter, well pleased, Schmidt saw beside him De la Forêt, consul-general of France, and with him Carteaux. He threw his great bulk and broad shoulders between De Courval and the Frenchmen, saying: "Let us go. Come, René."

As he spoke, Carteaux, now again in

[1] The leaden bas-relief has since been replaced.

the service, said: "We do it better in France, Citizen Consul. The Committee of Safety and Père Couthon would have shortened the preacher by a head. Oh, they are leaving. Have you seen the caricature of the aristocrat Washington on the guillotine? It has made the President swear, I am told."

As he spoke, De Courval's attention was caught by the French accents and something in the voice, and he turned to see the stranger who spoke thus insolently.

"Not here, René. No! no!" said Schmidt. He saw De Courval's face grow white as he had seen it once before.

"Let us go," said De la Forêt.

"A feeble mob of children," returned Carteaux.

As he spoke, De Courval struck him a single savage blow full in the face.

"A fight! a fight!" cried the crowd. "Give them room! A ring! a ring!"

There was no fight in the slighter man, who lay stunned and bleeding, while René struggled in Schmidt's strong arms, wild with rage.

"You have done enough," said the German; "come!" René, silent, himself again, stared at the fallen man.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" said De la Forêt. "Your name, sir?"

"I am the Vicomte de Courval," said René, perfectly cool. "You will find me at Madame Swanwick's on Front Street."

Carteaux was sitting upon the sidewalk, still dazed and bleeding. The crowd looked on. "He hits hard," said one.

"Come, René," said the German, and they walked away, René still silent.

"I supposed it would come soon or late," said Schmidt. "We shall hear from them to-morrow."

"*Mon Dieu,* but I am glad. It is a weight off my mind. I shall kill him."

Schmidt was hardly as sure. Neither man spoke again until they reached home.

"Come to my room, René," said the German after supper. "I want to settle that ground-rent business."

As they sat down, he was struck with the young man's look of elation. "Oh, my pipe first. Where is it? Ah, here it is. What do you mean to do?"

"Do? I do not mean to let him think it was only the sudden anger of a French gentleman at a Jacobin's vile speech. He must know why I struck."

"That seems reasonable."

"But I shall not involve in my quarrel a man of your rank. I shall ask Du Vallon."

"Shall you, indeed! There is wanted here a friend and an older head. What rank had I when you saw me through my deadly duel with El Vomito? Now, no more of that." De Courval yielded.

"I shall write to him and explain my action. He may put it as he pleases to others."

"I see no better way. Write now, and let me see your letter."

René sat at the table and wrote while Schmidt smoked, a troubled and thoughtful man. "He is no match for that fellow with the sword; and yet"—and he moved uneasily—"it will be, on the whole, better than the pistol." Any thought of adjustment or of escape from final resort to the duel he did not consider. It would have been out of the question for himself and, as he saw it, for any man of his beliefs and training.

"Here it is, sir," said René. The German gentleman laid down his long pipe and read:

SIR: I am desirous that you should not consider my action as the result of what you said in my hearing to M. de la Forêt. I am the Vicomte de Courval. In the massacre at Avignon on the twelfth of September, 1791, when my father was about to be released by Jourdan, your voice alone called for his condemnation. I saw him die, butchered before my eyes. This is why I struck you.

Louis René de Courval.

"That will do," said Schmidt. "He shall have it to-night. You will have a week to spend with Du Vallon. No prudent man would meet you in the condition in which you left him."

"I suppose not. I can wait. I have waited long. I regret the delay chiefly because in this city everything is known and talked about, and before we can end the matter it will be heard of here."

"Very probably; but no one will speak of it before your mother, and you may be sure that these good people will ask no

questions, and only wonder and not realize what must come out of it."

"Perhaps, perhaps." He was not as sure and wished to end it at once.

It had been in his power to have made the social life of the better republicans impossible for his father's murderer; but this might have driven Carteaux away and was not what he desired. The constant thought of his mother had kept him as undecided as Hamlet, but now a sudden burst of anger had opened the way to what he had longed for. He was glad.

When, that night, Jean Carteaux sat up in bed and read by dim candlelight De Courval's letter, he, too, saw again the great hall at Avignon, and recalled the blood madness. His Jacobin alliances had closed to him in Philadelphia the houses of the English party and the Federalists, and in the society he frequented, at the official dinners of the cabinet officers, he had never seen De Courval, nor, indeed, heard of him, or, if at all casually, without his title and as one of the many *émigrés* nobles with whom he had no social acquaintance. It was the resurrection of a ghost of revenge. He had helped to send to the guillotine others as innocent as Jean de Courval, and then, at last, not without fear of his own fate, had welcomed the appointment of commissioner to San Domingo and, on his return to France, had secured the place of secretary to Genêt's legation. The mockery of French sentiment in the clubs of the American cities, the cockades, and red bonnets, amused him. It recoiled from personal violence, and saying wild things, did nothing of serious moment. The good sense and trust of the great mass of the people throughout the country in one man promised little of value to France, as Carteaux saw full well when the recall of Genêt was demanded. He felt the chill of failure in this cooler air, but was of no mind to return to his own country. He was intelligent, and, having some means, meant that his handsome face should secure for him an American wife, and with her a comfortable dowry; for who knew of his obscure life in Paris? And now here was that affair at Avignon, and the ruin of his plans. He would at least close one mouth, and deny what it might have uttered. There was no other way, and for the rest—well, a French *émigré* had heard him speak rashly, and had been brutal. The Jacobin clubs would believe and stand by him. De la Forêt must arrange the affair, and so far this insolent *ci-devant* could have said nothing else of moment.

De la Forêt called early the next day, and was referred to Schmidt as René left the room. No pacific settlement was discussed or even mentioned. The consul, well pleased, accepted the sword as the weapon, and this being Sunday, on Thursday at 7 A.M. there would be light enough, and they would cross on the ice to New Jersey; for this year one could sleigh from the city to the capes, and from New York to Cape Cod—or so it was said.

Meanwhile the Jacobin clubs rang with the insult to a French secretary, and soon it was the talk in the well-pleased coffee-houses and at the tables of the great merchants. René said nothing, refusing to gratify those who questioned him.

"A pity," said Mrs. Chew to Penn, the Governor, as men still called him. "And why was it? The young man is so serious and so quiet and, as I hear, religious. I have seen him often at Christ Church with his mother, or at Gloria Dei."

"One can get a good deal of religion into a blow," remarked Hamilton, "or history lies. The man insulted him, I am told, and the vicomte struck him." Even Hamilton knew no more than this.

"Still, there are milder ways of calling a man to account," said young Thomas Cadwalader, while Hamilton smiled, remembering that savage duel in which John Cadwalader, the father, had punished the slanderer, General Conway.

"Will there be a fight?" said Mrs. Byrd.

"Probably," said Penn, and opinion among the Federals was all for the vicomte. Meanwhile no one spoke of the matter at the widow's quiet house, where just now the severe winter made social visits rare.

As for De Courval he fenced daily with Du Vallon, who was taken into their confidence and shared Schmidt's increasing anxiety.

XVII

On Thursday, at the dawn of a gloomy winter morning, the two sleighs crossed over a mile of ice to the Jersey shore. Large flakes of snow were falling as Schmidt drove, the little Dr. Chovet beside him, De Courval silent on the back seat. Nothing could keep Chovet quiet very long. "I was in the duel of Laurens, the President of the Congress. Oh, it was to be on Christmas Day and near to Seven Street. Mr. Penn—oh, not the fat governor but the senator from Georgia—he slipped in the mud on the way, and Laurens he help him with a hand, and they make up all at once and no further go, and I am disappoint." It was an endless chatter. "And there was the Conway duel, too. Ah, that was good business!"

Schmidt, out of patience, said at last, "If you talk any more, I will throw you out of the sleigh."

"Oh, *le diable!* and who then will heal these which go to stick one the other? Ha! I ask of you that?"

"The danger will be so much the less," said Schmidt. Chovet was silenced.

On the shore they met De la Forêt and Carteaux, and presently found in the woods an open space with little snow. The two men stripped to the shirt, and were handed the dueling-swords, Schmidt whispering: "Be cool; no temper here. Wait to attack."

"And now," said the consul, as the seconds fell back, "on guard, Messieurs!"

Instantly the two blades rang sharp notes of meeting steel as they crossed and clashed in the cold morning air. "He is lost!" murmured Schmidt. The slighter man attacked furiously, shifting his ground, and at first imprudently sure of his foe. A prick in the chest warned him. Then there was a mad interchange of quick thrusts and more or less competent defense, when De Courval, staggering, let fall his rapier and dropped, while Carteaux, panting, stood still.

Schmidt knelt down. It was a deep chest wound and bled but little outwardly. De Courval, coughing up foamy blood, gasped, "It is over for a time—over." Chovet saw no more to do than to get his man home, and so strangely does associative memory play her tricks that Schmidt, as he rose in dismay, recalled the words of the dying *Mercutio.* Then, with apparent ease, he lifted René, and, carrying him to the sleigh, wrapped him in furs, and drove swiftly over the ice to the foot of the garden. "Fasten the horse, Doctor," he said, "and follow me." René smiled as the German carried him. "The second time of home-coming wounded. How strange! Don't be troubled, sir. I do not mean to die. Tell my mother yourself."

"If you die," murmured Schmidt, "he shall follow you. Do not speak, René."

He met Margaret on the porch. "What is it?" she cried, as he went by her with his burden. "What is the matter?"

"A duel. He is wounded. Call your mother." Not waiting to say more, he went carefully up-stairs, and with Chovet's help René was soon in his bed. It was quietly done, Mrs. Swanwick distressed, but simply obeying directions, asked no questions, and Margaret, below-stairs, outwardly calm, her Quaker training serving her well, was bidding Nanny to cease crying and to get what was needed.

Once in bed, René said only, "My mother—tell her, at once." She had at last heard the quick haste of unwonted stir and met Schmidt at her chamber door.

"May I come in?" he asked.

"Certainly, Monsieur. Something has happened to René. Is he dead?"

"No; but, he is hurt—wounded."

"Then tell me the worst at once. I am not of those to whom you must break ill news gently. Sit down." He obeyed her.

"René has had a duel. He is badly wounded in the lung. You cannot see him now. The doctor insists on quiet."

"And who will stop me?" she said.

"I, Madame," and he stood between her and the door. "Just now you can only do him harm. I beg of you to wait—oh, patiently—for days, perhaps. If he is worse, you shall know it at once."

For a moment she hesitated. "I will do as you say. Who was the man?"

"Carteaux, Madame."

"Carteaux here! *Mon Dieu!* Does he live?"

"Yes. He was not hurt."

"And men say there is a God! Christ

help me; what is it I have said? How came he here, this man?"

He told her the whole story, she listening with moveless, pale, ascetic face. Then she rose: "I am sorry I did not know of this beforehand. I should have prayed for my son that he might kill him. I thank you, Monsieur. I believe you love my René."

"As if he were my son, Madame."

The days went by, darkened with despair or brightened with faint hope. Alas! who has not known them? The days grew to weeks. There were no longer guests, only anxious inquirers and a pale, drooping young woman and two mothers variously troubled.

But if here there were watching friendship and love and service and a man to die to-day or to-morrow to live, in the darkened room were spirits twain ever whispering love or hate. Outside of the house where De Courval lay, the Jacobin clubs rejoiced and feasted Carteaux, who burned De Courval's note and held his tongue, while Fauchet complained of the insult to his secretary, and Mr. Randolph neither would nor could do anything.

The February of 1794 passed, and March and April, while Glentworth, Washington's physician, came, and at last Dr. Rush, to Chovet's disgust. Meanwhile the young man lay in bed wasting away with grim doubts of phthisis in the doctors' minds until in May there was a gain, and, as once before, he was allowed a settle, and soon was in the air on the upper porch, and could see visitors.

Schmidt, more gaunt than ever, kissed the hand of the vicomtesse in his German fashion, as for the first time through all the long vigils they had shared with Mary Swanwick she thanked him for positive assurance of recovery.

"He is safe, you tell me. May the God who has spared my son remember you and bless you through all your days and in all your ways!"

He bent low. "I have my reward, Madame."

Some intuitive recognition of what was in his mind was perhaps naturally in the thought of both. She said, "Will it end here?"

Seeing before him a face which he could not read, he replied, "It is to be desired that it end here, or that some good fortune may put the sea between these two."

"And can you, his friend, say that? Not if he is the son I bore. I trust not," and, turning away, she left him; while, standing, he looked after her and murmured: "There is more mother in me than in her," and then going out to where René lay, he said gaily: "Out of prison at last, my boy. A grim jail is sickness."

"Ah, to hear the birds who are so free," said René. "Are they ever ill, I wonder?"

"Mr. Hamilton is below, René—just come from New York. He has been here twice."

"Then I shall hear of the world. You have starved me of news." There was little good to tell him. The duke, their cousin, had fled from France, and could write to madame only of the Terror and of deaths and ruin.

The Secretary came up fresh with the gaiety of a world in which he was still battling fiercely with the Republican party, glad of the absence of his rival, who saw no good in anything he did or said.

"You are very kind," said De Courval, "to spare me a little of your time, sir." Indeed he felt it. Hamilton sat down, smiling at the eagerness with which René questioned him.

"There is much to tell, Vicomte. The outrages on our commerce by the English have become unendurable, and how we are to escape war I do not see. An embargo has been proclaimed by the President; it is for thirty days, and will be extended to thirty more. We have many English ships in our ports. No one of them can leave."

"That ought to bring them to their senses," said René.

"It may," returned Hamilton.

"And what, sir, of the treaty with England?"

Hamilton smiled. "I was to have been sent, but there was too much opposition, and now, as I think, wisely, the Chief-Justice Jay is to go to London."

"Ah, Mr. Hamilton, if there were but war with England,—and there is cause enough,—some of us poor exiles might find pleasant occupation."

The Secretary became grave. "I would do much, yield much, to escape war, Vi-

comte. No man of feeling who has ever seen war desires to see it again. If the memory of nations were as retentive as the memory of a man, there would be an end of wars."

"And yet, sir," said René, "I hardly see how you—how this people—endure what you so quietly accept."

"Yes, yes. No man more than Washington feels the additions of insult to injury. If to-day you could give him a dozen frigates, our answer to England would not be a request for a treaty which will merely secure peace, and give us that with contempt, and little more. What it personally costs that proud gentleman, our President, to preserve his neutral attitude few men know."

René was pleased and flattered by the thoughtful gravity of the statesman's talk.

"I see, sir," he said. "There will be no war."

"No; I think not. I sincerely hope not. But now I must go. My compliments to your mother; and I am glad to see you so well."

As he went out, he met Schmidt in the hall. "Ah, why did you not prevent this duel?" he said.

"No man could, sir. It is, I fear, a business to end only when one of them dies. It dates far back of the blow. Some day we will talk of it, but I do not like the outlook."

"Indeed." He went into the street thoughtful. In principle opposed to duels, he was to die in the prime of life a victim to the pistol of Burr.

The pleasant May weather and the open air brought back to De Courval health and the joys of life. The girl in the garden heard once more his bits of French song, and when June came with roses he was able to lie on the lower porch, swinging at ease in a hammock sent by Captain Biddle, and it seemed as if the world were all kindness. As he lay, Schmidt read to him, and he missed only Margaret, ordered out to the country in the care of Aunt Gainor, while, as he grew better, he had the strange joy of senses freshened and keener than in health, as if he were reborn to a new heritage of tastes and odors, the priceless gift of wholesome convalescence.

He asked no questions concerning Carteaux or what men said of the duel; but as Schmidt, musing, saw him at times gentle, pleased, merry, or again serious, he thought how all men have in them a brute ancestor ready with a club. "Just now the devil is asleep." He alone, and the mother, fore-looking, knew; and so the time ran on, and every one wanted him. The women came with flowers and strawberries, and made much of him, the gray mother not ill-pleased.

In June he was up, and allowed to walk out or to lie in the boat while Schmidt caught white perch or crabs and talked of the many lands he had seen. Then at last, to René's joy, he might ride.

"Here," said Schmidt, "is a note from Mistress Gainor. We are asked to dine and for the night. No, not you. You are not yet fit for dinners and gay women. These doctors are cruel. There will be, she writes, Mr. Jefferson, here for a week; Mr. Langstroth, and a woman or two; and Wolcott of the Treasury, 'if Hamilton will let him come,' she says." For perhaps wisely the new official followed the ex-Secretary's counsels, to the saving of much needless thinking. "A queer party that!" said Schmidt. "What new mischief are she and the ex-Quaker Josiah devising?" He would be there at three, he wrote, the groom having waited a reply.

"Have you any message for Miss Margaret, René?" he said next day.

"Tell her that all that is left of me remembers her mother's kindness." And, laughing, he added: "That there is more of me every day."

"And is that all?"

"Yes; that is all. Is there any news?"

"None of moment. Oh, yes, I meant to tell you. The heathen imagine a vain thing—a fine republican mob collected in front of the Harp and Crown yesterday. There was a picture set up over the door in the war—a picture of the Queen of France. A painter was made to paint a ring of blood around the neck and daub the clothes with red. If there is a fool devil, he must grin at that."

"Canaille!" said René. "Poor queen! We of the religion did not love her; but to insult the dead! Ah, a week in Paris now, and these cowards would fly in fear."

"Yes; it is a feeble sham." And so he

left René to his book, and rode away with change of garments in his saddle-bags.

XVIII

Miss Gainor being busy at her toilette, Schmidt was received at the Hill farm by the black page, in red plush for contrast, and shown up to his room. He usually wore clothes of simple character and left the changing fashions to others. But now he dressed as he did rarely, and came down with powdered hair, in maroon-colored velvet with enameled buttons, ruffles at the wrists, and the full lace neck-gear still known as a Steenkirk.

Miss Gainor envied him the gold buckles of the broidered garters and shoes, and made her best courtesy to the stately figure which bent low before her.

"They are late," she said. "Go and speak to Margaret in the garden." He found her alone under a great tulip-tree.

"Ach!" he cried, "you are looking better. You were pale." She rose with a glad welcome as he saw and wondered. "How fine we are, Pearl!"

"Are we not? But Aunt Gainor would have it. I must courtesy, I suppose."

The dress was a compromise. There were still the gray silks, the underskirt, open wider than common in front, a pale sea-green petticoat, and, alas! even powder—very becoming it seemed to the German gentleman. I am helpless to describe the prettiness of it. Aunt Gainor had an artist's eye, though she herself delighted in too gorgeous attire.

He gave Margaret the home news and his message from René, and no; she was not yet to come to town. It was too hot, and not very healthy this summer.

"Why did not the vicomte write?" she said with some hesitation. "That would have been nicer."

"Ach, guter Himmel! Young men do not write to young women."

"But among Friends we are more simple."

"Ach, Friends—and in this gown! Shall we be of two worlds? That might have its convenience."

"Thou art naughty, sir," she said, and they went in.

There was Colonel Lennox and his wife, whom Schmidt did not know, and Josiah. "You know Mrs. Byrd, Mr. Schmidt? Mrs. Eager Howard, may I present to you Mr. Schmidt?" This was the Miss Chew who won the heart of the victor of the Cowpens battle; and then last came Jefferson, tall, meager, red-cheeked, and wearing no powder, a lean figure in black velvet, on a visit to the city.

"There were only two good noses," said Gainor next day to a woman with the nose of a pug dog—"mine and that man Schmidt's—Schmidt, with a nose like a hawk and a jaw most predacious."

For mischief she must call Mr. Jefferson "Excellency," for had he not been governor of his State?

He bowed, laughing. "Madame, I have no liking for titles. Not even those which you confer."

"Oh, but when you die, sir," cried Mrs. Howard, "and you want to read your title clear to mansions in the skies?"

"I shall want none then; and there are no mansions in the skies."

"And no skies, sir, I suppose," laughed Mrs. Byrd. "Poor Watts!"

"In your sense none," he returned. "How is De Courval?"

"Oh, better; much better."

"He seems to get himself talked about," said Mrs. Howard. "A fine young fellow, too."

"You should set your cap for him, Tacy," said Gainor to the blond beauty, Mrs. Lennox.

"It was set long ago for my Colonel," she cried.

"I am much honored," said her husband, bowing.

"She was Dr. Franklin's last love-affair," cried Gainor. "How is that, Tacy Lennox?"

"Fie, Madam! He was dying in those days, and, yes, I loved him. There are none like him nowadays."

"I never thought much of his nose," said Gainor, amid gay laughter; and so they went to dinner, the Pearl quietly attentive, liking it well, and still better when Colonel Howard turned to chat with her and found her merry and shyly curious concerning the great war she was too young to remember well, and in regard to the men who fought and won. Josiah, next to Mrs. Lennox, contributed contradictions, and Pickering was silent, liking better the company of men.

At dusk, having had their Madeira,

they rode away, leaving only Margaret and Schmidt. The evening talk was quiet, and the girl, reluctant, was sent to bed early.

"I have a pipe for you," said Gainor. "Come out under the trees. How warm it is!"

"You had a queer party," said Schmidt, who knew her well, and judged better than many her true character.

"Yes; was it not? But the women were to your liking, I am sure."

"Certainly; but why Josiah, and what mischief are you two after?"

"I? Mischief, sir?"

"Yes; you do not like him. You never have him here to dine if you can help it."

"No; but now I am trying to keep him out of mischief, and to-day he invited himself to dine."

"Well!" said Schmidt blowing great rings of smoke.

"General Washington was here yesterday. His horse cast a shoe, and he must needs pay me a visit. Oh, he was honest about it. He looked tired and aged. I shall grow old; but aged, sir, never. He is deaf, too. I hope he may not live to lose his mind. I thought of Johnson's lines about Marlborough."

"I do not know them. What are they?"

> "From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
> And Swift expires, a driv'ler and a show."

"Yes," said Schmidt thoughtfully—"yes; that is the ending I most should fear."

"He is clear-headed enough to-day; but the men around him think too much of their own interests, and he of his country alone."

"It may be better with this new cabinet."

"No; there will be less head."

"And more heart, I hope," said Schmidt.

"I could cry when I think of that man's life."

"Yes, it is sad enough; but suppose," said Schmidt, "we return to Josiah."

"Well, if you must have it, Josiah has one honest affection outside of a love-affair with Josiah—Margaret, of course."

"Yes; and what more?"

"He thinks she should be married, and proposes to arrange the matter."

The idea of Uncle Josiah as a match-maker filled the German with comic delight. He broke into Gargantuan laughter. "I should like to hear his plan of campaign."

"Oh, dear Aunt Gainor," cried a voice from an upper window, "what is the joke? Tell me, or I shall come down and find out."

"Go to bed, minx!" shouted Miss Gainor. "Mr. Schmidt is going to be married, and I am to be bridesmaid. To bed with you!"

"Fie, for shame, Aunt! He will tell me to-morrow." The white figure disappeared from the window.

"Oh, Josiah is set on it—really set on it, and you know his possibilities of combining folly with obstinacy."

"Yes, I know. And who is the happy man?"

"The Vicomte de Courval, please."

Schmidt whistled low. "I beg your pardon, Mistress Gainor. Cannot you stop him? The fool! What does he propose to do?"

"I do not know. He has an odd admiration for De Courval, and that is strange, for he never contradicts him."

"The admiration of a coward for a brave man—I have known that more than once. He will do Heaven knows what, and end in making mischief enough."

"I have scared him a little. He talked, the idiot, about his will, and what he would or would not do. As if that would help, or as if the dear child cares or would care. I said I had money to spare at need. He will say nothing for a while. I do not mean to be interfered with. I told him so."

"Did you, indeed?"

"I did."

"Mistress Gainor, you had better keep your own hands off and let things alone. Josiah would be like an elephant in a rose garden."

"And I like—"

"A good, kindly woman about to make a sad mistake. You do not know the mother's deep-seated prejudices, nor yet of what trouble lies like a shadow on René's life. I should not dare to interfere."

"What is it?" she said, at once curious and anxious.

"Mistress Gainor, you are to be trusted,

else you would go your way. Is not that so?"

"Yes; but I am reasonable and Margaret is dear to me. I like the vicomte and, as to his mother, she thinks me a kind, rough old woman; and for her nonsense about rank and blood, stuff! The girl's blood is as good as hers."

"No doubt; but let it alone. And now I think you ought to hear his story, and I mean to tell it." And so, sitting in the darkness, he told her of Avignon and Carteaux and the real meaning of the duel and how the matter would go on again some day, but how soon fate alone could determine. She listened, appalled at the tragic story which had come thus fatefully into the life of a quiet Quaker family from a far-away land.

"It is terrible and sad," she said. "And he has spoken to no one but you of this tragedy? It must be known to many."

"The death, yes. Carteaux's share in it, no. He was an unknown young *avocat* at the time."

"How reticent young De Courval must be! It is singular at his age."

"He had no reason to talk of it; he is a man older than his years. He is a very resolute person. If he loves this dear child, he will marry her, if a dozen mothers stand in the way."

"There will be two. I see now why Mary Swanwick is always sending Margaret to me or to Darthea Wynne. I think the maid cares for him."

"Ah, my dear Miss Gainor, if I could keep them apart for a year, I should like it. God knows where the end will be. Suppose this fellow were to kill him! And that they will meet again is sadly sure, if I know De Courval."

"You are right," she returned. "But if, Mr. Schmidt, this shadow did not lie across his path, would it please you? Would you who have done so much for him—would you wish it?"

"With all my heart. But let it rest here, and let time and fate have their way."

"I will," she said, rising. "It is cool. I must go in. It is a sad tangle, and those two mothers! I am sometimes glad that I never married, and have no child. Good night. I fear that I shall dream of it."

"I shall have another pipe before I follow you. We are three old cupids," he added, laughing. "We had better go out of business."

"There 's a good bit of cupidity about one of us, sir."

"A not uncommon quality," laughed Schmidt.

Pleased with her jest, she went away, saying, "Tom will take care of you."

To the well-concealed satisfaction of the vicomtesse, it was settled that Margaret's health required her to remain all summer at the Hill; but when June was over, De Courval was able to ride, and why not to Chestnut Hill? And so, although Gainor never left them alone, it was impossible to refuse permission for him to ride with them.

They explored the country far and wide with Aunt Gainor on her great stallion, a rash rider despite her years. Together they saw White Marsh and the historic lines of Valley Forge, and heard of Hugh Wynne's ride, and, by good luck, met General Wayne one day and were told the story of that dismal winter when snow was both foe and friend. Aunt Gainor rode in a riding-mask, and the Quaker bonnet was worn no longer, wherefore, the code of lovers' signals being ingeniously good, there needed no cupids, old or young. The spring of love had come, and the summer would follow in nature's course. Yet always René felt that until his dark debt was paid he would not speak.

Therefore, sometimes he refrained from turning his horse toward the Hill, and went to see his mother, now again, to her pleasure, with Darthea, or else with Schmidt he rode through that bit of Holland on the neck, and saw sails over the dikes and the flour windmills turning in the breeze. Schmidt, too, kept him busy, and he visited Baltimore and New York, and fished or shot.

"You are well enough now. Let us fence again," said Schmidt, and once more he was made welcome by the *émigrés* late in the evening when no others came.

He would rarely touch the foils, but "*Mon Dieu,* Schmidt," said de Malerive, "he has with the pistol skill."

Du Vallon admitted it. But: "*Mon ami,* it is no weapon for gentlemen. The

Jacobins like it. There is no tierce or quarte against a bullet."

"Do they practice with the pistol here?"

"No. Carteaux, thy lucky friend, ah, very good,—of the best with the foil,—but no shot." René smiled, and Schmidt understood.

"Can you hit that, René?" he said, taking from his pocket the ace of clubs, for playing-cards were often used as visiting-cards, the backs being white, and no other being always to be had.

René hit the edge of the ace with a ball, and then the center. The gay crowd applauded, and Du Vallon wished it were a Jacobin club, and, again merry, they liked the jest.

(To be continued)

MOTHER

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

AT twilight here I sit alone,
Yet not alone; for thoughts of thee,—
Pale images of pleasure flown,—
Like homing birds, return to me.

Again the shining chestnut braids
Are soft enwreathed about thy brow,
And light—a light that never fades—
Beams from thine eyes upon me even now,

As, all undimmed by death and night,
Remembrance out of distance brings
Thy youthful loveliness, alight
With ardent hopes and high imaginings.

Ah, mortal dreams, how fair, how fleet!
Thy yearnings scant fulfilment found;
Dark Lethe long hath laved thy feet,
And on thy slumber breaks no troubling sound;

Yet distance parts thee not from me,
For beauty—or of twilight or of morn—
Binds me, still closer binds, to thee,
Whose heart sang to my heart ere I was born.

THE SPELL OF EGYPT

AS REVEALED IN ITS MONUMENTS

FOURTH PAPER: THE RAMESSEUM—DEIR-EL-BAHARI

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NATURE BY JULES GUÉRIN

"THIS, my lord, is the thinking place of Rameses the Great."

So said Ibrahim Ayyad to me one morning—Ibrahim who is almost as prolific in the abrupt creation of peers as if he were a democratic government.

I looked about me. We stood in a ruined hall with columns, architraves, covered with inscriptions, segments of flat roof. Here and there traces of painting, dull-red, pale, ethereal blue,—the "love-color" of Egypt, as the Egyptians often call it,—still adhered to the stone. This hall, dignified, grand, but happy, was open on all sides to the sun and air. From it I could see tamarisk- and acacia-trees, and far-off shadowy mountains beyond the eastern verge of the Nile. And the trees were still as carven things in an atmosphere that was a miracle of clearness and of purity. Behind me, and near, the hard Libyan mountains gleamed in the sun. Somewhere a boy was singing; and suddenly his singing died away. And I thought of the "Lay of the Harper" which is inscribed upon the tombs of Thebes—those tombs under those gleaming mountains:

> For no one carries away his goods with him;
> Yea, no one returns again who has gone thither.

It took the place of the song that had died as I thought of the great king's glory; that he had been here, and had long since passed away.

"The thinking place of Rameses the Great!"

"Suttinly."

"You must leave me alone here, Ibrahim."

I watched his gold-colored robe vanish into the gold of the sun through the copper color of the columns. And I was quite alone in the "thinking place" of Rameses. It was a brilliant day, the sky dark-sapphire blue, without even the specter of a cloud, or any airy, vaporous veil; the heat already intense in the full sunshine, but delicious, if one slid into a shadow. I slid into a shadow, and sat down on a warm block of stone. And the silence flowed upon me—the silence of the Rameseum.

Was *Horbehutet,* the winged disk, with crowned *uraei,* ever set up above this temple's principal door to keep it from destruction? I do not know. But, if he was, he failed perfectly to fulfil his mission. And I am glad he failed. I am glad of the ruin that is here, glad that walls have crumbled or been overthrown, that columns have been cast down, and ceilings torn off from the pillars that supported them, letting in the sky. I would have nothing different in the thinking place of Rameses.

Like a cloud, a great golden cloud, a glory impending that will not, cannot, be dissolved into the ether, he loomed over the Egypt that is dead, he looms over the Egypt of to-day. Everywhere you meet his traces, everywhere you hear

his name. You say to a tall young Egyptian: "How big you are growing, Hassan!"

He answers, "Come back next year, my gentleman, and I shall be like Rameses the Great."

Or you ask of the boatman who rows you, "How can you pull all day against the current of the Nile?" And he smiles, and lifting his brown arm, he says to you: "Look. I am as strong as Rameses the Great."

This familiar fame comes down through some three thousand, two hundred, and twenty years. Carved upon limestone and granite, now it seems engraven also on every Egyptian heart that beats not only with the movement of shadoof, or is not buried in the black soil fertilized by Hapi. Thus can inordinate vanity prolong the true triumph of genius, and impress its own view of itself upon the minds of millions. This Rameses is believed to be the Pharaoh who oppressed the children of Israel.

As I sat in the Ramesseum that morning, I recalled his face—the face of an artist and a dreamer rather than that of a warrior and oppressor; Asiatic, handsome, not insensitive, not cruel, but subtle, aristocratic, and refined. I could imagine it bending above the little serpents of the sistrum as they lifted their melodious voices to bid Typhon depart, or watching the dancing women's rhythmic movements, or smiling half kindly, half with irony, upon the lovelorn maiden who made her plaint:

"What is sweet to the mouth, to me is as
the gall of birds;
Thy breath alone can comfort my heart."

And I could imagine it looking profoundly grave, not sad, among the columns with their opening lotus flowers. For it is the hall of the lotus columns that Ibrahim calls the thinking place of the king.

There is something both lovely and touching to me in the lotus columns of Egypt, in the tall masses of stone opening out into flowers near the sun. Near the sun! Yes; only that obvious falsehood will convey to those who have not seen them the effect of some of the hypostyle halls, whose columns seem literally soaring to the sky. And flowers of stone, you will say, rudely carved and rugged! That does not matter. There was poetry in the minds that conceived them, in the thought that directed the hands which shaped them and placed them where they are. In Egypt perpetually one feels how the ancient Egyptians loved the *Nymphæa Lotus,* which is the white lotus, and the *Nymphæa cærulæa,* the lotus that is blue. Did they not place Horus in its cup, and upon the head of Nefer-Tum, the nature god, who represented in their mythology the heat of the rising sun, and who seems to have been credited with power to grant life in the world to come, set it as a sort of regal ornament? To Seti I, when he returned in glory from his triumphs over the Syrians, were given bouquets of lotus blossoms by the great officers of his household. The tiny column of green feldspar ending in the lotus typified eternal youth, even as the carnelian buckle typified the blood of Isis, which washed away all sin. Kohl pots were fashioned in the form of the lotus, cartouches sprang from it, wine flowed from cups shaped like it. The lotus was part of the very life of Egypt, as the rose, the American Beauty rose, is part of our social life of to-day. And here, in the Ramesseum, I found campaniform, or lotus-flower capitals on the columns—here where Rameses once perhaps dreamed of his Syrian campaigns, or of that famous combat when, "like Baal in his fury," he fought single-handed against the host of the Hittites massed in two thousand, five hundred chariots to overthrow him.

The Ramesseum is a temple not of winds, but of soft and kindly airs. There comes Zephyrus, whispering love to Flora incarnate in the Lotus. To every sunbeam, to every little breeze, the ruins stretch out arms. They adore the deep-blue sky, the shining, sifted sand, untrammeled nature, all that whispers, "Freedom."

So I felt that day when Ibrahim left me, so I feel always when I sit in the Ramesseum, that exultant victim of Time's here not sacrilegious hand.

All strong souls cry out secretly for liberty as for a sacred necessity of life. Liberty seems to drench the Ramesseum. And all strong souls must exult there. The sun has taken it as a beloved pos-

session. No massy walls keep him out. No shield-shaped battlements rear themselves up against the outer world as at Medinet-Abu. No huge pylons cast down upon the ground their forms in darkness. The stone glows with the sun, seems almost to have a soul glowing with the sense, the sun-ray sense, of freedom. The heart leaps up in the Ramesseum not frivolously, but with a strange, sudden knowledge of the depths of passionate joy there are in life and in bountiful, glorious nature. Instead of the strength of a prison, one feels the ecstasy of space; instead of the safety of inclosure, the rapture of naked publicity. But the public to whom this place of the great king is consigned is a public of Theban hills; of the sunbeams striking from them over the wide world toward the east; of light airs, of drifting sand grains, of singing birds, and of butterflies with pure white wings. If you have ever ridden an Arab horse, mounted in the heart of an oasis, to the verge of the great desert, you will remember the bound, thrilling with fiery animation, which he gives when he sets his feet on the sand beyond the last tall date-palms. A bound like that the soul gives when you sit in the Ramesseum, and see the crowding sunbeams, the far-off groves of palm-trees, and the drowsy mountains, like shadows, that sleep beyond the Nile. And you look up, perhaps, as I looked that morning, and upon a lotus column near you, relieved, you perceive the figure of a young man singing.

A young man singing! Let him be the tutelary god of this place, whoever he be, whether only some humble, happy slave, or the "superintendent of song and of the recreation of the king." Rather even than Amun-Ra let him be the god. For there is something nobly joyous in this architecture, a dignity that sings.

It has been said, but not established, that Rameses the Great was buried in the Ramesseum, and when first I entered it, the "Lay of the Harper" came to my mind, with the sadness that attends the passing away of glory into the shades of death. But an optimism almost as determined as Emerson's was quickly bred in me there. I could not be sad, though I could be happily thoughtful, in the light of the Ramesseum. And even when I left the thinking place, and, coming down the central aisle, saw in the immersing sunshine of the Osiride Court the fallen colossus of the king, I was not struck to sadness.

Imagine the greatest figure in the world,—such a figure as this Rameses was in his day,—with all might, all glory, all climbing power, all vigor, tenacity of purpose, and granite strength of will concentrated within it, struck suddenly down, and falling backward in a collapse whose thunder might shake the vitals of the earth, and you have this prostrate colossus. Even now one seems to hear it fall, to feel the warm soil trembling beneath one's feet as one approaches it. A row of statues of enormous size, with arms crossed as if in resignation, glowing in the sun, in color not gold or amber, but a delicate, desert yellow, watch near it like servants of the dead. On a slightly lower level than theirs it lies, and a little nearer the Nile. Only the upper half of the figure is left, but its size is really terrific. This colossus was fifty-seven feet high. It weighed eight hundred tons. Eight hundred tons of syenite went to its making, and across the shoulders its breadth is, or was, over twenty-two feet. But one does not think of measurements as one looks upon it. It is stupendous. That is obvious and that is enough. Nor does one think of its finish, of its beautiful, rich color, of any of its details. One thinks of it as a tremendous personage laid low, as the mightiest of the mighty fallen. One thinks of it as the dead Rameses whose glory still looms over Egypt like a golden cloud that will not disperse. One thinks of it as the soul that commanded, and, lo! there rose up above the sands, at the foot of the hills of Thebes, the exultant Ramesseum.

Place for Queen Hatshepsu! Surely she comes to a sound of flutes, a merry noise of thin, bright music, backed by a clashing of barbaric cymbals, along the corridors of the past; this queen who is shown upon Egyptian walls dressed as a man, who is said to have worn a beard, and who sent to the land of Punt the famous expedition which covered her with glory and brought gold to the god Amun. To me most feminine she seemed when I saw her temple at Deir-el-Bahari,

with its brightness and its suavity; its pretty shallowness and sunshine; its white and blue and yellow, and red and green and orange; all very trim and fanciful, all very smart and delicate; full of finesse and laughter, and breathing out to me of the twentieth century the coquetry of a woman in 1500 B. C. After the terrific masculinity of Medinet-Abu, after the great freedom of the Ramesseum, and the grandeur of its colossus, the manhood of all the ages concentrated in granite, the temple at Deir-el-Bahari came upon me like a delicate woman, perfumed and arranged, clothed in a creation of white and blue and orange, standing—ever so knowingly—against a background of orange and pink, of red and brown-red, a smiling coquette of the mountain, a gay and sweet enchantress who knew her pretty powers and meant to exercise them.

Hatshepsu with a beard! Never will I believe it. Or if she ever seemed to wear one, I will swear it was only the tattooed ornament with which all the lovely women of the Fayum decorate their chins to-day, throwing into relief the smiling, soft lips, the delicate noses, the liquid eyes, and leading one from it step by step to the beauties it precedes.

Mr. Wallis Budge says in his book on the antiquities of Egypt: "It would be unjust to the memory of a great man and a loyal servant of Hatshepsu, if we omitted to mention the name of Senmut, the architect and overseer of works at Deir-el-Bahari." By all means let Senmut be mentioned, and then let him be utterly forgotten. A radiant queen reigns here—a queen of fantasy and splendor, and of that divine shallowness—refined frivolity literally cut into the mountain—which is the note of Deir-el-Bahari. And what a clever background! Oh, Hatshepsu knew what she was doing when she built her temple here. It was not the solemn Senmut (he wore a beard, I 'm sure) who chose that background, if I know anything of women.

Long before I visited Deir-el-Bahari I had looked at it from afar. My eyes had been drawn to it merely from its situation right underneath the mountains. I had asked: "What do those little pillars mean? And are those little doors?" I had promised myself to go there, as one promises oneself a *bonne bouche* to finish a happy banquet. And I had realized the subtlety, essentially feminine, that had placed a temple there. And Mentu-Hotep's temple, perhaps you say, was it not there before the queen's? Then he must have possessed a subtlety purely feminine, or been advised by one of his wives in his building operations, or by some favorite female slave. Blundering, unsubtle man would probably think that the best way to attract and to fix attention on any object was to make it much bigger than things near and around it, to set up a giant among dwarfs.

Not so Queen Hatshepsu. More artful in her generation, she set her long but little temple against the precipices of Libya. And what is the result? Simply that whenever one looks toward them one says, "What are those little pillars?" Or if one is more instructed, one thinks about Queen Hatshepsu. The precipices are as nothing. A woman's wile has blotted them out.

And yet how grand they are! I have called them tiger-colored precipices. And they suggest tawny wild beasts, fierce, bred in a land that is the prey of the sun. Every shade of orange and yellow glows and grows pale on their bosses, in their clefts. They shoot out turrets of rock that blaze like flames in the day. They show great teeth, like the tiger when any one draws near. And, like the tiger, they seem perpetually informed by a spirit that is angry. Blake wrote of the tiger:

> Tiger, tiger, burning bright
> In the forests of the night.

These tiger-precipices of Libya are burning things, avid like beasts of prey. But the restored apricot-colored pillars are not afraid of their impending fury—fury of a beast baffled by a tricky little woman, almost it seems to me; and still less afraid are the white pillars, and the brilliant paintings that decorate the walls within.

As many people in the sad but lovely islands off the coast of Scotland believe in "doubles," as the old classic writers believed in man's "genius," so the ancient Egyptians believed in his "Ka," or separate entity, a sort of spiritual other self, to be propitiated and ministered to,

presented with gifts, and served with energy and ardor. On this temple of Deir-el-Bahari is the scene of the birth of Hatshepsu, and there are two babies, the princess and her Ka. For this imagined Ka, when a great queen, long after, she built this temple, or chapel, that offerings might be made there on certain appointed days. Fortunate Ka of Hatshepsu to have had so cheerful a dwelling! Liveliness pervades Deir-el-Bahari. I remember, when I was on my first visit to Egypt, lunching at Thebes with Monsieur Naville and Mr. Hogarth, and afterward going with them to watch the digging away of the masses of sand and rubbish which concealed this gracious building. I remember the songs of the half-naked workmen toiling and sweating in the sun. And I remember seeing a white temple wall come up into the light with all the painted figures surely dancing with joy upon it. And they are surely dancing still.

Here you may see, brilliant as yesterday's picture anywhere, fascinatingly decorative trees growing bravely in little pots, red people offering incense which is piled up in mounds like mountains; Ptah-Seket, Osiris receiving a royal gift of wine, the queen in the company of various divinities, and the terrible ordeal of the cows. The cows are being weighed in scales. There are three of them. One is a philosopher, and reposes with an air that says, "Even this last indignity of being weighed against my will cannot perturb my soaring spirit." But the other two, sitting up, look as apprehensive as old ladies in a rocking express, expectant of an accident. The vividness of the colors in this temple is quite wonderful. And much of its great attraction comes rather from its position, and from them, than essentially from itself. At Deir-el-Bahari, what the long shell contains—its happy murmur of life—is more fascinating than the shell. There, instead of being uplifted or overawed by form, we are rejoiced by color, by the high vivacity of arrested movement, by the story that color and movement tell. And over all there is the bright, blue, painted sky, studded, almost distractedly studded, with a plethora of the yellow stars the Egyptians made like starfish.

The restored apricot-colored columns outside look unhappily suburban when you are near them. The white columns with their architraves are more pleasant to the eyes. The niches full of bright hues, the arched chapels, the small, white steps leading upward to shallow sanctuaries, the small black foxes facing each other on little yellow pedestals—attract one like the details and amusing ornaments of a clever woman's boudoir. Through this most characteristic temple one roves in a gaily attentive mood, feeling all the time Hatshepsu's fascination.

You may see her, if you will, a little lady on the wall, with a face decidedly sensual—a long, straight nose, thick lips, an expression rather determined than agreeable. Her mother looks as Semetic as a Jew money-lender in Brick Lane, London. Her husband, Thothmes II, has a weak and poor-spirited countenance. Decidedly an accomplished performer on the second violin. The mother wears on her head a snake, no doubt a cobra-di-capello, the symbol of her sovereignty. Thothmes is clad in a loincloth. And a god, with a sleepy expression and a very fishlike head, appears in this group of personages to offer the key of life. Another painting of the queen shows her on her knees drinking milk from the sacred cow, with an intent and greedy figure, and an extraordinarily sensual and expressive face. That she was well guarded is surely proved by a brave display of her soldiers—red men on a white wall. Full of life and gaiety, all in a row they come, holding weapons, and, apparently, branches, and advancing with a gait of triumph that tells of "spacious days." And at their head is an officer, who looks back, much like a modern drill sergeant, to see how his men are marching.

In the southern shrine of the temple, cut in the rock as is the northern shrine, once more I found traces of the "Lady of the Under-world." For this shrine was dedicated to Hathor, though the whole temple was sacred to the Theban god Amun. Upon a column were the remains of the goddess's face, with a broad brow and long, large eyes. Some fanatic had hacked away the mouth.

The tomb of Hatshepsu was found by Mr. Theodore M. Davis, and the famous *Vache* of Deir-el-Bahari by Monsieur

Naville as lately as 1905. It stands in the museum at Cairo, but forever it will be connected in the minds of men with the tiger-colored precipices and the colonnades of Thebes. Behind the ruins of the temple of Mentu-Hotep III, in a chapel of painted rock, the Vache-Hathor was found.

It is not easy to convey by any description the impression this marvelous statue makes. Many of us love our dogs, our horses, some of us adore our cats; but which of us can think, without a smile, of worshiping a cow? Yet the cow was the Egyptian Aphrodite's sacred animal. Under the form of a cow she was often represented. And in this statue she is presented to us as a limestone cow. And positively this cow is to be worshiped.

She is shown in the act apparently of stepping gravely forward out of a small arched shrine, the walls of which are decorated with brilliant paintings. Her color is red and yellowish red, and is covered with blotches of very dark green, which look almost black. Only one or two are of a bluish color. Her height is moderate. I stand about five foot nine, and I found that on her pedestal the line of her back was about level with my chest. The lower part of the body, much of which is concealed by the under block of limestone, is white, tinged with yellow. The tail is red. Above the head, open and closed lotus flowers form a head-dress, with the lunar disk and two feathers. And the long lotus stalks flow down on each side of the neck toward the ground. At the back of this head-dress are a scarab and a cartouche. The goddess is advancing solemnly and gently. A wonderful calm, a matchless, serene dignity enfold her.

In the body of this cow one is able, indeed one is almost obliged, to feel the soul of a goddess. The incredible is accomplished. The dead Egyptian makes the ironic, the skeptical modern world feel deity in a limestone cow. How is it done? I know not; but it is done. Genius can do nearly anything, it seems. Under the chin of the cow there is a standing statue of the King Mentu-Hotep, and beneath her the king kneels as a boy. Wonderfully expressive and solemnly refined is the cow's face, which is of a dark color, like the color of almost black earth—earth fertilized by the Nile. Dignified, dominating, almost but just not stern, strongly intelligent, and, through its beautiful intelligence, entirely sympathetic ("to understand all, is to pardon all"), this face, once thoroughly seen, completely noticed, can never be forgotten. This is one of the most beautiful statues in the world.

When I was at Deir-el-Bahari I thought of it and wished that it still stood there near the Colonnades of Thebes under the tiger-colored precipices. And then I thought of Hatshepsu. Surely she could not brook a rival to-day near the temple which she made—a rival long lost and long forgotten. Is not her influence still there upon the terraced platforms, among the apricot and the white columns, near the paintings of the land of Punt? Did it not whisper to the antiquaries, even to the soldiers from Cairo, who guarded the Vache-Hathor in the night, to make haste to take her away far from the hills of Thebes, and from the Nile's long southern reaches, that the great queen might once more reign alone? They obeyed. Hatshepsu was appeased. And, like a delicate woman, perfumed and arranged, clothed in a creation of white and blue and orange, standing ever so knowingly against a background of orange and pink, of red and brown-red, she rules at Deir-el-Bahari.

On the way to the tombs of the kings I went to the temple of Kurna, that lonely cenotaph, with its sand-colored, massive façade, its heaps of fallen stone, its wide and ruined doorway, its thick, almost rough, columns recalling Medinet-Abu. There is not very much to see, but from there one has a fine view of other temples—of the Ramesseum, looking superb, like a grand skeleton; of Medinet-Abu, distant, very pale gold in the morning sunlight; of little Deir-al-Medinet, that pretty child of the Ptolemies, with the heads of the seven Hathors. And from Kurna the Colossi are exceptionally grand and exceptionally personal, so personal that one imagines one sees the expressions of the faces that they no longer possess.

Even if you do not go into the tombs, —but you will go,—you must ride to the tombs of the kings; and you must, if you care for the finesse of impressions, ride

on a blazing day and toward the hour of noon. Then the ravine is itself, like the great act that determines a temperament. It is the narrow home of fire, hemmed in by brilliant colors, nearly all—perhaps quite all—of which could be found in a glowing furnace. Every shade of yellow is there—lemon yellow, sulphur yellow, the yellow of amber, the yellow of orange with its tendency toward red, the yellow of gold, sand color, sun color. Cannot all these yellows be found in a fire? And there are reds—pink of the carnation, pink of the coral, red of the little rose that grows in certain places of sands, red of the bright flame's heart. And all these colors mingle in complete sterility. And all are fused into a fierce brotherhood by the sun. And, like a flood, they seem flowing to the red and the yellow mountains, like a flood that is flowing to its sea. You are taken by them toward the mountains, on and on, till the world is closing in, and you know the way must come to an end. And it comes to an end—in a tomb.

You go to a door in the rock, and a guardian lets you in, and wants to follow you in. Prevent him if you can. Pay him. Go in alone. For this is the tomb of Amenhotep II; and he himself is here, far down, at rest under the mountain, this king who lived and reigned more than fourteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. The ravine-valley leads to him, and you should go to him alone. He lies in the heart of the living rock, in the dull heat of the earth's bowels, which is like no other heat. You descend by stairs and corridors, you pass over a well by a bridge, you pass through a naked chamber; and the king is not there. And you go on down another staircase, and along another corridor, and you come into a pillared chamber, with paintings on its walls, and on its pillars, paintings of the king in the presence of the gods of the under-world, under stars in a soft blue sky. And below you, shut in on the farther side by the solid mountain in whose breast you have all this time been walking, there is a crypt. And you turn away from the bright paintings, and down there you see the king.

Many years ago in London I went to the private view of the Royal Academy at Burlington House. I went in the afternoon, when the galleries were crowded with politicians and artists, with dealers, gossips, quid nuncs, and *flâneurs;* with authors, fashionable lawyers, and doctors; with men and women of the world; with young dandies and actresses *en vogue*. A roar of voices went up to the roof. Every one was talking, smiling, laughing, commenting, and criticizing. It was a little picture of the very worldly world that loves the things of to-day and the chime of the passing hours. And suddenly some people near me were silent, and some turned their heads to stare with a strangely fixed attention. And I saw coming toward me an emaciated figure, rather bent, much drawn together, walking slowly on legs like sticks. It was clad in black, with a gleam of color. Above it was a face so intensely thin that it was like the face of death. And in this face shone two eyes that seemed full of —the other world. And, like a breath from the other world passing, this man went by me and was hidden from me by the throng. It was Cardinal Manning in the last days of his life.

The face of this king is like his, but it has an even deeper pathos as it looks upward to the rock. And the king's silence bids you be silent, and his immobility bids you be still. And his sad, and unutterable resignation sifts awe, as by the desert wind the sand is sifted into the temples, into the temple of your heart. And you feel the touch of time, but the touch of eternity, too. And as, in that rock-hewn sanctuary, you whisper "Pax vobiscum," you say it for all the world.

MULLIGAN AND CASPAR

BY FREDERICK WALWORTH BROWN

WITH PICTURES BY JOHN SLOAN

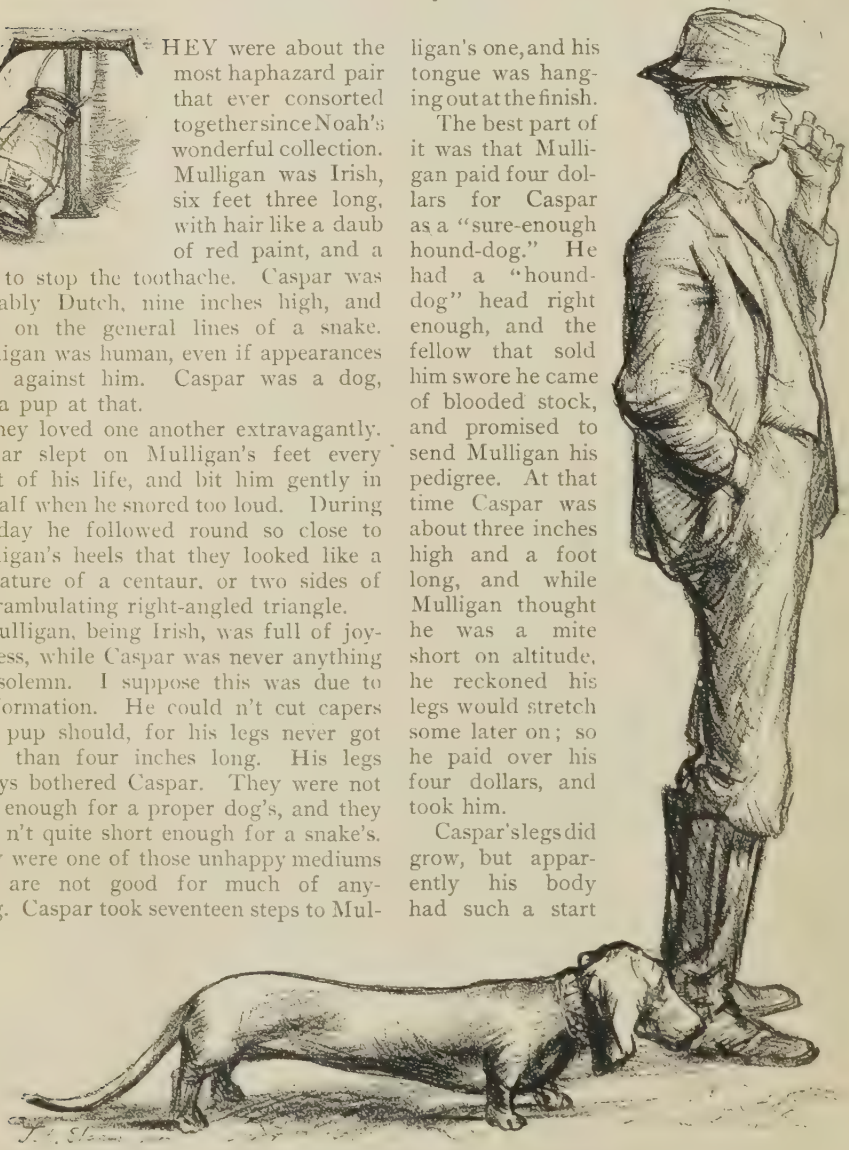
THEY were about the most haphazard pair that ever consorted together since Noah's wonderful collection. Mulligan was Irish, six feet three long, with hair like a daub of red paint, and a face to stop the toothache. Caspar was probably Dutch, nine inches high, and built on the general lines of a snake. Mulligan was human, even if appearances were against him. Caspar was a dog, and a pup at that.

They loved one another extravagantly. Caspar slept on Mulligan's feet every night of his life, and bit him gently in the calf when he snored too loud. During the day he followed round so close to Mulligan's heels that they looked like a caricature of a centaur, or two sides of a perambulating right-angled triangle.

Mulligan, being Irish, was full of joyousness, while Caspar was never anything but solemn. I suppose this was due to his formation. He could n't cut capers as a pup should, for his legs never got more than four inches long. His legs always bothered Caspar. They were not long enough for a proper dog's, and they were n't quite short enough for a snake's. They were one of those unhappy mediums that are not good for much of anything. Caspar took seventeen steps to Mulligan's one, and his tongue was hanging out at the finish.

The best part of it was that Mulligan paid four dollars for Caspar as a "sure-enough hound-dog." He had a "hound-dog" head right enough, and the fellow that sold him swore he came of blooded stock, and promised to send Mulligan his pedigree. At that time Caspar was about three inches high and a foot long, and while Mulligan thought he was a mite short on altitude, he reckoned his legs would stretch some later on; so he paid over his four dollars, and took him.

Caspar's legs did grow, but apparently his body had such a start



"THEY LOOKED LIKE . . . TWO SIDES OF A PERAMBULATING RIGHT-ANGLED TRIANGLE"

of them that they became discouraged, and did not put as much spirit into their growing as they might. At any rate, his body kept right on adding cubits to its stature till in the end it had made Caspar a most astonishing object.

Mulligan, however, never would admit he was a fraud. He always stoutly maintained that Caspar was a hound, but that somebody had fed him whisky when he was young, and that it went to his legs and stunted them.

"Sometimes whisky 'll go to a man's head," he would say, "an' sometimes to his legs; an' it 's glad I am it did n't go to Caspar's head. 'T is him is no fool."

Mulligan's job was that of foreman of a section gang composed of a swarthy crew of padrone slaves from Naples. It was Mulligan's pride that if his was not the best-kept section in the division, at least there was none better, and to maintain this vaunt he drove his cohort of the sons of mighty Rome, as Cæsar in forced marches drove the conquering legions of their fathers through the plains of transalpine Gaul.

His cohort swore by Mulligan as the legions swore by Cæsar, and for much the same reason. Cæsar's conquests meant booty, and Mulligan's meant money for his slaves that did not necessarily go to the padrone. The division superintendent bestowed a quarterly bonus for the best-kept section in his division, and for three consecutive quarters Mulligan's gang had taken down the prize. The money being paid to Mulligan for distribution, the padrone never got his fingers on it, and the Neapolitans sang lauds to Mulligan.

Mulligan's own share he lavished on embellishments for Caspar. The first quarter's prize secured a handsome collar, the second a silver name-plate, and the third a gorgeous red blanket under which Caspar reposed with comfort on chilly nights.

The fourth quarter was now approaching its end, and Mulligan had been driving his gang mercilessly in the effort to secure the prize again. Shafer, who had Section Number 10, the next to the south, was openly making a bid for it, and Shafer had an advantage, owing to fewer embankments and cuts. But, on the other hand, Mulligan's section was in better shape to start with, and with the prestige of three previous successes, the gang worked willingly and hard.

The sides of cuts and embankments were graded to a painful regularity, the grass was cut along the right of way, the cinder roadbed had been raked and leveled with mathematical precision, and everything was in readiness for the tour of inspection. When they knocked off work that night, Mulligan cast an anxious eye toward the west.

"I 'm a bit fearful we 'll be havin' rain, Caspar," he said. "That 'll be bad for us, but, glory be! 't will be the same for Shafer."

Caspar barked once in solemn reply. Caspar's voice was one of his distinguishing features, and one of the strongest points of evidence in favor of his hound-dog ancestry. It was deep, melodious, and resonant, and, best of all, he used it sparingly. Much of it at one time would have been like the "Hallelujah Chorus" or a siren fog-horn, magnificent, no doubt, but fatiguing. But Caspar, with a wisdom surprising in one of his years, spoke rarely unless spoken to, and then with a brevity which enhanced the value of his remarks.

As Mulligan left his boarding house after supper, he took another look toward the west.

" 'T is rain we 'll be gettin' sure, Caspar," he announced.

"*Ra-a-a-w-r!*" said Caspar.

"An' if she comes like she looks to be comin', she 'll wash out the gravel cut on the south end to beat the divil, an' me sweatin' over them dagoes the best part of a week for to level it. But Shafer 'll get it, too."

"*Ra-a-a-w-r!*" agreed Caspar.

They proceeded to the tool-house, where Mulligan, being a bachelor, preferred to bunk. The sun set behind a mass of spreading black cloud in which lightning played in tongues of fire. Mulligan smoked his pipe before the shanty and watched the approaching storm, with Caspar sitting silent at his feet.

For half an hour the cloud seemed to make little progress, and Mulligan had even begun to hope that it might roll around to the south and light on Shafer while it passed him by, when with the effect of startling suddenness the bank of cloud swept to the zenith and the thunder

took on a crashing reverberation in place of the muttered rumblings.

Mulligan retreated within, and lighting his lantern, pulled a dog-eared novel from his pocket, and settled himself for a storm-bound evening. Mulligan's one indulgence was in strong literature. Romance had passed him by in the actual affairs of life, and with an instinctive craving he sought to remedy her slight by dipping deep in the loves of others.

The narrative in his hand was a most absorbing production. The noble lord and the beautiful scullion, the bloody-minded villain with treachery in his eye and a forged letter in his pocket—they were all there. The plot was as thick as cylinder oil and of the same greenish-yellow complexion.

Outside the thunder crashed in steady volleys of artillery, the lightning beggared the yellow flame of the lantern at every instant, and above on the roof the rain roared like a menagerie at meal-time; but what did Mulligan care? The villain had the beautiful scullion by the throat, his blood-shot eyes peered into hers, and the noble lord was still two pages from the scene!

Mulligan, with one work-coarsened finger pushing frantically along to aid his sight, was jumping the big words from sheer excitement, hardly breathing in his apprehension lest the noble lord should be too late, when Caspar put up his nose and spoke against the crashing thunder and the roaring rain.

Nothing but Caspar could have halted Mulligan in his mad pursuit of romance; but he always heeded Caspar. He tore himself from the narrative, the useful finger marking the place at the words, "'Infamous wretch!' she hissed," and looked inquiringly at Caspar, who was hugging the shanty door.

"What 's wrong wid ye, Caspar?" demanded Mulligan.

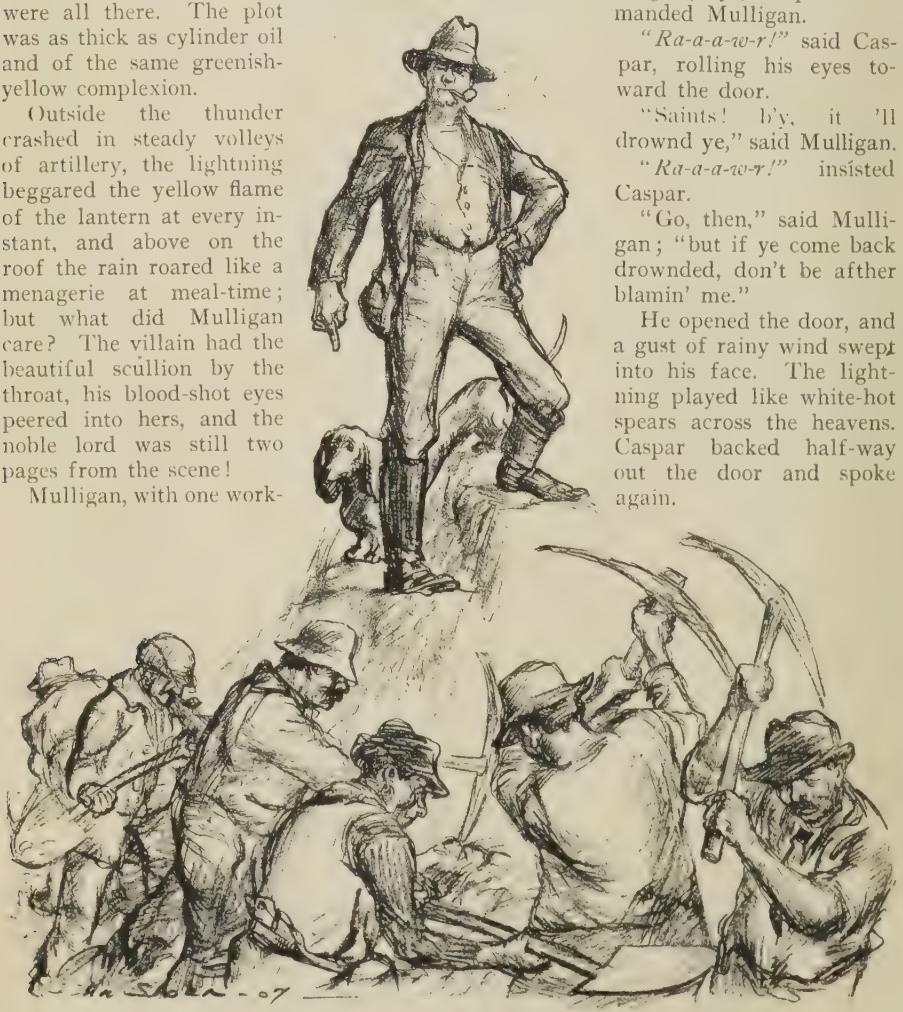
"*Ra-a-a-w-r!*" said Caspar, rolling his eyes toward the door.

"Saints! b'y, it 'll drownd ye," said Mulligan.

"*Ra-a-a-w-r!*" insisted Caspar.

"Go, then," said Mulligan; "but if ye come back drownded, don't be afther blamin' me."

He opened the door, and a gust of rainy wind swept into his face. The lightning played like white-hot spears across the heavens. Caspar backed half-way out the door and spoke again.



"HE DROVE HIS COHORT OF THE SONS OF MIGHTY ROME"

"For the love o' Mary, don't stand there in the dure!" cried Mulligan. "Come in or go out, one. Ye 're wantin' me wid ye? Saints! b'y, 't is no night to go bedanderin' over the counthry. Come in an' set quiet."

"*Ra-a-a-w-r!*" said Caspar in his best bass and backed some inches farther out. There was still the best part of a foot of him inside.

"Sure ye 've somethin' on yer mind. Belike I 'd best go wid yez," commented Mulligan.

He deposited the novel face downward, where he could resume the enthralment instantly upon his return, pulled a suit of oilskins over his clothes, knocked out his pipe, and plunged out after the overjoyed, if undemonstrative, Caspar. Through the lightning-riven darkness the right-angled triangle proceeded backward, so to speak, Caspar for once leading the way.

He was plainly in a hurry, and although anything in the way of speed was denied him by the very lines of his construction, it was yet clear enough to Mulligan that he was hastening at his very best pace. He led the way to the cut, plunged down the hand-car runway to the roadbed, and turned south between the rails. Mulligan followed, wondering.

On the ties Caspar made better progress. He seemed in a manner built for a track-walker. With his hind feet resting on one sleeper his fore feet fell naturally on the second in front, and he thus proceeded easily and comfortably, as though walking a plank-road.

A quarter of a mile south of the toolhouse the railway, still in a deep cut, swung a curve to the left. As they approached this curve, Mulligan, between the explosions of the thunder, heard sounds which caused him to quicken his pace beyond the possibilities of Caspar, and the dog was presently left behind as his master rushed forward.

Around the curve the lightning disclosed a busy scene. On the rails stood a hand-car, and above it on the side of the cut appeared a gang of laboring men. Picks and shovels were working diligently to help the forces of nature in the business of ruining Mulligan's carefully leveled banks of gravel. Between the rails stood a burly figure, whom Mulligan recognized at once as Shafer.

Mulligan was in full career to descend upon his perfidious competitor and abolish him from off the face of the earth when Shafer, satisfied with his accomplishment at that particular point, suddenly called off his men. As the seven Neapolitans, armed with picks and shovels, descended the bank, Mulligan discerned that the obliteration of Shafer must be postponed, and accordingly pulled up, though fairly frothing with rage. The odds of one against eight were too many, and discretion curbed his valor.

Shafer transferred his gang some fifty yards farther south, and began operations at a fresh point. The hand-car was carelessly left behind, and Mulligan saw the opening for the beginnings of revenge. With caution he approached it, using the intervals of darkness to rush forward, and crouching during the long flashes of the lightning. He reached it undetected, and halted for a glance down the track.

Shafer stood between the rails intent upon the business of earning the quarterly bonus by fair means or foul, and the degenerate sons of Italy were already at work high up the bank. Mulligan boarded the car. Caspar arrived panting, and Mulligan pulled him up by the slack of his neck. Then throwing off the brakes, he grasped the crank-bar, and the car moved away north.

With a clank and a rattle the car gathered way, Mulligan pumping the lever vigorously.

"Speak to them, Caspar!" he said. "The dirty marauders. Let them know we 're on to them. Speak, b'y!"

"*Ra-a-a-w-r!*" said Caspar to whom a ride on a hand-car was ever a vast amusement.

A yell behind announced discovery, and Mulligan grinned as he labored on the lever. Pursuit was hopeless, as well he knew. They surged around the curve, already going at an excellent one-man pace. Caspar squatted close, and from time to time announced his delight in his hound-dog voice. They passed the toolhouse at ten miles an hour, and continued half a mile beyond to the trestle over Deep Creek.

At the edge Mulligan stopped the car long enough to land Caspar, then pro-

ceeded slowly to the center of the narrow span. Beneath, the creek roared in a torrent swollen by the burst of rain. The bridge had no guard-rails, and alighting, Mulligan upturned one side of the car till it toppled over the edge and plunged down into the creek.

"And that 'll make trouble for me

"THE CAR MOVED AWAY NORTH"

friend Shafer," said he as the splash came up to him.

He returned to Caspar, and, enjoining him to silence, started back toward the tool-house. A moment later he discerned the vanguard of the pursuers coming on the run, and took to the underbrush beyond the right of way till they had toiled past, the burly Shafer puffing in the rear.

"Come on now, b'y," said Mulligan, and started on at a run. Caspar toiled after, losing ground at every step. Past the tool-house and around the curve went Mulligan still at a run, and presently arrived at Shafer's latest point of operations.

Seven picks and seven shovels lay there unguarded, just as their wielders had dropped them at the call to pursue their flying means of transportation. Mulligan gathered them in a sheaf, clasped them to his bosom as gladly as Winkelried gathered in the spears, and hastened back to the shanty, encountering the weary Caspar on the way.

Locking the door, Mulligan lighted the lantern, deposited the confiscated implements in a corner of the tool-house under a concealing pile of such junk as accumulates in such places, and stripping off his oilskins, turned in for the night. The lightning had passed on in the forefront

of the storm, but the rain continued in a steady, drenching downpour; and as Mulligan listened to its pounding on his roof, he thought with satisfaction of Shafer and his cohort returning wearily afoot through rain and darkness to Section Number 10.

Bright and early next morning Mulligan and Caspar got to work with the Neapolitans to repair the ravages of the storm. The laborers found it hard to believe that one short thunderstorm could effect such damage. For rods the high bank on one side of the track had been torn into deep gullies and the debris deposited in the ditch below. Here and there appeared the waterworn tracks of hobnailed shoes, but the effete sons of Italy could not read the signs.

"Buta, Meester Mulligan, why is she deestroy only ona one side?" cried one of them, and pointed to the opposite embankment, which by contrast appeared to have escaped unscathed.

"Niver mind," replied Mulligan. "Git busy wid yer shovels now. Mebbe 't was the way the wind blowed."

He was driving them with explicit directions that were accomplishing marvels of rapid restoration when a north-bound freight pulled through, and slowed to allow Shafer and two of his cohorts to alight. Shafer appeared worried as he approached.

"Say, Mulligan," he began, "have you seen anything o' my hand-car?"

"Hand-car!" said Mulligan. "Ye ain't lost yer hand-car!"

"Yes, I have," said Shafer.

"Lost yer *hand-car!*" said Mulligan. "W'y, man, a hand-car ain't no breast-pin. How c'u'd ye lose her?"

"Somebody stole it, o' course," said Shafer.

"But don't ye lock yer tool-house at night?"

"Sure; but somebody busted the lock," lied Shafer. "I think they come this way with it."

"An' what makes ye think they come this way wid it?" asked Mulligan, with interest. "Go on wid yer worruk, ye domn dagoes!" he shouted to his minions, who had paused to listen. "This here is between Mr. Shafer an' me."

"W'y, if they 'd went south," said Shafer, "Forbes would 'a' heard 'em pass the tower at the junction, an' reported 'em."

"Did ye ask Forbes if he heard 'em?"

"No; but he 'd 'a' reported 'em if they 'd went that way. You ain't seen it, eh?"

"I 've not seen yer car on my section this mornin', Mr. Shafer," answered Mulligan; "but I 've not been to the north end. I 've worruk enough here. The rain raised the divil wid this cut, as ye see."

He looked Shafer squarely in the face as he spoke, and the boss of Number 10 shifted uneasily. "An' the strange thing of it is, the damage is all on the wan side," went on Mulligan. "It must 'a' rained murtherous on this side an' next to none over there. How 'd it serve you?"

"Oh, I got a couple o' bad pieces," said Shafer. "But if I had my car an' my tools, I could mend 'em in a hurry."

"Tools!" said Mulligan. "Ye ain't lost yer tools, too?"

"Every shovel an' pick in the shanty," returned Shafer, bitterly. "An' here the old man 'll be down in a day or two fer inspection, an' I got nothin' to work with."

"Sure now that 's tough," agreed Mulligan. "If I had n't this bit of a washout to mend, I c'u'd lend ye some; but I 'm usin' all mine, as ye see. Go on wid yer worruk, ye dark-complected Eyetalians! W'u'd ye lay down to rest ivery time I turrn me back to speak wid a friend? Git busy, I tell ye!"

"I 'm up against it, I guess," said Shafer. "Think they 'll make me pay for the car an' the tools?"

"When yer house was broke into an' them stole!" cried Mulligan. "No, I don't see how they can make ye pay in them circumstances. Now, if ye 'd been out wid the car an' the tools, takin' them, say, some place ye had no business fer to be, an' lost 'em, same as ye might lose a ring off yer finger, then belike they 'd hold ye raysponsible."

Shafer glanced at him critically, with suspicion burning in his eyes, but Mulligan's face was guileless.

"Well," said Shafer, "I guess I 'll take a look further on. Mebbe they 've left her up the road a piece."

"Good luck to yez!" returned Mulligan. "It 's that sorry I am I can't l'ave

ye the use o' my tools; but ye see how I 'm fixed."

At that moment Caspar, who had been reposing in the sun-warmed grass on the top of the bank, rose, and looked down upon them. After a scrutinizing observation of Shafer, he lifted up his voice.

"*Ra-a-a-w-r!*" said Caspar, without warning, and Shafer halted and wheeled toward the sound. He seemed to recognize an acquaintance in that voice. From his eager manner one might have thought Caspar had been his dog and that Mulligan had stolen him.

"Whose dog is that?" he demanded.

"Mine," said Mulligan, proudly. "Come along down here, Caspar," he called, and Caspar glided over the edge of the bank, slid to the bottom like a legless reptile, and, approaching, assumed his proper position as the base of the right-angled triangle.

"*Ra-a-a-w-r!*" he said again, with a sidelong look at Shafer.

Mulligan regarded him with the blind pride of a parent. "'T is a grand voice he 's got, eh, Shafer?" he said. "Once ye 've heard it, ye 'll niver fergit it."

"MULLIGAN GATHERED THEM IN A SHEAF"

Suspicion had grown perilously near to certainty in Shafer's eyes. He looked quickly from Caspar to Mulligan and back again at Caspar.

"Never heard a voice like it," he said absent-mindedly, and moved off.

"Never did, eh?" said Mulligan, dryly. "Well, good luck to yez!"

Shafer departed with his two Italians on the doubtful trail of a strayed hand-car, and Mulligan with a chuckle returned to his gang. By working hard all

day and cleaning up odds and ends at breakneck speed next morning, they succeeded in putting the section in top shape once more before the superintendent's car came through that afternoon. As the special moved slowly into the section, Shafer dropped off, and Mulligan seized the hand-rail of the back platform and swung aboard.

Here stood the "old man," impassively whittling a pine stick in long, smooth shavings, and, as Mulligan well knew, taking note of every cinder and every pebble within the limits of the right of way. Slowly the train pulled through Mulligan's three miles. The "old man" said never a word, but his shrewd little eyes took on a look of satisfaction as the level banks of the cut came into view. They rumbled over Deep Creek trestle and out of its diminishing waters Mulligan saw projecting what appeared to be the lever of a hand-car.

At the end of the section Mulligan prepared to swing off, when the "old man" turned to him for the first time.

"You win, Terence," he said. "There is n't a better-looking piece of road than that in the United States."

"Thank ye, sor," said Mulligan, and dropped off.

Next day Shafer turned up again.

"Say, Mulligan," he began at once, "if you know anything of my car an' tools, tell me. I 'm like to be fired fer losin' 'em."

"Well," said Mulligan, slowly, "I 've some tools in the shanty I dunno the owner of. If ye can prove they 're yours, ye can have them. An' there 's the hand-bar of a car stickin' out o' Deep Creek, an' fer aught I know there may be a whole car under it. Ye can have that, too, but ye 'll need the wreck crew to git it."

"Then ye lied to me," snapped Shafer.

"No, I did n't lie to ye," said Mulligan, taking a step nearer; "but, Shafer, next time ye 're afther comin' over to my section wid yer domn Eyetalians an' yer hand-car an' yer tools, wid the malicious intent fer to tear down me embankments, lemme advise ye as a friend to stay home. That way ye 'll keep out o' trouble."

"Ra-a-a-w-r!" agreed Caspar in his deepest bass.

PROTEUS

BY E. R.

IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM SHARP ("FIONA McLEOD")

THE house upon the chalk-cliff hears the sea
That chides and babbles there, and every word
A wave, repeating still the tune he heard;
The thrush upon the balsam, from the tree
Gives earth's reply; and warm and fragrantly
The early wall-flower breathes across the sward
Articulate perfume, in a rich accord
Embodying for us Proteus' memory.
Is he a part with wind and morning light?
His ashes lie far south in Sicily,
Not far from Etna; but the flame they spent
It is a spirit, one with day and night,
Changed with the changes of the earth and sea,
And wrapt about with fire's old element.

HOW CARTY CARTERET PROPOSED

BY DAVID GRAY

Author of "Gallops," etc.

BARCLAY slowly guided his horse through the mounted throng to the spot where Mr. Carteret Carteret was sitting on a brown thoroughbred watching the hounds as they came straggling out of the spinney. They had drawn blank. The fox was not at home. When Barclay reached his friend he pulled up, as if chance had brought him there, and said nothing. After a few moments he began, as if an idea had just come to him:

"It has occurred to me, Carty," he said, "that if we brought American horses to England, we could make a lot of money."

"That idea has occurred to. others," replied Carty, without turning his head. He was absorbed in the enjoyable discovery that the scene before him was like a hunting-print. The browns of the wood and bracken, the winter green of the hill pastures, the scarlet coats, the gray sky of the English winter, were all happily true to art. "As I say," he went on, "the idea has occurred to others, but I have never heard that any one made money."

"That is because they have n't sent over good horses," said Barclay. "Suppose we brought over only such thoroughbred horses as we raise on the Wyoming ranch."

"I don't think it would make any difference," said Carty. "There is a prejudice against American horses."

"Exactly," said Barclay; "and the way to meet it would be to have them ridden and handled by a well-known Englishman. In fact, I have the man in mind."

"Who?" asked Carty.

"Young Granvil," was the answer.

Why Barclay should be interested in making money out of a horse business or in any other way had perplexed Carty, for it was not according to his habits of mind. Now it became clear to him, and he suppressed a cynical smile. "I don't suppose Lady Withers has discussed this matter with you," he observed.

"In a general way, yes," replied Barclay; "but it was my suggestion."

"Of course," said Carty.

Barclay paused awkwardly for a moment, then he said: "Why should n't I talk it over with Lady Withers? She is a very intelligent woman, and a good judge of a horse?"

"An excellent judge of almost everything," said his friend, "and especially of young men. My son," he continued (Barclay was five years his junior), "it is commendable of Lady Withers to provide for the Hon. Cecil James Montague Granvil. He is her nephew and flat broke, and he needs people to look after him because he is almost less than half-witted. But that is no reason why you should be the person to look after him."

"You are unjust to Cecil," said Barclay, "and most unkind in your insinuations as to Lady Withers. This was my own idea entirely, and I think it would be profitable for both of us. You know you are always complaining because I don't take more interest in the ranches."

"If I have been unkind to Lady Withers," said Carty, "I am going to be much more so."

Barclay looked challengingly. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Lady Withers," said Carty, "is a widow, aged forty-four,—you can verify

that in Burke,—a man-eater by temperament and habit. You are twelve years younger than she, with a great deal more money than is good for you. Whether she intends to marry you I don't pretend to know, but it is not unlikely. At any rate, you are unquestionably on the list as a source of income."

Somewhat to Mr. Carteret's surprise, Barclay listened calmly.

"Do you really think Lady Withers considers me eligible?" he asked.

"She does, if she has any true conception of your income."

Barclay smiled a pleased smile. "I shall not stop to discuss Lady Withers's age," he said. "Have you any objections to her aside from that?"

Carty looked at him with outward calm, but inwardly he was filled with horror. "Are you engaged to her?" he asked.

"I am not," said Barclay.

"Then I shall tell you," he went on, "that I have objections. Their nature I have no time to disclose at present further than to say that any woman who puts a nice girl like her niece upon the horse she is riding to-day is a bad lot."

Barclay's expression changed. "What is the matter with the horse?" he demanded.

"I 'm not sure that I know *all* that is the matter with him," said Carty, "but I would n't ride him over a fence for the Bank of England."

"Do you know that, or are you just talking?" said Barclay.

"I ought to know," said the other. "I owned him. After what he did to me, I ought to have shot him. We 'd better jog along," he added, "or we shall get pocketed and never get through the gate."

The huntsman had called his hounds and was carrying them to the next cover, and Carty set his horse to a trot and struggled for a place in the vast scarlet-coated throng that surged toward the gate leading out of the meadow. At the same time Barclay disappeared.

"I hope he tells Lady Withers about the horse," said Carteret to himself. "If she does n't keep her hands off him, I shall tell her several things myself."

Just at that moment the eddying currents of the human maelstrom brought him alongside a slender little figure in a weather-beaten habit and a bowler hat jammed down to her ears over a mass of golden hair. Although the knot of hair was twisted cruelly tight, and although the hat did its best to cover it, even a man's eye could see that it was profuse and wonderful. A glance at the horse, and he knew that he was beside Lady Mary Granvil, Lady Withers's niece. "Good afternoon," he said and she turned toward him. It was a sad rather than a pretty face, but one's attention never rested long upon it, for a pair of gray eyes shone from under the brows, and after the first glance one looked at the eyes.

"Good afternoon," he said again. The eyes rather disconcerted him. "Do you happen to know anything about that horse you 're riding?"

"It 's one that my aunt bought quite recently," said the girl. "She and Cecil wished me to try it."

"I hope you won't think me rude," said Carteret, "but I once owned him, and I think you 'll find this horse of mine a much pleasanter beast to ride. I 'll have the saddles changed."

Lady Mary looked at him, and a light flashed in her gray eyes. "You are very good," she said, "but this is my aunt's horse, and my brother told me to ride it." She forged ahead, and disappeared in the currents of the crowd.

"I did that very badly," he said to himself, and fell into the line and waited for his turn at the gate.

He and Barclay, Lady Withers, and many other people were stopping the week-end at Mrs. Ascot-Smith's, who had Chilliecote Abbey, and when he got home that afternoon he went at once to the great library, where the ceremony of tea was celebrated. The daylight was fading from the mullioned windows as it had faded on winter afternoons for three hundred years. Candles burned on the vacant card-tables, while the occupants of the room gathered in the glow of the great Elizabethan fireplace and conversed and ate. As he approached the circle, Lady Withers turned and saw him.

"Did you have another run after we left?" she asked.

"Yes," said Carty; "rather a good one."

"I am so glad," she said.

She looked at him, and her eyes beamed. There was a display of red lips and white teeth, and a sort of general facial radiation. It was an effort usually fatal to guardsmen, but it affected Mr. Carteret like the turning on of an electric heater, and he backed away as if he felt the room were warm enough.

"Tell me," she went on in her soft, delightfully modulated voice, "are n't you interested with Mr. Barclay in some farms?"

"We own two ranches together," said Carty.

"Yes, that was it," said Lady Withers; "and you raise horses on them."

Carty knew what was coming. "Yes; ranch horses," he said dryly.

"And such good ones, as Mr. Barclay was telling me," said Lady Withers. "He made me quite enthusiastic with his account of it all, and he is so anxious to have dear Cecil manage them in England; but before Cecil decides one way or the other I want your advice."

Carty looked at her and stroked his mustache. His opportunity to save Barclay had come.

"My advice would be worth very little," he said; "but I can give you all the facts, and of course Barclay—well, he can't."

A shade of apprehension crossed Lady Withers's face. "And why not?" she demanded.

"I should rather not go into that," said Carty. "Of course the great objection to the scheme is that it would be unprofitable for Mr. Granvil, because no one would buy our horses."

"But would n't they," said Lady Withers, "if they were good ones?"

"Major Hammerslea can answer that question better than I," said Carty. He looked toward that great man and smiled. The major was the author of "The British Hunter, and How to Ride Him," and Carty knew his views.

"No one," said the major, impressively, "would buy an American horse if he desired to make or possess a really good hunter."

"But why advertise that they were American?" observed Lady Withers, blandly.

"How could you hide it?" said the major.

"Exactly," said Carty.

"Furthermore," observed the major, his interest in the controversy growing, "the output of a single breeding institution would scarcely make it worth Cecil's while to manage an agency for their distribution."

"I think you don't understand," said Lady Withers, "that Mr. Carteret has a large place."

"My friend the Duke of Westchester," began the major, "has in his breeding farm eight thousand acres—"

"But I 've no doubt that Mr. Carteret's is very nearly as large," interrupted Lady Withers.

"I don't think size has anything to do with it," said Carty, uneasily. "The fact is, we don't raise the kind of horse that English dealers would buy."

"I think size has much to do with it," replied the major.

"I wish," said Lady Withers, "that you would tell Major Hammerslea exactly how large your farms are."

"I don't know exactly," said Carty. "There is something over a million acres in the Texas piece, and something under six hundred thousand in Wyoming."

"I thought so," said Lady Withers, calmly, and the major walked over to the table and took a cigar. "Looking at it from all points of view," she continued, after a pause, "it would be just the thing for Cecil. He is intelligent with regard to horses."

"But I don't wish to go to Texas," said the Hon. Cecil, who had joined the group. "They say the shootin' 's most uncommon moderate."

"It is n't necessary *yet* for you to go to Texas," said Lady Withers, coldly. "Mr. Carteret and I are arranging to employ your talents in England."

"Of course another objection," said Carty, "is that Granvil is too good a man to waste on such an occupation. The horse business is very confining. It 's an awful bore to be tied down."

"You are absolutely right about that," said the Hon. Cecil, with a burst of frankness. "You don't know what a relief it is to be out of the Guards. Awfully confining life, the Guards."

"I think," said Lady Withers, apparently oblivious to the views of her nephew, "that Mr. Barclay takes rather

the more businesslike view of these matters. It is he, I fancy, who looks after the affairs of your estates; and I should judge," she continued, "that, after all, his advice to a young man like Cecil with a very moderate income would be wiser. I believe very much in an occupation for young men."

Carty saw that his time had come. He looked at Lady Withers and smiled sadly. "Of course I 'm very fond of old Barclay," he said in a lower tone, "and of course he is awfully plausible—" Then he stopped, apparently because Major Hammerslea was returning with his cigar.

"What do you mean?" asked Lady Withers.

Carty made no direct reply, but moved toward the piano, and Lady Withers followed. "It is best to speak plainly," he said, "because, after all, business is business, as we say."

"Exactly," said Lady Withers. Her teeth had ceased to gleam. The radiance had left her face, though not the bloom upon it. Her large, beaming eyes had contracted. She looked twenty years older.

"The fact is," said Carty, steadily, "that Barclay is not the business manager of our ranches. He is not a business man at all. Indeed, he is so unbusinesslike that everything he 's got is in the hands of a trustee. He is allowed only a part of his income, and he gets that monthly, like a remittance-man. He is not in actual want; but—"

"I see," said Lady Withers, coldly. "I had misunderstood the situation." She turned and crossed to one of the card-tables and sat down.

After she had gone, Carty lighted a cigarette and went out. It was his intention to go to his room, have his tub, and change. His mind was relieved. He had no fear that Lady Withers would either beam or radiate for a young man whose fortune was in captivity to a trustee. He had saved Barclay, and he was pleased with himself. As he passed through the twilight of the main hallway, the front door opened, and Lady Mary Granvil and Barclay entered side by side. It was the girl's voice that he heard first.

"Please go at once," she was saying.

"But there 's no hurry," said Barclay.

"Please, at once," said the girl. There was something in her tone that made Carty turn from the stairs and go forward to meet them.

"I 've snapped my collar-bone," said Barclay. "It 's nothing."

The girl drew back a step into the heavy shadow of the corner, but Carty did not notice it. "So old True Blue has put you down at last," he said.

"Yes," said Barclay; "that is—"

"He was riding my horse," said Lady Mary.

"I see," observed Carty.

"The horse was all right," said Barclay, hurriedly. "It was my own fault. I took hold of his head at a piece of timber. It was n't the horse you thought it was," he added rather anxiously. "It was one they got from Oakly, the dealer."

Now, Carty had sold the horse to Oakly, yet he said nothing, but stood and looked from one to the other. Disturbing suspicions were springing up in the depths of his mind.

The girl broke the silence. "You ought to get it set without any more delay," she said; "you really ought. It will begin to swell. Go up, and I shall have them telephone for the doctor."

"You are quite right," said Carteret; "but I 'll see about the doctor."

He turned and started toward the end of the hallway, searching for a bell. Presently it occurred to him that he had no idea of the doctor's name, and that there might be several doctors. He came back noiseless upon the heavy rug and all but invisible in the dusk of the unlighted hallway. Suddenly he stopped. The girl had been watching Barclay as he went up the stairs. As he passed out of sight, she turned and dropped into a chair with a little sigh, like one who has been under a strain. On the table beside her lay the silk muffler in which his arm had been tied. She took it up and began folding it. Then she smoothed it with curious little strokings and touches, and then suddenly pressing it to her cheek, put it down and disappeared through the morning-room doorway in a confusion in which she had surprised herself. The young man stepped back behind a curtain, and when he was sure that Lady Mary was not coming back, instead of ordering the doctor, he went to Barclay's room.

"I should like to know," he began.

"how it was that you were riding Mary Granvil's horse?"

Barclay met his look steadily. "I wanted to try it with a view to purchase," he answered. "You know Lady Withers had said she wished to sell it."

"Excuse me for being plain," said Carteret, "but my opinion is that no man would have ridden that horse when hounds were running unless he wanted to marry either the woman who owned it or the woman who was riding it."

"Well?" said Barclay.

Carty smiled. "Is it Lady Withers?" he asked.

"No," said Barclay; "it is n't Lady Withers."

"I 'm glad it 's the other one," said his friend. "When are you going to announce your engagement?"

Barclay shook his head. "I 'm up against it, Carty," he said.

"Does n't fancy you?" said Carty.

Barclay nodded.

"Well," said Carty, "I don't know any compelling reason why she should; but nice women have married worse men than you. Did she tell you that you had absolutely no chance?"

"She has n't said it in words," said Barclay, "but it 's what she would tell me if I came to the point about it."

"Have n't you asked her?" said Carty.

"No," said Barclay.

Carty gave an exclamation.

"It 's what makes the situation difficult," the youth went on. "I know she does n't care for me, and I can't bother her much because if Lady Withers thought I wanted to marry her—well, you know what she 'd do."

"Well," said Carty, "if she is n't forced to marry *your* money, she 'll have to marry Tappingwell-Sikes's, and, on the whole, I think she 'd prefer your railroads to his beer."

"What Sikes may do," said Barclay, "is not my business; but I want no woman to marry me if she does n't want to."

"Your sentiments are not discreditable," observed his friend; "but, after all, she may want to. You can't be sure until you ask her."

"Yes, I can," said Barclay. "I know how she feels. It 's right, too. I 'm not good enough for a girl like that."

"That is not an original sentiment," said Carty, "yet it may be true. However, it is a great mistake to act upon it when you are making love. A girl does n't want an apology, she wants a hero."

"In the second place," Barclay continued, "Captain Brinton has the inside track. He 's the man she cares about."

"No," said Carty, decisively; "they 're too much together in public."

Barclay shook his head dismally.

"My boy," continued the older man, "I 'm not surprised that you 're in love with Mary Granvil; I am myself, and, what 's more, I 'm not going to have her thrown away on a bounder like Tappingwell-Sikes. If you don't propose to her, I shall. I 'll keep my hands off for three weeks, and then look out."

Barclay smiled. "You don't frighten me very much," he said.

"But I 'm in earnest," said Carty. "It 's time for me to get married. I 'm not the kind for a grand passion, and that 's all in my favor when it comes to making love. In fact, my indifference to women is what makes me so attractive." He examined the broken collar-bone, sent a servant to telephone for the doctor, and left the room. "Now," he said to himself, "I 've got to go to Lady Withers and *un*save Barclay." And he went to the library where they were having tea.

It was Lady Withers's dummy, and the cards being excessively bad, she had risen and was walking about. As Carteret entered, she glanced at him coldly; but as he continued to approach, she held her ground.

"I have just had an idea," he began with an air of mystery.

"How very interesting!" observed Lady Withers. She neither beamed nor gleamed nor radiated.

"Yes," he went on, "it suddenly dawned upon me that you really wanted Cecil to have something to do."

"Really?" said Lady Withers.

"Exactly," said Carteret. He was making heavy weather, but he kept on. "You see, my first idea was that you were merely interested in bringing American horses to England, as it were, don't you see, for the humor of the thing—Haw! haw!"—He laughed painfully,—"and so, you see, I took Cecil's very natural view of the matter, that it would be a great

bore, don't you see, not realizing in the least that you wished it for his own good. Now I think, if you are serious about it, which of course I never fancied, that Cecil would be just the man to manage an agency and see that the horses were broken and schooled and got ready for the dealers to buy; and more than that, I think he ought to have a large share of the profits, don't you?"

"I must say," said Lady Withers, frankly, "that I do."

"And I think," he continued, "that he ought to have a salary besides."

"It seems only reasonable," she replied, "when you think of Cecil's influence and that sort of thing, to say nothing of his experience with horses. I happen to know that Lord Glen Rossmuir got five thousand pounds merely for going upon the board of the United Marmalade and Jam Company, and he gets a salary beside."

"And Cecil is far abler than Glen Rossmuir," said Carty.

"Far," said Lady Withers.

"And one more thing," said Carty; "what I said about Barclay's trustee was somewhat misleading, because, don't you see, the trust comes to an end in six weeks."

"And then," said Lady Withers, "do I understand that he will have control of his own fortune?"

"Unconditionally," said Carty. "And I may say that he is so very well off that he does n't have his name in the telephone-book, which in New York is something like being a duke."

"When will the first ship-load of the horses arrive?" asked Lady Withers.

Carty was taken aback, but an idea came to him. "It has just occurred to me," he said, "that a neighbor of ours in Wyoming is sending over some horses in the course of the next few days. I could wire him and have him bring over two or three for samples—patterns, you call them; and then, if they are what you approve of, we shall have a ship-load come over."

"Excellent!" said Lady Withers. "Wire him at once, and you also had better wire your manager, so that there may be no delay."

"I will," said Carteret. "And, by the way," he added, "if Cecil should need an assistant, do you think Captain Brinton would do?"

Lady Withers thought a moment, and looked doubtful. "He 's a nice boy," she said, "and without a penny; but he 's so mad about Christina Dalrymple that he would be good for nothing to lighten Cecil's duties. He bores poor dear Mary nearly to death confiding to her his love-affairs."

"Then we can leave the position of assistant manager open," said Carty.

"It would be better," said Lady Withers. She began to beam again. "In fact, I have another nephew; but I must play," she added, and went back to the card-table. "Cecil," she observed, before the hand began, "there will be some of Mr. Barclay's horses delivered at the Hall in a fortnight from now. Will you make your plans to be there for a few days?"

The Hon. Cecil was dealing, but he stopped. "I tell you it 's all rubbish, these American horses," he said petulantly. "And besides, they buck like devils. It 's an awful bore."

"Not any more than any thoroughbred young English horses might buck," said Carty. "They may kick and play, but it 's nothing."

"Cecil is only joking about the bucking," said a soft voice from the chimney-corner, and Carty recognized Lady Mary. "Cecil can ride anything that was ever saddled," she added.

"Still, it is a bore," said the Hon. Cecil.

"One word," said Carty in an undertone to Cecil. "Please tell Lady Withers that I 'm going to buy that horse your sister was riding."

"Good horse," said the Hon. Cecil, and he went on with his dealing.

Carty did not add that he was going to have him shot and fed to the hounds. Instead, he went back to the fireplace, where the gray eyes were gleaming in the firelight.

"You must n't keep Mr. Carteret from cabling," Lady Withers called from the bridge-table; "and while I think of it," she added, "won't you and Mr. Barclay come to Crumpeton for a week as soon as the horses arrive? I shall write you. Do you think that Mr. Barclay will come?"

"I think it probable," said Carty.

The firelight suddenly ceased to gleam

upon the gray eyes. They were turned toward the floor.

"That is very nice," said Lady Withers, arranging her cards; "but you must n't let me detain you. You know they might just miss a steamer."

"I 'm off," said Carty, and he left the room.

The party at Mrs. Ascot-Smith's dispersed next day. Carty went back to his own house, which he had done over in the American manner, to get warm, and to have a bath in a porcelain tub. Barclay returned with him to nurse his collar-bone. As he was unable to hunt, he went to the meets in a motor, and watched for the slim little figure in the weather-beaten habit. What he saw neither cheered nor reassured him.

"It is very natural," he said gloomily to Carty, "but there are at least a dozen men after her. Besides Sikes, there were four guardsmen who rode to cover with her, and then old Lord Watermere butted in. He 's looking for a third wife. You know yourself that when a man pays any attention to a woman out hunting it 's because he likes her."

"I don't know what their intentions are," said Carty; "but as far as I am concerned, you have three weeks less one day in which to propose to her. I want to do the fair thing," he continued, "and I advise you that the psychological moment would be while the collar-bone is a novelty. There is an American buggy in the stable, and an American trotting horse that drives with one hand. *Verb sap.*"

"But it is n't done in England," said Barclay.

"Buggy-riding," said Carty, "or its equivalent, is done wherever there is a man of spirit and a young lady with intuitions. The trouble with you," he went on, "is that you are too modest on the one hand and too self-important on the other. If you are not good enough for the girl, you need n't fear that Lady Withers will give you the preference over Sikes. This is the last advice I 'm going to give. Henceforth I act on my own account."

Barclay smiled doubtfully, but said nothing.

"I mean it," said Carty.

That afternoon at tea a telegram arrived from which Barclay gathered that his mother was in Paris, afflicted with a maid with chicken-pox, and that she was frantic with the sanitary regulations of the French government.

"Could n't I go?" said Carteret.

"No," said Barclay, "there are twenty-eight words in this despatch. It is a hurry-call for me." He took the night train.

Three weeks later he came back. He arrived late in the afternoon and found his companion before the fire looking thoughtfully at a note which he held in his hand. "I 'm glad to see you back," said Carty. "Have you proposed to Mary Granvil?"

"I," said Barclay. "No. How could I in Paris? Why?" There was an anxiety in his manner which suggested that he was not as resigned as he said he was.

"If you have n't been bungling," said Carty, "blessed if I know what has happened."

"Is it announced?" asked Barclay. "Is it Sikes?"

"Read Lady Withers's note," said Carty.

Barclay took the note and read:

DEAR MR. CARTERET:

You will doubtless not be surprised at my request that you remove your horses at once from my stables. It is a disappointment to me that an unforeseen change in my plans makes it impossible for me to have you and Mr. Barclay at Crumpeton this week.

Sincerely yours,
Constantia Granvil Withers.

"It 's Sikes," said Barclay.

"It may be," said Carty. "I ought to have taken the matter into my own hands a week ago."

"You don't mean you are in earnest," said Barclay.

"You will very soon find out," said Carty. "I have no false delicacy about proposing to a lady merely because I 'm not sure she 's in love with me."

At ten o'clock the next morning he and Barclay were sitting in the motor in front of Crumpeton, while the footman explained that the ladies were at the stables and Major Hammerslea was with them. Carty told the chauffeur to go to the stables, and there they got out. Standing saddled on the floor of an open box-stall was a showy-looking chestnut thorough-

bred horse. As was only natural, the occupants of the motor stopped to examine him, and Carty gave an exclamation of surprise. "If I am not mistaken," he said, "that is one of our Prince Royal colts." He looked carefully at the inside of the foreleg just below the armpit, and found a small brand. "It is," he announced, "By Jove! he *is* a good-looker!"

While he was doing this, Lady Withers's stud groom, Tripp, came out and touched his cap. " 'E 's a nice one, sir," said Tripp.

"He is," said Carty. "Is the other one as good?"

"Other one, sir?" said Tripp. "Wot other?"

"The other American horse that came with him," said Carty.

"This one only come 'alf an hour ago," said Tripp. " 'E 's Major Hammerslea's 'oss. 'E bought 'im last week at Tattersalls."

"You must be mistaken, Tripp," said Barclay; "this is one of the horses that we had sent out to Mr. Cecil."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," said Tripp; "this is *not* one of the 'osses sent out to Mr. Cecil; this is Major Hammerslea's 'oss. The hannimals that arrived from America are in the lower stables."

"Thank you," said Carty; and they passed on in the direction indicated by Tripp. "There is no use wasting breath on that blockhead," he said to Barclay.

In the court of the lower stables they came upon Lady Withers and the major inspecting some two-year-olds.

"Good morning," said Carty. "I gathered from your note that you are dissatisfied with the horses. Would it be too much to tell me why?"

"It was my idea," said Lady Withers, "that Cecil should undertake the management of a horse agency, not a zoo."

"I am still in the dark," said Carteret, "but you speak as if they had given you some trouble."

"My dear fellow," said the major, "it has turned out precisely as I said it would."

"But it can't be anything very serious," said Carty.

"Oh, no—it is nothing serious," said Lady Withers, "to have two grooms in the hospital with fractured limbs, and to have no insurance upon them, to have Cecil bitten in the shoulder, to have my breaking harness torn to pieces and Tripp giving me notice. No one would consider that serious."

"There must be some mistake about this," said Carty. "As I told you, these horses were apt to buck playfully, but, if properly handled, would cause no trouble."

"It may be playfulness," said Lady Withers; "I saw one of them buck the saddle over his forelegs and head."

"That is a fact," said the major. "I had read of such a thing, but had never believed it possible."

"It is possible," said Carty, "but not with our horses."

"My dear sir," said the major, "as I was saying to Lady Withers, your horses may be very good horses in their own place in America, but they are not at all according to English ideas."

"At the same time," observed Carty, "I noticed that you are riding one of them."

The major looked at him in amazement. "I ride an American horse! What do you mean, sir?" he demanded.

"The chestnut horse," began Carty, with a gesture toward the upper stable.

"The chestnut horse," said the major, "I bought at Tattersalls three days ago. I know nothing about him except that he was quite the image of Prince Royal, a great sire that I once owned."

"He ought to look like him," said Carty; "Prince Royal is his father. I 'm certain about it because he 's marked with our Prince Royal brand."

The major and Lady Withers looked at Mr. Carteret, and then at each other. Their eyes seemed to say, "We must humor this person until attendants from the madhouse can be brought to secure him."

"Perhaps," said Lady Withers, "you would care to see *your* horses."

"I should like to see the other one," he said stubbornly, and they went into the stable.

Lady Withers paused before a box-stall which was boarded up to the ceiling. She cautiously opened the upper half of the door, and peered through the grating. Inside was a strange, thick-shouldered, goose-rumped, lop-eared brown creature covered with shaggy wool. It stood on

three legs, and carried its head low like the cat family.

"To me," said Lady Withers, "it looks like a bear; but I am assured that it is a horse. I would advise you not to go near it. This is the one that bit dear Cecil."

The two Americans gazed in amazement.

"A charming type of hunter," observed Lady Withers.

Carty made no reply. He was trying to think it out, but was making no headway. While thus engaged his eyes wandered down the stable passage, and he saw one of his own grooms approaching. Almost anything was pleasanter than contemplating the creature in the box-stall, so he watched the man approach. "I beg pardon, sir," said the man, "but the butler sent me to find you, sir, with a telegram that came just after you had left, sir."

Carteret tore open the envelop and read the message, which was a long one. As he finished a slight sigh escaped him. "This may interest the major," he observed, "and possibly explain various things." He handed the despatch to Lady Withers, who opened her lorgnette and began to read it to the major.

Police have Jim Siddons, one of our horse foremen. Has been drunk for week. Confesses he sold your horses at auction, but don't know where. Believes he shipped you two outlaws. Smallpox, brand, arrow V, and Hospital, brand, bar O. Hospital dangerous horse. Killed three men. Look out. Very sorry.

Reilly.

"Who is Reilly?" asked Lady Withers.

"Reilly," said Carty, "is the horse superintendent of Buffalo Bill's show. You see Buffalo Bill is the neighbor to whom I cabled."

"Then—" began Lady Withers, but the major interrupted her.

"Does this mean," he demanded, "that I have bought a stolen horse?"

"It means," said Carty, "that if you will accept an American horse from Mr. Barclay and myself, we shall be very much flattered."

"Really?" said the major. He began to discourse, but stopped as he saw that neither Carty nor Barclay was listening. Instead, they were trying to make out the brand on the creature in the box-stall.

"I can see the end of the arrow," said Carty. "This is Smallpox. Where is the bad one—Hospital?"

"Where is the other one?" asked Lady Withers of a stable-boy.

"In the back stable yard, your Ladyship," said the boy. "Lady Mary is riding him."

Each one of the four looked at the other spellbound with horror.

"Lady Mary!" gasped the major.

Carty and Barclay started for the back stable yard, but Barclay got there first. As he was opening the gate, Carty caught up. "Keep your head," he observed. There were sounds of hoofbeats, exclamations from grooms and other indications of battle. They went in and saw Lady Mary sitting on the back of a creature rather more hairy and unpleasant-looking than Smallpox. Her face was pink with exertion, but otherwise she looked as neat, unruffled, and slim as she always did in the saddle. Hospital had paused, and was gazing about out of the back of his eyes in sour wonder. He was not defeated. He was merely surprised that his preliminary exhibition had not left him alone with the saddle. When there was only the saddle to get rid of he usually got down to business and "bucked some," as they say in Western regions.

Lady Mary nodded as they entered, and her lips parted in a little smile.

"Good morning," said Carty. He saw that there was no time to be lost. "I 've something extremely important to tell you. Will you be good enough to get your leg well clear of the pommel and slip off that horse?"

"Well, really," said the girl, laughing, "it is so unpleasant getting on that I should rather you told me as I am."

"I will explain afterward," said Carty, "but you would oblige me very much by slipping off that horse immediately."

The girl looked at him. "I see now," she said, "you are afraid I 'll get bucked off."

"It would be no disgrace," he answered; "you are not sitting on a horse, but on an explosion."

"It would be a disgrace to get off because you were afraid," said the girl. "Besides," she continued in a lower voice, "I 'm very sorry for the way in which my

aunt and Cecil have acted in this matter. You warned them that the horses might buck playfully. You know the Granvils are supposed to ride." She broke off and spoke to the horse, for Hospital had satisfied his curiosity as to the newcomers, and was walking sidewise, deciding whether he would buck some more or roll over.

Barclay started for the brute's head, but his good arm was seized and he was thrust back. "My dear girl," said Carty, going a step closer, "if you have any feelings of humanity,"—he looked very grave and spoke in a low voice, but there was a smile in his eyes,—"I say, if you have any feelings of humanity," he repeated, "get off that horse at once. Here is a young man with something extremely important on his mind that is for your ear alone, and he 'll unquestionably get killed if he goes near enough that horse to tell you about it." The quick flush of color that came into her face told him that she understood. He turned, and without glancing back hurried out of the paddock.

Just outside the gate he ran into Lady Withers, the major, and Mr. Tappingwell-Sikes, who had just arrived. They had been following as fast as they could.

"What has happened?" demanded the major, much out of breath.

"I don't know," said Carty; "but we 'll all know in a few minutes."

Lady Withers looked at him in amazement, and tried to brush past; but he barred the way. "There is nothing you can do," he said. "If she chooses to stay on Hospital, it 's too late to get her off without a breeches-buoy. If she got down, these are moments when she must n't be interrupted."

"Are you mad?" said Lady Withers, "or am I?"

"Neither of us is mad," said Carty, "but I have just proposed to Lady Mary, and I am anxious to see what she is going to do about it."

Lady Withers's mouth half opened in astonishment.

"This is extraordinary," she said, but that was all. She looked at Mr. Tappingwell-Sikes, and then again at Mr. Carteret.

"Perhaps," said the major, "it would be well for Mr. Sikes and me to withdraw."

"Your presence is very agreeable," said Carty; "but really there is nothing that you can do." The major and Mr. Tappingwell-Sikes withdrew.

"But I did n't know that you were interested in Mary," said Lady Withers, coming to her senses. "Perhaps, I had better have a word with her. The dear child is so young that she may not know her own mind."

"I think she does by this time," he replied. The gate opened, and Barclay and Mary Granvil stood in the gateway. "I 'm rather sure of it," he added. "You can see for yourself."

"But—" said Lady Withers, looking accusingly at Mr. Carteret. She was fairly dumfounded.

"It was I that proposed," said Mr. Carteret, "but the beneficiary is apparently Barclay."

"It is," said Barclay.

All Lady Withers could do was to gasp hysterically, "How very American!"

"Not at all," said Carty. "The vicarious proposal is essentially European. I think," he added, "all that remains for you to do is to confer your blessing."

As Lady Withers gazed at her niece she saw in those gray Granvil eyes the magical light that is so sad to those that are without it, and she saw in her face the loveliness and other consequences of being sweet. The ghosts of what she herself might have had and what she herself might have been thronged back to her. Her hard, world-scarred heart trembled; tears stood in her eyes, and without speaking and without a single false beam or sparkle she took the girl to her breast and kissed her.

Carty turned away and followed the major and Tappingwell-Sikes. There was something in his throat that he felt would make it difficult for him to say anything intelligible.

THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST

NINTH PAPER: A VISIT TO JAPAN IN 1894

WAR WITH CHINA—A THEATER AUDIENCE—LIFE AND CUSTOMS OF THE COUNTRY—A JAPANESE SUMMER RESORT—TOKIO—GARDENS AND SHOPS—NIKKO AND ITS TEMPLES—THE MIKADO'S PALACE

[On the 27th of June, 1894, Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill left London for a tour around the world, first coming to New York for a brief visit to America. After a short sojourn at Bar Harbor, they crossed the continent by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Vancouver, and then made a detour by sea to San Francisco, returning to Victoria to catch the steamer to Yokohama. For lack of space the details of their American experiences must be deferred to the volume which is to be made of this series on its conclusion.—The Editor.]

THE *Empress of Japan,* in which Randolph and I sailed from Victoria for Yokohama in the summer of 1894, proved to be an ocean palace, clean and comfortable, and, much to my delight and appreciation, the saloons were decorated with quantities of Japanese plants and shrubs. The Chinese waiters, too, were a novelty. Dressed in their butcher-blue or white, they looked picturesque. Among the passengers were Baron Speck von Sternburg, now German Ambassador at Washington, and Mr. Villiers, the war correspondent of "The Graphic." We were greatly interested and excited at the thought that we should find Japan in a martial state, as the Chinese and Japanese war was then at its height; and, not knowing Japan, we anticipated stirring scenes and sights. Great were to be the doings of Mr. Villiers, who expected to go at once to the front.

On arriving, we found that the harbor of Yokohama was laid with torpedoes and submarines, and the captain had to get a government boat to pilot us in. I was glad to leave the ship, as the Pacific had been anything but peaceful. Rough seas, gray and leaden skies, constant rolling and pitching, besides the monotony, had begun to weary us.

Immediately on anchoring in the harbor, we found ourselves surrounded by a shoal of craft of all sizes and shapes, from a steam-launch to a sampan, Japanese junks hovering on the outside of the crowd. I watched the motley crew for some time, their various costumes—or the want of them—amusing me much. On a government launch were some little military men, *dorés sur toutes les coutures,* coming to greet the Japanese officers we had on board. Much bowing and scraping took place. We were surrounded by sampans trying to get out of the way, manned by coolies dressed only in white cotton Eton jackets and a bright bit of blue stuff bound round their heads, a great contrast to the gorgeous uniforms. We were not sorry to get ashore and betake ourselves to the hotel.

There we found many war correspon-

dents, who looked very dejected, as they were not allowed to join the army. Mr. Villiers managed later to get to the front, but with such restrictions that I imagine his reports could have been of little value, as he was denied the use of the telegraph, and everything he wrote had to be submitted to the minister of war for supervision.

We were told that there had been a great Japanese victory the day before, and this made the war more popular than ever, although we could not see many signs of rejoicing. I gathered from the different people I met that the situation was being forced by the government, to create a diversion from internal troubles. I was told that the English in Japan rather sympathized with the Chinese, whereas, when later we went to China, we found the situation there just the reverse. Although the Chinese had the men and the money, they hated fighting, as was proved by the result of the campaign. I have always thought that the Japanese were very badly treated by Europe in general and England in particular in not being allowed to reap the fruits of their victory. Even in the recent Russian war, although conquerors, they were not allowed a free hand.

After the cold of the Pacific, the damp heat of Yokohama was very trying, and we stayed only a few days before going up to Myanoshita, in the hills.

Before leaving Yokohama, I went to the theater, which certainly was unlike anything I had ever seen before. We sat on the floor of our so-called box, and had tea like the crowd. And such a crowd! It was an endless source of interest and amusement to watch them, whole families—mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law, children of all ages, and parents of different generations, fathers, sons, and grandsons. All had their dinners with them. Little trays were produced—tiny boxes full of rice; bowls containing weird food-stuffs, pink, white, and green; seaweed on rice cakes; raw fish, and nameless yellow condiments; tea in microscopic cups, of course, with no milk or sugar. The Japanese cannot understand Europeans putting milk in their tea, as, according to them, it has a strong smell. The children were dressed and undressed during the entr'actes, and people smoked, slept, ate, talked, and fanned themselves. It was certainly a great contrast to see a little "musmé" such as Pierre Loti describes, daintily dressed in the gayest of kimonos and smartest of *obis,* sitting between a coolie wearing nothing but a loose cotton jacket and an old hag nursing a baby. Although it was true that most of the men had little on, and the thermometer was 85 degrees, the atmosphere was not impossible, as I am sure would have been the case in a European theater under similar circumstances. The plays have usually fourteen or fifteen acts, and last all day, and sometimes two. This particular one not having an actress such as Sadi Yacco to interpret it, was quite unintelligible to me; but I admired the grace of the actresses, their easy movements when dancing, and the way they managed their tight clothes. Imagine my surprise when I found out afterward that they were all men! Up to a few years ago men and women did not act together in Japan, the theatrical companies being composed of either one sex or the other. But a change has come over them, and there are now mixed companies.

One afternoon I visited the nursery gardens of Böhmer, where I saw quantities of the stunted shrubs and trees so dear to the Japanese heart, and with which they love to decorate their miniature gardens. I bought several, including a century-old maple about ten or twelve inches high, the tiny leaves of which were at that moment bright red. On my return to England I gave this little tree to the Princess of Wales, who was delighted with it; for all I know it may still be alive. The whole place was perfumed by the gold and white "moxa," and I longed to bring some away, as well as the huge gardenia and daphne plants, which were as large as ordinary lilac bushes. Baron Sternburg, who was with me, proposed that we should walk back from the gardens, but we soon lost ourselves, and, hot and dusty, took refuge in an inviting-looking tea-house while we sent for a jinrikisha. The place was evidently not frequented by Europeans, as the little maids who waited on us hovered about me with the greatest curiosity, and before I could stop them, one had put on my gloves, another had seized my hat, which I had

taken off, placing it on her greasy, black locks, and a third was strutting about with my parasol. At last they became quite obstreperous, and it was only when my companion promised them sake that they left us in peace.

On leaving Yokohama, we said good-by to our steamer friends, and started by train for Myanoshita.

At the station there was a great crowd: naked coolies; tradesmen in flowing kimonos, carrying Mrs. Gamp umbrellas and topped by monstrous pot-hats; artisans in blue cotton tunics, with the description and badge of their trade printed on their backs in white, or inclosed in a circle of black on a red ground; to say nothing of masses of women. The married ones were easily recognized by their shaved eyebrows and blackened teeth, in which hideous custom they indulge in order to remain faithful to their husbands, but which conceivably might produce the reverse effect on the husbands themselves. Among them were a number of girls, their shiny hair stiff with camelia oil, and adorned with combs, tiny chrysanthemums, and coral beads, their painted faces breaking into a smile if you looked at them. The motley crowd, which was reinforced at every station, walked, stumped, and toddled into the train, which consisted of a few diminutive carriages more like a glorified toy than anything else. Most of these people were mounted on clogs, making a loud and curious noise.

After two hours of slow winding between soft-green hills covered with feathery vegetation, we arrived at Kodga, where we got into a tramway (made in Birmingham), and rattled for an hour through one long street, which comprised endless villages. The weather being hot, the inhabitants, including the babies, were carrying on their various vocations in front of their open houses, minus their clothes. All seemed hard at work and good-humored. The Japanese are proverbially fond of children, who, for fear they should be lost, are each made to wear a little metal ticket with name and address attached. Attractive as they undoubtedly are, it is a mistake to say that they never cry; and it is equally untrue to say that smells do not exist in Japan. Defective drainage and stale fish do not, as a rule, remind one of the "perfumes of Araby." We stopped occasionally to change the wretched horses. Japanese horses have no quarters, and are sorry-looking quadrupeds; Chinese horses, on the other hand, have no shoulders. At Yumoto we all got into jinrikishas, each with two men, one to pull and the other to push, and we proceeded at a trot up the stoniest road I have ever traveled. Once we stopped at a tea-house, where the landlady, with much in-drawing of breath (to show her civility by not breathing in one's face) and with much bowing and rubbing of knees, gave us Japanese tea in the usual cups without handles, and the pink-and-white cakes one sees everywhere, impossible, dry, musty horrors. Our jinrikisha-men, the perspiration pouring from their brown bodies, took off their white jackets (their one garment) and proceeded to wash and dash water over themselves from the pump near by. The pump was pretty and picturesque, consisting as it did of two bamboos, one brown, the other dark green; in one of which there was a large bunch of wild flowers, while from the other the clear mountain stream poured into one of those delightful big Japanese tubs. The face of my maid (a prim, highly respectable person) was a study as the men resumed their mushroom hats and girded up their loins afresh. In consequence of my having treated them to sake at the tea-house, we were trotted briskly up to the Fujiyya Hotel.

The place looked pretty and quaint, and the calm and peace were welcome, but it was disappointing to find the hotel full of Europeans, mostly pale, jaded people from Hong-Kong, Shanghai, and even Singapore, come to recruit in the fresh air of Myanoshita, which is 3000 feet above the level of the sea.

We passed a pleasant fortnight there. I never tired of the mountains, with their changing shadows, deep gorges, and rushing streams and cascades, with here and there a peep of the sea in the distance to rejoice the eye. The vegetation was a great source of interest and pleasure, it was all so new and so attractive: on our journey up I counted fifty-five different kinds of agricultural products and shrubs. The number of little villages and houses dotted about everywhere afforded a good glimpse of Japanese peasant life. All

seemed hardworking, contented, and good humored. One day we went to the Lake of Hakone, carried thither in straw chairs supported on bamboo sticks by four men, not a very comfortable mode of progression. They had a wonderful way of changing places with one another to relieve the load on their shoulders, and doing so without shaking one in the least.

At a bend of the mountain path we suddenly came upon a large Buddha carved in the side of the rock. Innumerable prayers in the shape of bits of paper stuck on sticks were planted before him; his legs were crossed, and the soles of the feet were turned up to show that he never sullied them by contact with things earthly. The look of eternal peace which characterizes all the effigies of Buddha is due, I think, to the closed eyes being so far apart, the serene and slightly smiling mouth adding to the unfathomable expression.

Japanese photographers are such excellent artists that they always manage to find the most picturesque point of view. If, in visiting some place, one does not follow in their footsteps, one is apt to be disappointed and think they must have idealized. These were my feelings at Lake Hakone, although I realized its beauty. We crossed the lake in two sampans, our noses in the air, gazing at the clouds for the *point de mire* of all Japan, Fuji-yama, the great, the sacred. But as usual she had veiled herself in a cloud of mist, and not having as yet seen her, I was fain to be content with her presentment on my new kimono, which I found on returning to the hotel. We walked back part of the way over very rough ground steaming with sulphurous springs.

Mr. Le Poer Trench, the English Minister, had arrived, and we were delighted to make his acquaintance; and also that of Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, whose book, "Things Japanese," over which I had been poring with enthusiasm, is a standard work for all English-speaking people. They brought us the news of the great battle of Pyong-yang, where the Japanese claimed to have killed 20,000 Chinamen; and of a naval engagement where six Chinese and three Japanese ships were sunk and blown up. Mr. Trench, who was unmarried, had not at that time been very long in Japan. His health was not of the best, as the climate of Mexico, his previous diplomatic post, had not suited him. A thin, pleasant man of about forty-five; I found him a great acquisition. We used to take long walks together, climbing the most precipitous hills.

The three weeks of absolute rest at Myanoshita did Randolph much good, everything was so reposeful, from the quiet Japanese landscape, with its soft grays and greens, to the bevy of little "musmés" who waited upon us, moving silently and swiftly about in their stocking-feet, always smiling and gentle.

Intending to go to Tokio, we were obliged to retrace our steps to Yokohama, where we stayed two nights. There we found considerable excitement in the harbor over the arrival of four large German ironclads on their way to Korea to "watch" the progress of the war. We could not but think it a pity that the British seemed so apathetic and unrepresented. The Japanese were getting very much "above themselves," and the English government had rather given in to them over the last commercial treaty. So at least thought the English residents and merchants. The war was the one topic in the town. I went to a popular theater to see a play representing the battle of Pyong-yang. It was densely crowded, and with difficulty we got places in the gallery. In the last act the Chinese troops, represented by three Chinamen, were perpetually being killed by twenty Japs, who rushed about bugling incessantly, brandishing swords, letting off rifles, and enjoying it madly. In the center of the revolving stage was a cardboard town which was presently lighted up with red lights, the climax being reached when a small, yellow general in a smart European uniform rushed out from the smoke, and in a piping treble made a speech to the army of twenty, all there to a man. At this a paroxysm seized the audience, and they became so excited that we fled. Wata, my jinrikisha-man, asked me if it was not "good big play."

Although the distance to Tokio was only eighteen miles, we took nearly two hours to get there. We met a train full of soldiers going to the front; there was much cheering, and many *sayonaras* were exchanged. Fuji-yama, or "Fuji," as they

affectionately call her, showed herself for the first time. The top alone was visible, and that only for a few moments, the "Peerless One" retiring again behind the clouds. The expedition to the top is, I believe, very tiring, but most thrilling. Descending, one "toboggans" on one's feet through the ashes. This was done by Sir Harry Parkes and his wife forty years ago, they being the first Europeans allowed to ascend the mountain, which up to that time had been held sacred from the foot of the Western stranger.

I was astonished to find Tokio such a vast place; it covers an area as large as that of London. The distances are enormous, and I pitied the poor jinrikisha-boys, who often trotted for miles for a very small remuneration. We went to the Shiba Temples and saw the tombs of the shoguns. The inner temple is full of large stone-and-bronze lanterns, which are the offerings and tributes to the dead from their royal relatives. To go into the temple we had to take off our boots, while an apathetic priest looked on, his shaven head shaped like an emu's egg, and his somewhat tawdry kimono making him appear anything but prepossessing. We duly visited the shrines, admired the beautiful frescoes and lacquered ceilings; the gold-lacquered doors of great value; the carvings, ten or twelve inches deep, representing flowers and birds marvelously true to nature; and, last but not least, the plain stone urn over the grave of each shogun, the only ornament being the three gold asarum leaves, the crest of the Tokugawa royal family. Next we went to the tombs of the forty-seven ronins, the brave and wonderful men, who, having revenged their ruined and murdered master by killing his powerful enemy, all performed hara-kiri, and have been worshiped ever since. The tomb of the chief ronin, O-ishi-Kura Nosuke, was covered with flowers and paper prayers, and there was a large basket of cards hanging on the door, to which of course we contributed ours. Mr. Trench invited us to luncheon at the British legation, where we met, among others, Captain Brinkley and Professor Chamberlain. The legation showed signs of the last earthquake, which must have been a severe one, as evidences of it were everywhere. Although more than two months had passed, repairs were still being made.

Another day we lunched with Captain Brinkley, to see his wonderful collection of china and bronzes. Captain Brinkley, a resident of Japan for over forty years, was the editor or proprietor of "The Japan Mail." A man of great influence and vast information, he was most pleasant to meet. Every notable person who came to Japan, or wished to write about the country, consulted him as a walking encyclopedia. He told me that of all the searching inquisitions to which he had ever been subjected the severest was that of Lord Curzon of Kedleston (then George Nathaniel Curzon). For four hours he plied him with questions, which, notwithstanding Captain Brinkley's knowledge of the country, were often difficult to answer. He spoke of him with unbounded admiration as being the cleverest man he had ever met. Captain Brinkley's wife, a Japanese lady who had been married to him some years, did the honors of his house with that wonderful grace and gentleness of which Japanese women alone seem to have the secret. The extraordinary refinement and high-bred look of a well-born Japanese is most attractive. Dressed in a kimono of neutral-tinted silk, with a discreet *obi,* and a soft, pale-pink *eri,* or collar, and with a beautiful, old gold-lacquered comb in her shiny-black hair, this lady presented a very different appearance to the bedizened geisha, with the rainbow-colored garments which is the accepted European idea of Japanese women. The late Mrs. Bishop, writing about Japan, says that to one who has lived there for some time, European women, however ladylike, appear in comparison loud and vulgar in their voices and manners. Through an interpreter, an English lady who seemed a sort of *dame de compagnie,* Mrs. Brinkley and I were able to carry on a conversation. In speaking of their education, obedience, I was told, played the greatest part. "There are the three obediences," said my hostess, "the child's obedience to its parents, the wife's to the husband, and the mother's to the eldest son." Presently we plunged into the mysteries of "Peach bloom," *"Sang de bœuf,"* and *"Famille verte"* as bit by bit the celebrated collection was brought in from a godown,

From a photograph taken in San Francisco, en route to Japan

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

LORD AND LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL IN JAPAN

or fireproof house, next door. In this custom, Captain Brinkley copied the Japanese, who always keep everything of value in such a place, each house having one of its own. A few objects are particularly selected according to the season of the year, and are placed in an alcove in the principal room. After being admired for a fortnight or so, these are sent back, and others are brought in their place. In this way the treasures can be properly appreciated, and each time appear as fresh revelations. The Japanese consider, not perhaps without reason, that Europeans crowd their houses in an absurd manner, and make them look like shops.

We ended our pleasant day by being taken to see the houses and gardens of Mr. Iwasaki, a magnate of Tokio, our host having arranged the visit beforehand. After a long drive in a landau, which was driven by a Japanese coachman garbed in a dark-blue kimono and mushroom hat, with a *belto*, or groom, dressed in the same way, on the box, we came to the two houses. One was European, full of fine things, while the other, in which the owner lived, was Japanese. Having removed our shoes, we were taken over it. I wish I could describe its fascinations; but where there were no ornaments, no furniture, no pictures save a kakemono here and there, no curtains, no color anywhere, it is difficult to say wherein lay the charm. And yet it was charming. The fineness of the matting, the beauty and workmanship of the woodwork, the lacquer frames of the screens, which were so adjusted that they parted

at a touch without a sound, the extraordinary cleanliness everywhere, and, above all, the different little courts on which the rooms looked, were delightful. The bath-room particularly pleased me. Made of some light-colored wood, it shone like satin and felt like it. A delicate carving round the base of the wall, representing flights of birds, formed a dado; two large wooden tubs of the same wood stood at the end of the room, encircled by brass bands beautifully polished, and half a dozen tubs of different sizes stood on a low table; the window looked out upon a small court with one large magnolia-tree and a very old gray-stone lantern. Another room, a *sanctum sanctorum*, where the "tea ceremonies" were held, gave upon a wild scene ten feet square, where jagged rocks, prickly bushes, and rushing torrents spanned by stone bridges, made the urbanities and rigid etiquette of these ceremonies appear a pleasant contrast. The smoking-room, made by opening and closing a screen, looked out upon a lake artificially and cleverly planned, with beautiful trees and shrubs on its banks, and rocks of strange and varied colors. These rocks alone cost a fabulous sum, and had been brought from a great distance. The lake was fed from the sea, and as the sun was setting we watched the fish jumping high in the air. Walking round the gardens until it was nearly dark, every turn of the path presented an absolutely new aspect, the variety being marvelous. The gardens and houses covered twenty-four acres, and seemed four times that size. On our return to the European house, we found rows of servants and tables set out, with all manner of cakes, sandwiches, and tea, waiting for us. As Mr. Iwasaki did not live there, I remembered being astonished at the elaborate preparations. Captain Brinkley told me he thought it was a delicate Japanese hint to him not to bring strangers too often. Japanese, unlike their European brethren, do not care to be thought rich, and although hospitable, are not fond of showing their houses.

One night I went out for a walk in the main street after dinner, escorted by our guide. The Imperial Hotel of Tokio, although magnificent, was rather stuffy, and every sort of insect came in at the windows, from mosquitos to green grasshoppers three inches long. In the streets,

TRAVELING IN A STRAW CHAIR

people and vendors were selling their wares on the pavement. The open screens of the private houses permitted us to look through them; at one the sound of a samisen attracted me, and I could not resist stopping and looking in. Beyond two rooms, by a not over-bright light, I saw a little Japanese woman sitting on a mat singing softly in a minor key, accompanying herself on the samisen. I asked Matsuda if the women minded publicity. Looking very shy and uncomfortable, he said, "Oh, Japanese no look in—not good manners." I felt fearfully crushed.

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THE SIMPLICITY OF THE HOME OF A JAPANESE NOBLE

Shopping expeditions were always amusing. A Japanese woman who spoke English, the wife of Mr. Trench's valet, took me with her, and I invested in some fascinating *obis,* Mrs. Tetsu helping me with her excellent taste. Next we went to a curio-dealer. There seemed to be no shop, but we walked into a tiny garden, where, seated on the floor of a small house, was a smiling old man, who received us with many bows, placing cushions for us. Tea and shiny, brown cakes were brought in; he then produced a few little boxes, and, with much undoing of pale blue-and-green tapes and unfolding of silk handkerchiefs, showed us lovely old bits of lacquer, china, and bronze. The more I admired, the more he smiled and brought forth treasures, handling the things tenderly as though he loved them, which was altogether enticing. I could not help comparing this curio-dealer with those of Yokohama, where they try to please foreign taste by forcing themselves to forget all that is best in Japanese art, producing vulgar atrocities to catch the eye, such as gold-lacquered vases overladen with cloisonné placques. There is a form of Japanese art which seems to consist in the beauty of blemish; a vase to which no historical interest is attached, to our eyes without beauty of form or color, is of the highest value to the Japanese for the sake of certain blotches or imperfections. I believe they will give any price for what they consider such a curiosity, and no one has ever been able to explain to the most inquisitive mind the reason why.

Pierre Loti, in one of his charming descriptions of Japan, mentions the "Imperatrice Printemps" in such glowing terms that I was very desirous of seeing her. Mr. Trench arranged an audience, but unfortunately it never came off, owing to her Majesty's illness, and my being obliged to leave Tokio. I give the Lord Chamberlain's letters on the subject, as they are amusing:

Imperial Palace, September 21, 1894.

MY DEAR MINISTER: I am glad your Excellency came back here so soon, I sent telegraph to Myanoshita this morning.

I think Lady Randolph Churchill and you will be received by her Majesty the Empress on the 26th, however I shall not fail communicate to you *at once* when the day and hour of the audience is fixed.

I think Mr. Ito told you this morning about lady's dress was mistake, the rule of our Court being that a lady, at such audience time, wears long dress and high neck without a bonnet.

If a lady being a traveler, has not got the said costume I remember she appeared in morning dress having permission of the Empress beforehand.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

S. Sannomiya.

Imperial Palace, September 24, 1894.

MY DEAR MINISTER: I am sorry to inform you that her Majesty the Empress, as I informed you on Saturday by Mr. Ito, will not be able to receive any one at least till the end

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THE UNCOUNTABLE STONE IMAGES NEAR NIKKO

of this month, for doctor advised to so do this morning.

I think Lady Randolph Churchill may make a short trip during the time, it would be better for her.

I remain,

Yours very truly,

S. Sannomiya.

October 5, 1894.

MY DEAR MINISTER: I have at once informed to her Majesty the Empress that Lady Randolph Churchill is going to leave Tokio, she says she feels much sorry for not being able to receive the Lady owing to her indisposition.

I enclose you a letter of permission for the old Palace, Nijio castel, and other two small palaces.

Yours very truly,

S. Sannomiya.

Following beaten tracks, we went to Nikko, where the first thing to attract my eyes was the "Sacred Bridge," which is very beautiful, the big, red-lacquered arch spanning the white, turbulent waters of the rushing Daya-Gawa, standing out in picturesque contrast to the dark-green avenue of magnificent cryptomerias. The public is not allowed to cross it, and the Emperor does so only once a year. A garish electric light at one end was rather an eyesore, but reminded one of Japan's "go-aheadness," which puts pot-hats on its men and telegraph-poles in sight of its gods.

It was about eight or ten degrees colder at Nikko than at Tokio, and we shivered in our little summer rooms, notwithstanding attempts at a charcoal fire. We made

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THE YOMEIMON GATE AT NIKKO

many expeditions, one day to the falls of Kiri-furi-notaki, and on another we walked to see the stone images at Kamman-sa-fuchi, said to be the offerings to the gods of Nikko of Shodo Shonun, the "Opener of the Mountains," who lived somewhere about the seventh century, and was supposed to be a very holy man. We counted the figures, and each made out a different number, which was quite the correct thing to do; for, according to the legend, no two people are able to count them alike. Close by an inaccessible stone in mid-stream, with the Sanskrit word "Hamman," carved on it, was pointed out to us. Kobe Daishi, a saint, is supposed to have thrown his pen at the stone, and marked it forever.

Armed with a special permit which Mr. Trench had obtained for us, we were able to visit the inner shrines of the two finest temples, Iye-yasu and Iye-mitsu. Great expectations generally mean disappointments, but the realities and beauties of the former temple far surpassed my imagination. The surroundings of the shrines were most beautiful: the grand, solemn approach of huge cryptomerias; the imposing flights of stone steps covered with the moss of ages; the splendid

granite *Torii* standing out in solitary grandeur against the sky, making a fine picture; and half-hidden in the dark-green foliage a quaint five-storied pagoda, its color giving the touch of warmth needed. The temple has been so often described that I cannot venture on it; indeed, one might visit it every day for a week and not master its beauties. The marvelous carvings, the frescoed ceilings, the gold lacquer, the bronzes, and the lovely old brocades, were entrancing. With our special permit we were treated with much respect, being received by the chief priest in person, supported by six minor priests. After passing the Yo-meimon Gate, which is truly wonderful, with its hundreds of dragons and carved flowers, we passed under another, Karamon by name, and so into the temple, where the two priests knelt at the entrance of the inner shrine, one in bright green, with a conical black cap, the other in a transparent white garment. Inside this holy of holies the chief priest also knelt. The light was so dim I could not make out what he had on, and I confess, what with the solemnity of the priests, the gorgeousness of the surroundings, the dim religious light, and the air heavy with incense, I felt my curiosity must be kept under, and did not like to gaze about too much. Here Matsuda, our guide, prostrated himself, beating his head so many times that I wondered it did not ache. The shrine consisted of a rather small but beautifully decorated room, with a lacquered ceiling, containing only a few glass cases on the floor, with the swords and armor of Iye-yasu, the deified shogun. A fourth door of beautiful gold lacquer opened into the last shrine, which is shown only to the Mikado and the chief priest, and which contains the effigy of Iye-yasu. Through Matsuda we conveyed our thanks to the chief priest, a venerable old man with a pleasant smile, who was dressed in a pale-blue net garment over white, and a conical black hat with two cords passed under his chin.

The inner shrine of the Iye-mitsu, which we also went to see, was much larger, and had gold columns all round the room; on a low table in the center were some sacred missals, incense-burners, and vases with gold lotus flowers; a very fine canopy was suspended over it. This, being a Buddhist temple, contained more things than that of Iye-yasu, which was Shinto, and therefore simpler. Near by the sacred white pony "Jimme" was kept "for the use of the god," in a sumptuous stable in one of the courts. On our way back we met a family party of three struggling up the steps in a torrent of rain, the inconvenience of their costume being thoroughly demonstrated. Monsieur, in a brown kimono with a *soupçon* of white petticoat showing over his socks and high wooden pattens, a huge square pot-hat, a pair of spectacles, and a voluminous Japanese umbrella completing the costume. Madame, not a hair out of place, a sham camelia sticking up straight in front of the shiny black *pouf,* and a mauve tassel hanging in the vicinity of her left ear, something in the nature of a green cord, a coral bead or two, and a couple of combs making up her coiffure. She wore a light-gray kimono, on the sleeves of which her crest was embroidered in coral; her *eri* was of pale mauve; a black satin *obi,* with some gold characters on it, and an extra high pair of pattens, made up a very effective dress; but, oh! the blackened teeth, which proclaimed her respectability! Why must virtue be so ugly? I must not leave out "Bébé," strapped on its mother's back, fast asleep; his head, with its tiny tuft falling backward as though it would drop off, and the bright red crape kimono, with green flowers, made him look exactly like a Japanese doll.

Deluges of rain drove us away from weird, mystical Nikko. It was not possible to resist the elements, and after changing our clothes and boots three times in one day, we succumbed.

We fitly ended our visit to Japan by staying at the best place last, Kioto, the ancient capital, which is considered the art center of Japan. We were enchanted with its quaintness and local color. The view from our rooms at Yaami's Hotel was most pleasing, and the first evening of our arrival I gazed for a long time at the thousand twinkling lights of the city lying in the valley at our feet, the mountains forming a background in the twilight.

We saw all the sights of Kioto in ten days, visiting many curiosity-shops, which

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A FUNERAL IN JAPAN

were most enticing, and spending many hours at the cloisonné, satsuma, and silk factories. Here I was shown beautiful modern productions which quite equal any ancient Chinese or Japanese. Although it is said that all the really fine objects of art have left Japan and China, and are to be found in America or in London, there were many very attractive things.

The streets at night were a most attractive sight, particularly Theater Street, in which no jinrikishas were allowed. It was crowded with people and lighted up with Chinese lanterns. Outside each theater wonderful paintings were exhibited, representing the different blood-curdling dramas going on within. We went into a theater of actresses, and saw two acts of the usual impossible-to-comprehend Japanese play: wonderful clothes, *daimyos* in full war-costume, females in distress, tears and sobs, which were echoed by the audience, and of course hara-kiri, which was performed in detail and at much length.

The Mikado's palace, which we visited, had endless reception-rooms, with the usual screens and fine matting. The Emperor squats when receiving Japanese, but sits in a chair when giving audience to Europeans. Some of the ceilings were highly decorated. His private study was a pleasantly situated room looking south upon a garden and small artificial lake; its absolute quiet and peacefulness seemed very reposeful. The castle being older, and having belonged to the shoguns, was more decorated, everywhere the golden Tokugawa crest, gorgeous ceilings, and highly lacquered screens. In the two or three audience-chambers the Mikado's

chrysanthemum replaced the three lotus leaves. One room was particularly nice, with a small raised platform, where the Emperor, arriving from a side room, would sit when he received. On the left was a recess in which were a few lacquered shelves ornamented with bits of old cloisonné, but of a lovely blue they seem unable to produce nowadays. A few curious screens completed the rooms. After Nikko I was too *blasé* of temples to go and see many in Kioto; but I did visit one with thirteen hundred and thirty-three gold-lacquered life-size images of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy; also the new, unfinished, colossal temple of Shokonsha, where one saw great stacks of rope made of human hair, offerings from the women of Japan. Near by was a hideous great mound, which made us shudder, containing, as it did, Korean ears and noses, trophies of war!

The Governor of Kioto, Nakai by name, died while we were there. He formed part of the escort to Sir Harry Parkes when the latter, on his way to have an audience with the Mikado, was attacked by some two-sworded men, which made a great stir in Japan at the time. We saw the funeral procession from a curio-dealer's shop in one of the principal streets, which was lined by a quiet throng, all dressed in blue (the mourning color). Masses of flowers in big baskets were carried before the hearse, which had the appearance of a Noah's ark borne on men's shoulders; through the sliding panels, which were open, one caught sight of a cocked hat and feathers. Immediately behind came a jinrikisha, with the daughter of the deceased entirely in white, with her face enameled to match. An enormous crowd followed, dressed in kimonos, and all wearing pot-hats of every conceivable shape, many with white cotton gloves. The effect was ludicrous. If people wonder what becomes of all the old hats, they have but to go to Japan.

One of our last expeditions was to the Lake of Biwa. It was a long and dusty road, and I found the jinrikisha very tiring; the sights on the way, too, were unpleasant. It was pitiful to see a mass of toiling peasants doing the work of beasts, dragging and pushing carts with huge loads up hill and down dale. All looked exhausted, and in most cases a woman was harnessed in front with a rope across her chest. I noticed one poor creature spitting blood when she reached the top of the hill. The lake was splendid, and we had a fine view from a temple. The street where the Cesarewitch (the present Emperor) was attacked was pointed out to us. The two jinrikisha-boys who saved his life were pensioned, and, it is said, given so much money that they lead an idle life, and are ruined by drink. The biggest pine-tree in Japan grows at Biwa, which, although curious, with its innumerable gnarled roots and branches growing into the ground, is so propped up with poles that one can hardly tell which is the tree, and in consequence its symmetry is lost.

We also saw the rapids of Katsuregawa, being skilfully forced up them in a sampan. The hills on each side looked lovely, with every sort of autumnal tint, the red maple leaves just turning. The monotony of our long drive back was relieved by a most beautiful sunset, the moon rising while the sky was still of the brightest pink with glimpses of turquoise blue, the trees and quaint cottages standing out in deep brown against it.

We rejoined our ship, the *Ancona,* at Kobe, on our way to China, more than sorry to leave Japan, restful country of enchantment, land of courteous men and soft-voiced women. For months my ears still listened for the two most characteristic sounds in Japan—the *tap-tap* of the little pipe as it is emptied before being refilled, and the mournful notes of the reed lute which the blind *masseur* plays as he walks through the village street.

(To be continued)

THE TENT-MAKER

BY WALDO CURYEA WALKER

I

DRUMS! Or else something strangely like drums, Mahroub thought, as he looked up with a frown of perplexity. He tossed from his lap the ill-smelling strips of goat-skin that he was stitching together, and his eye ran quickly over the desert that lay like a hot copper grid in front of him. But he could see nothing. The Dahna lolled as inert as ever between its dunes, which tumbled away to the north. Dubiously, Mahroub turned and glanced at Soldan, who sat cross-legged in the sand beside him. Soldan had also pushed aside his goat-skins, but across his bare thighs lay a lute, and now and then his hand strummed idly across the strings. His head was dropped, and he was staring down at the sand; but he saw nothing, for he was in a dream. Mahroub grunted sarcastically to himself, and, then drawing his goat-skins back across his lap, resumed his stitching.

"Billahi!" at length muttered Soldan, fretfully; and he jerked up his heel and rubbed it irritably, for the sand was growing hot. "Goat-skins, tents; tents, goat-skins,—" Mahroub looked up curiously, —"and nothing else. Could I have but one season to myself, just to think things, and just to sing things—*billahi!* Tents, goat-skins!"

Mahroub turned away wearily. A tent-maker is a tent-maker, and if a man were to be more than a tent-maker, it would have been so in the beginning. Huh! There it was again. If those were not drums—

"Mahroub, why should we stay tent-makers?" queried Soldan in a speculative drawl.

"We were born tent-makers," answered Mahroub, sharply, without lifting an eyelash.

"But there are better things, prettier things, to do."

"When I make my seams straight," interrupted Mahroub, looking pointedly at Soldan's neglected work, "and when my stitches are all the same,—a thumbnail long,—and my goat-skins fit together without rumpling, that 's as pretty a thing as I want to do."

"Oh, Mahroub, thou 'lt always be a tent-maker."

"I will always be a tent-maker until Allah takes me to his bosom and makes me something more."

"Not I, Mahroub; not I." Soldan's jaw set. "They still call me boy, but am I not a man? Wait until I make manifest."

Drums! *Billahi!* It was drums, as plain as plain could be, and Mahroub sprang to his feet, and stood peering out toward the sky-line, which weaved like an undulating rope.

"Oh, Mahroub," cried Soldan, eagerly recollecting a certain interesting matter, "Haroun will let me take his camels. Four nights hence, then, Mahroub, thou and Ab and I; then the Wady Nedjran; then Layla. And," he added bitterly, "perhaps then we may make manifest."

Mahroub faced about alertly. At last they were going for Layla, of whom Soldan had sung so long and so loud since he had seen her in the bazaar at El Ghail. Good. It would first be a tricky approach, perhaps a fight, before they seized her, and then the race back under the stars. Mahroub filled his lungs deeply, gratefully. Any girl that could set two of the sheik's own wise men chattering away about her in excited whispers, as Abba Mul and Abba Hadj had,—Mahroub had heard them that very morning, —such a girl, even though her mother

was a cloth-seller, was worth—well, worth going for.

Soldan jumped up nervously and listened.

"*Billahi!* The drums!"

And more than that, they were the war-drums, and the sound of them came from the other side of the camp at their backs. They turned around together. People were beginning to pour from the camp, like ants from a hill. Naked children were rushing pellmell down the zigzag lanes between the tents. Bedouins, tossing off their burnooses in their hurry, jumped after them. Women, bare to the waist, left their steaming morning pots and peeked from under the sides of the tents after the running crowd. And, *huza!* far out on the Dahna to the south was a huge cloud of dust rolling along slowly like a great, lazy boulder toward the camp. And from out of it came the gulping roll of drums. The two young tent-makers made after the throng.

"The hunting-party, eh?" cried Mahroub, as they approached the great tent, the roomy abode of the sheik himself.

"Why?"

"The sheik said."

"Bah!" panted Soldan, as he sprinted on, "War-drums."

Hardly had he said it when Soldan noticed out of the corner of his eye a knot of silent, solemn women huddled close together, as if for protection, in the door of the tent. They were the wives of the sheik, and they were bare-faced, and ugh! how they were scowling! Conspicuous in front of them was Haidee, the favorite, the last one Rahbaad had stolen—a girl from the Sarw Madhig hills. The drums had beaten that time, too; but, ho! Haidee was scowling worst of all!

"She has the most to lose, I wonder," snickered Soldan, as he suspected a thing or two. And he caught up with Mahroub.

"It is no hunting-party, Mahroub, and, pouf! on we go!"

By the time the two tent-makers had joined the pressing, jostling mob, which had already overflowed cordially upon the desert itself, the mysterious cloud of dust had grown wider and thinner and there they were,—the camel-men, Rahbaad's invincible *Muharib,*—and they were dashing joyously down upon the waiting people for all they were worth.

Just as the hoofs of the on-coming camels were kicking pebbles and sand into the faces of Mahroub and Soldan and the others, the squadron seemed to split in the middle and slacken. From the middle out dashed Rahbaad, the sheik, upon a splendid racing camel, and the sheik's fat, bull face was livid with a gloating smile. Excitedly the crowd made way; but there was a sudden scream as Rahbaad drove his beast through a group of children that could not escape for the press. But the grin never left his face, and he headed straight for the great tent.

Trailing Rahbaad closely were two camels, abreast. On one was Ammed, his body-servant, whose nose was sliced off in a scuffle up near the Wady Shibwan; and on the other camel was saddled a *haudaj,* a sort of litter that the sand-men use when their women are with them. Behind the curtains it seemed that there was an occupant. Ammed was leading this camel not with a thong, not with a rope, but with a chain; yes, with a chain. All the tribesmen saw the chain, and they roared with laughter. That told: Rahbaad, amorous old robber, had stolen another girl. And Soldan remembered Haidee scowling in the door of the tent, and it made him laugh; and he nudged Mahroub in the ribs, and they both laughed. Those in the crowd looked at the chain again, and then they all laughed: the crowd, at the old robber; Soldan, at Haidee. Ho-ho! And how they did take on!

The people surged out, and for a moment the two camels were forced to slow down. Without any warning the wind caught at the curtains on the sides of the *haudaj,* and wrenched them loose. They flapped wildly, and then were swept up out of the way, and fell tightly upon the top of the litter. The girl looked up in amazement. Her veil was down,—it had been so warm behind the curtains,—and her large, black eyes stared out angrily at the upturned faces. Her small hands fingered nervously in the raven ringlets of her flowing hair.

The crowd roared again, half in amusement over her predicament, half in loyalty to her dark beauty.

Suddenly a warmth of recognition came into her face as she looked down into the crowd. Then she gave a little gasp of surprise, fell back weakly, and burying her head in her arms, she broke into a convulsive sobbing. The crowd drew back, and the camels moved on.

The crowd again laughed, Mahroub laughed. He turned hilariously on Soldan; but immediately his laughter froze as he looked at Soldan's face, for it was blanched as though by death, and in his eyes there was the mad spark of frenzy.

"What—Soldan—what!"

Soldan averted his face, and made no answer, but with head down he groped out ahead of him with weak arms, like a blind, old man. With Mahroub supporting him, he stumbled back across the glaring sands to the palm-tree. He dropped down, picked up his goat-skins, and resumed his stitching as though nothing had happened. Only he stitched faster than he had ever stitched before, and the seams were grotesquely crooked.

Intuitively, Mahroub thought of the chatting of the wise men that morning, and then he understood. The girl was Layla, and the sheik owned her veil.

"Mahroub," called Soldan in a faint voice.

"Ay?"

"Hast thou ever been to El Mebir?"

"*Illahi!* no!" laughed Mahroub, with a certain shiver. "El Mebir is full of devils. It is haunted by dead unbelievers. No one ever goes there now."

"No one ever goes there," repeated Soldan in a dull voice; "that is what I thought. No one ever goes there—now." And a wan smile played for a moment across Soldan's ashen face.

The next day, and the day after that, Soldan was a puzzle. He bent himself to his tent-making as though his grief had crushed him back to it, a penitent. And Mahroub rested easier. Perhaps the blow was providential. A tent-maker is a tent-maker, and day-dreams get him into trouble. But Mahroub did not know that, in addition to the camels, Soldan had secretly bargained with Haroun for two lances,—tufted with black ostrich feathers, such as the Muharib use,—and a crooked knife. Neither did Mahroub know that in exchange for these Soldan had deeded Haroun his entire tent-making kit, to be delivered when he should take the camels. And neither did Mahroub know, nor did any one else, that by night Soldan was haunting the great tent of Sheik Rahbaad like a tireless bird of prey. Once Ammed detected him, and Soldan had had to take to his heels; but he had escaped without being recognized.

Finally, on the third night, while Rahbaad was in counsel with the wise men,—Abba Mul, Abba Hadj, and the others,—Soldan saw his chance. It was then only the work of a moment, a scratching on the side of the tent, a whisper, and, almost before he knew it, Layla had slipped out under the tent and lay snug in his arms.

"*Ma-shukah!*" he whispered, trembling with excitement.

"*Ma-shuk,*" Layla answered wistfully, placing her finger upon the dimple in his chin, just as she always did.

A shaggy, starved camp-dog limped by them, and as he passed, he bared his dripping fangs and growled, and then hurried on.

"*Ma-shukah,*" interrupted Soldan, anxiously, "if I find the way, wilt thou still go with me?"

"Ever, ever, *ma-shuk,*" she cried passionately; "ever."

"Too loud, *ma-shukah!*" he warned her.

She looked around as though she had heard some noise, but the night was dark and still.

"I have camels ready, and we will try to reach El Mebir," he whispered. "Now, here is a powder—for sleep. Give it to the sheik—in his coffee is best—at even; to-morrow at even. The simoon is coming, but if we go to-morrow night, we can make El Mebir before the wind rises. As soon as he drinks the drink, bury this bracelet that is on thine arm—bury it here in the sand where we are now. I will find it. I will know. In the middle of the night I will come and toss sand against the side of the tent,—here where we stand,—and it will seem as though blown by the wind. Three times will I toss it, and three times three. Then do thou come quickly to the door."

Soldan handed Layla a little packet in glistening oiled paper—the powder. She took it and slipped it carefully into her blouse. But suddenly she wriggled from

his arms, and in a moment she had disappeared into the tent. He was alone.

The growling dog passed by again, white foam trailing from his jaws.

Instantly, it seemed, two hard, bony hands from behind gripped Soldan by the throat. They squeezed until his eyes seemed to push from their sockets. He felt a dull blow upon the head, and then he forgot.

When Soldan awoke, he was flat on his back, with every nerve pounding. His eyes smarted as he looked up at the stars overhead. Gradually he realized that there was a hot breathing against the soles of his feet. He lifted his head,—oh, how it pained him!—and there was the foamy-mouthed, red-eyed wolf-dog sniffing hungrily at his toes. He flung out his foot and struck the ravenous brute soundly upon the muzzle, and it fled silent and limping, with its tail between its legs.

Soldan shuddered.

By degrees he began to hear talking inside the tent.

"Where is he, Ammed?"

"At the door."

"Dead?"

"No. I did not presume, my master."

"Go. Do it."

"My thanks, my master."

Soldan heard Ammed approaching eagerly, but Soldan was too bruised even to rise.

"Ammed," unexpectedly roared Rahbaad's checking voice, "bring him in here instead."

"Ay, my master," growled Ammed, as vexed as he dared to be, and roughly he caught Soldan by the hair and dragged him before the sheik.

Graven in the dimness like an ebony statue, his head thrown back, his grizzled, bearded chin pointing into the air, Rahbaad stood motionless, but consumed with fury. His arms were crossed heavily upon his breast, and his fists were doubled tightly under his arm-pits. Ammed had just told his story.

"Thou didst see all this, Ammed?" he asked as the servant settled back.

"Ay, my master."

Rahbaad's eyes blazed, and Ammed grinned at Soldan, and Soldan prayed devoutly that he might never again be made to look upon a man who had no nose when he should grin, especially under a torch.

"Ammed, if he were a man, we would kill him; if he were a boy, we would banish him: but as he is a tent-maker, we can only whip him."

Tent-maker! Perhaps sometime the odds would be even, thought Soldan, as he ground his teeth together, then he would make manifest how much more than a tent-maker he was. Then—but the first lash screamed through the air, and laid a welt upon Soldan's back.

When at last Ammed laid aside the bloody, unraveled whip, Soldan could hardly stand. Ribbons of streaming flesh lay, crisscross, on his back, and two thick streams of blood trickled down his bare limbs. Rahbaad dismissed him, and as he turned to go, the sheik showered a handful of biting pepper into the cuts on his back.

Soldan in torture turned boldly upon him, and looked him fearlessly in the eye.

"I am thy tent-maker, my master, but I have hopes of something better."

And wild with pain he staggered out of the musty tent, and the night was cool to his back.

Time passed without apparent incident until the fifth day. Along in the first hour of the morning, Rahbaad woke from a drugged stupor. He stumbled unsteadily to his feet, and his hands clasped at his throbbing temples as he swayed to and fro. Slowly his swollen, bovine eyes looked around the room. He started. He went over to Layla's couch. His hand groped tremblingly over the pillow. Nothing. Layla's couch was empty.

He reeled to the door, but there he halted abruptly. Directly at his feet was huddled Ammed, with his knees cramped up against his chin. Over Ammed's breast his shirt was stiff with dried blood. Protruding from his left lung was a crooked knife such as tent-makers use, and it was plunged to the hilt. Then Sheik Rahbaad knew. The veins in his forehead swelled ominously, and he shook with the fury of his cursing. He peered out across the Dahna, and he snapped his teeth as he saw that there was a crimson haze over the sky, and that a crimson haze overcast the desert, like the smile on the face of a murderer who had no nose. Unconsciously the sheik recoiled from the

corpse of Ammed. A strange air pressed painfully upon his aching ear-drums, as with the tips of two strong fingers. But Rahbaad shrugged his shoulders and swore quick vengeance by all the oaths of Allah, simoon or no simoon.

Forthwith the sheik called out ten of his fiercest Muharib on their fastest stallions. Old men tried to dissuade him, and pointed up warningly toward the sky; but Rahbaad looked at them with contempt, and pointed eloquently down at the foot-prints in the sand before his door. From there the trail ran east straight out into the desert, where no doubt camel-tracks soon began. Beyond that was the great empty space, and so where could the fugitives go? Besides, his milk-white stallions could double on the camels. *Subhanallah!* He would get them yet, simoon or no simoon; but Rahbaad forgot El Mebir.

So, back, old men! Mount, Muharib! And, *huza!* off they were, the eleven stallions, like so many streaks of driving mountain snow in the vague morning twilight.

Slowly the doors of the tents closed one by one. Rahbaad had known and risked, and the people crept back under their blankets, and the camp returned to its sleep.

Stealthily a frothing, red-eyed dog limped tigerishly around the corner of the great tent. He sniffed at the air, and then at the corpse of Ammed. His tongue licked the noseless face hungrily, and then with a sudden snap his jaws closed on the dead man's throat.

Already there was a hum in the air as of a rising wind. And the Dahna was left to its own.

II

Rahbaad had known, and yet he had risked, simoon or no simoon, and Rahbaad must surely have lost. The simoon had come, and was going, but it had done its work.

For the first time in two days the sun showed its face, and now at evening on the second day it appeared low in the west, like a gory disk, sliced in two by the horizon, and opalescent in the dense haze.

The Dahna lay about El Mebir like a running tide, still heaving, still tempestuous. The winds skimmed great waves of sand off its surface, and whipped them down into the hollows, and then across the stilted crests of the dunes, until the face of the Dahna seemed continually moving, strangely like the running of the sea off Aden. And then the moaning, the awful moaning, as though the desert was telling its story.

It was growing darker. As a ship can emerge with startling suddenness from a fog, exactly so appeared the exhausted horse and rider. The rider was bent far forward, his head buried in the horse's mane; his arms clasped blindly, desperately around the drooping neck. The reins had dropped and lay over the horse's ears. The two were far spent.

Once the horse lifted its head as with human intelligence, caught sight of the tossing palms, and then plunged on again through the shifty footing with redoubled tenacity. At almost the same time the rider slipped off the saddle to one side, and his arms fell weakly from about the horse's head. The horse slackened and stopped. The rider after much difficulty regained his seat, and mechanically the horse started on again.

Finally they passed the lone palm-tree that has been cut off from the oasis; but of a sudden the horse's speed diminished. It staggered abruptly, and the rider pitched heavily over its head, and fell headlong upon the sand. The horse stopped amazed, and then, limping up to where its master lay, dropped its beautiful head and nosed tenderly about his face. Puzzled, it whinnied anxiously in his ear, and when there was no response, settled back patiently until there should be. But blood was pouring from the horse's nostrils; the eyes were swelled to bursting; the ears dropped lifelessly. The sweating flanks were twitching, and rose and fell rapidly like a quickly worked bellows when the camp-fire is low. Once powerful, now the milk-white stallion tottered feebly. Once the right fore-leg bent out, and the Arabian sank down with a sharp groan; but bravely it struggled to its feet. Again it nosed about its master's face; again it whinnied in its master's ear; again it waited. This time the rider turned over upon his side. He brushed back the hood of his burnoose and pressed his cheek affectionately

against the horse's soft throbbing nose. As though at last satisfied that his duty was done, the gallant horse seemed to surrender. The legs gave way, and the animal crashed over on its side. The eyelids fluttered, and the eyes rolled up under them until only the whites were visible. The flanks collapsed; there was a dry rumble down the length of the graceful throat, and the Arabian was dead.

The rider lifted his fat, bull face, aghast, and then he fell sobbing upon the stallion's head. The man was Rahbaad.

The sun had disappeared; it was dark. The scurrying sand-waves were settling. All that was left was the east wind moaning, moaning, this time as though in requiem for all lost horsemen.

By the time Rahbaad revived sufficiently to make for the oasis, where he knew there was water for his parched, swollen tongue, pitch darkness had fallen all about, although there was a hint of a moon far down in the east. Shuffling through the slipping sand for what he thought was an interminable time, Rahbaad felt firmer ground grow beneath his feet. The trees were thicker; he was colliding with more of them, and there was a wholesome smell in the air as of plants that drank freely.

But he stopped, startled. He reached out his hand; his fingers working nervously, defensively. He heard a single footfall to the right. For a moment from behind one of the trees he caught a gleam as from twin coals, as from eyes, as from human eyes! Then there was nothing, and Rahbaad strode on still weakly, yet more carefully, and fully on his guard.

From the shadows ahead of him he knew that at last the moon was coming up.

The smell of the plants had become fresher; the shadows were denser. The path elbowed around a tree, and then the moonlight glinted off water. Rahbaad knew that it was a well. He rushed toward it frenziedly, but just as he dropped to his knees upon the brink, and was about to bury his head in the cool waters, the two gleaming eyes appeared again, just across the spring, behind a bush. He growled angrily, and then in an abandon of recklessness plunged his head into the well up to his neck. He swallowed the water in great gulps, and then drew up, grunting with relief. Uneasily he looked up with the suspicion that he was still being watched. And sure enough, there were the eyes; they had not moved a jot.

Rahbaad reached for the knife that was always in his belt, but he had lost it in the wild ride through the simoon. He realized that he was unarmed, and at that he trembled. Prudently he drew back the hand that had been groping at his side for a rock, and he became as silent as he could. He changed tactics, for he was without arms. He must be quiet like a mouse. Banish thought of combat, hush! He must walk softly and make no noise. He must hide, for there, there, were the eyes. And Rahbaad the bold crept away noiselessly from the well, and his fat, bull face worked with dread. It was a sight to see.

Crawling carefully along the path that ran through the jungle undergrowth with labyrinthine twists and circlings, Rahbaad finally found himself behind a thick-set bush, and there the path stopped. His bare foot touched a soft, crumbling morsel, and he stepped back uncertainly. Stooping cautiously, he touched it with his finger, and instantly a welcome smile lighted his face. It was a half-eaten crust of bread. He thrust it, whole, into his mouth, and though it burned his swollen tongue, he bolted it ravenously. He stepped up closely to the bush and peered through an interstice formed by the breaking of a twig—by the recent breaking of a twig, for the bark was still slimy—and just at the foot of the bush was the spring. *Billahi!* it was from behind this very bush, then, that the eyes—and he backed away. But before he could turn, a lance tore through the bush from across the spring, and hit with a thud against his chest. Rahbaad rolled over senseless. However, he soon recovered, much to his surprise, and he sat up, aching and bewildered. Beside him lay a slim, black lance. He felt for its point. He stopped, thunderstruck: it had none. The head had been taken off. There was nothing more deadly than a stubby crest of black ostrich feathers.

Of black ostrich feathers? Flat on his stomach, Rahbaad crawled up and, close to the ground, peeked across the spring. He gasped. There were the eyes. Almost at once he was hit in the back with

another lance. It only clipped him on the shoulder-blade; but it stung wickedly. And it, too, was blunt, and in the path behind were two more eyes!

Rahbaad cried hoarsely, and springing up, he dashed into the heavy undergrowth. The interlaced branches checked him at every step; but he fought tremendously, and burst his way through them.

Eyes, eyes, lances with Muharib tips, and a crust of bread! Was the place haunted? This was as awful as El Mebir could be at its worst, even though this was not El Mebir, since there was no ruined temple. But just then Rahbaad glanced up over the tops of the closely packed hedgings, and there, silvery pale in the moonlight, loomed the peristyle. Hardly did he have time to reflect on this when he happened to glance down at his feet. A brown asp, its horns straight above its eyes, was slowly writhing off. It was good that the sheik had not made that next step. Completely unnerved, he stumbled ahead weakly, brushing aside the bushes hesitatingly. A broken branch snapped sharply somewhere behind him. He stopped, turned, screamed. Back in the thicket gleamed six eyes, side by side.

Rahbaad broke away, and clear of the haunted jungle, he leaped through the entrance to the temple, and in an agony of terror he raced blindly between the piles of rock, and soon dropped breathless in front of the altar. A small fire, freshly fed, was burning brightly; but Rahbaad did not stop to consider. Things were swimming past him in a haze, and every now and then would flash the eyes, the eyes, and then things would swim again. His mouth was gaping; his fat, bull face seemed to quiver flabbily; his lungs tossed violently. The last thing he remembered, a gray figure, shrouded in a burnoose, rose like a wraith at the end of the altar. All that was visible were the eyes, and they gleamed like the garnets in the turbans of the beys at Medina. Rahbaad choked and fell prone upon his back. His senses left him.

At once the figure uncovered his head. It was Soldan. He stooped, and spreading Rahbaad's burnoose, emptied out upon it the dates and the black bread that he had carried in the skin sack slung over his wrist. He smiled rather happily, for he knew that Rahbaad would not have done this for him. All this entered into the making manifest.

As he was stepping back, an asp crawled from a little hole under the altar, and, coiling its head, nodded lazily back and forth, and then struck swiftly. Soldan, however, had noticed just in the nick of time, and he bent his knees quickly. The heavy folds of the burnoose sagged loosely upon the ground, and the snake's nose hit harmlessly upon them.

Whether it was bravado or not was not clear, but catching the asp deftly behind the ears, Soldan thrust it hissing into the skin sack, and pulled the strings. He smiled, and shrugged his shoulders; but at that he winced sharply. The scabs on his back were sore. Rahbaad did not deserve dates and bread, but the odds this time were to be even.

Bitterly Soldan lifted the sack and seemed to weigh it thoughtfully. Then he glanced down at the prostrate sheik. His jaw set, and he looked again wonderingly at the sack. His eyes opened as at an idea.

"Making manifest," he mumbled. Then Soldan hurried away.

When Soldan returned to the spring, Layla was having her difficulties with Mahroub, who, squatted near the brink, was rocking slowly back and forth in a boiling rage.

"He is wroth, *ma-shuk,*" she confided warningly to Soldan as he approached; "he—"

"I could have knifed him," broke in Mahroub, angrily, "when he came down to the spring. I could have slain him, and thou sheared the points from the spears!"

"*Sulh,* Mahroub," soothed Soldan; "that is not making manifest. The odds are to be even, and I have said it."

"Who ever heard of such things!" sneered Mahroub. "When the work lies ready, when the twine is in the needle's eye, then—stitch!"

"Mahroub, I gave him bread that he might eat of other bread. I sheared our lances when he was about to find us that he might be left for the sharpest of lances. He has screamed, and when I make him scream again he will see, as though he saw his own face in a pool,

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"ALL IN A MOMENT IT ARCHED ITS NECK LIKE A SWAN'S"

that his tent-maker is better than he. Ho, ho! That his tent-maker is braver than he!"

"What, *ma-shuk,*" asked Layla, doubtfully, "is this other bread?"

"It is not baked by hands, *ma-shukah,* and its leaven is the leaven of shame."

"But, *ma-shuk,* this sharpest of lances?"

"It is the fiber of the heart, *ma-shukah.* It is tipped with scorn, and is cast from the fearless eye."

"Yet, tell me, *ma-shuk,* what will make him to scream? Will it be huge like one of the Muharib, and ride on a camel? Will it roar like the simoon, and be mighty to slay in great numbers?"

"Ay, *ma-shukah,* it will be huge like the point of a needle. It will roar like the smooth tooth of the asp—and yet be mighty to slay in great numbers. It will be vasty as death,—the great tent of all,—when the curtains drop down forever. It will be vile as death, when the doors have been shut, and a stench has been loosed in the darkness. Vasty as that—and as vile."

Soldan turned scornfully and went back up the path, and he carried the skin sack carefully. Mahroub looked questioningly at Layla and wondered.

Rahbaad was just finishing the dates and the bread. His cheeks bulged gluttonously, and his eyes were half-closed, like a sleepy ox to whom the cud is the full measure of living. And he ate, and he did not consider what he ate, or the source of the bounty. There was no pepper.

At this juncture Soldan and Layla, both hidden in burnooses, appeared silently around the altar. Nimbly the girl vaulted upon the top of the rock and seated herself, crouching like a little gray cat. Slowly Soldan walked around in front of her, until he was above the sheik, and facing him.

Rahbaad looked up, and unconsciously his hands fell around the food, much as a dog claims his bone. But then his teeth began to chatter, and his limbs to tremble. Things were still swimming past him; but as soon as he caught the eyes gleaming behind the hood, he tumbled back upon the sand, and a look of craven entreaty came into the bull face.

Soldan smiled grimly behind his hood, and carefully unwound the skin sack from his wrist. He deposited it upon the sand, handy, yet out of Rahbaad's reach. He wrapped the burnoose snugly about his limbs, and stroking it smooth down to the ankles, he lay down flat upon his stomach.

Layla raised her head, amazed.

Soldan nodded peremptorily at Rahbaad, and the sheik comprehended and obeyed like a child. Rising, he lay down flat upon his stomach likewise. Things were still swimming past him, and more rapidly.

Soldan stared intently into the fat face, but Rahbaad, blinking his eyes fearfully, looked away, and anxiously watched the full skin sack. On one side of them was the fire, on the other the altar and the girl, and she was beautiful like a nymph at dawn as the moonlight fell about her, for her hood had slipped.

Finally Soldan extended his bare, left forearm, and placed it between himself and Rahbaad, so that it made a line between the altar and the fire. He nodded at Rahbaad's right arm, and, still cowed, the Bedouin slowly pushed out his right arm and placed it parallel with Soldan's. The two arms were less than a hand-span apart. The two fists lay toward the fire, and the elbows lay toward the altar. But Soldan never shifted his hood, and continued to gaze intently across the bridge of his arm at Rahbaad. Once, as though compelled, the latter lifted his eyes squarely to the other's. Immediately they dropped to the sack, and he caught his breath huskily.

After a long, racking pause, Soldan drew the sack around and laid it with its neck-opening between the two bare arms. He began to untie the thong around the sack. He then depressed the neck until it was touching the floor of the temple. The folds of the sack began to swell, and within it there was the lazy squirming of the captive.

In a flash Rahbaad recalled what a narrow escape he had had in the thicket from an asp. He bit nervously at his bearded lips, and a hot sweat began to stand out in beads upon his knobbed brow. His blood-shot eyeballs were bulging, and his breath, bursting rapidly from his nostrils, blew little clouds of dust from the floor.

The grip of Soldan's hand on the sack

loosened. The neck opened, and slowly there protruded an ugly head, with horns straight above eyes that snapped with anger. There was a short little hiss.

Layla rose slowly, horror-stricken, and then sank upon straight, trembling arms.

And the hand on the sack did not flinch, and the eyes did not rise from Rahbaad's.

The snake's head was almost free when with a shudder and a muffled scream Rahbaad jerked his arm back. His fat face dropped upon the floor, and tears poured from his beefy eyes. Soldan's hand tightened quickly on the bag, and the snake was arrested; but it hissed angrily and strove to free itself; but in vain. Impulsively Rahbaad shoved back his arm, and his face lifted, and it was burning with shame.

"The scream!" breathed Soldan, triumphantly.

Again the arms were parallel. Suddenly, without any warning, Soldan's grip on the sack relaxed completely. He squeezed the body of the snake through the opening, and tossed the sack over his shoulder. This time told.

Slowly the asp crawled ahead until it was directly between the two arms; directly opposite the men's eyes. As though to tantalize, the asp turned its head and looked quizzically into both faces. Then it slowly coiled itself into a compact, powerful cone.

The sweat had increased on Rahbaad's brow. Drop after drop trickled down the thick bridge of his nose and splashed upon his fat arm. His arm was trembling, and his muscles were drawn and taut in their effort to control it so that it would not attract the attention of the snake. Soldan's arms lay full and free, not a tendon straining.

Beating with her fists impotently upon the hard granite, Layla was shivering.

The asp raised its head. Its eyes glistened with an evil light. It turned slowly, slowly toward Soldan. Just for a moment his eyes closed bitterly, and then they opened again and continued to stare at Rahbaad. At any rate, he had made them even. He had done what Rahbaad would never have done, even if he did lose.

Layla's breast was heaving. A sickly grin of relief drew over Rahbaad's face.

Slowly the asp began to swing back and forth, back and forth, lazily, rhythmically. But still Soldan stared at Rahbaad and still the asp was swinging. Then it halted, upraised, about to strike. Rahbaad laughed a dry laugh; but at the relaxation his arm began to tremble violently. The asp's head jerked erect, rigid, attracted by the agitation. Its wicked eyes burned with inquiry. Then it whirled its flat head abruptly toward Rahbaad. All in a moment it arched its neck like a swan's and darted from its coils. There was the thud of its nose against the soft flesh of Rahbaad's arm, and the fangs bit deep.

Layla swooned.

Soldan brushed his hood back from his head with a wild sweep, and smothered the asp under the sack. Like lightning he reached out exultantly, and catching Rahbaad violently by the beard, with all the daring of a man who had made manifest he thrust up the chin until Rahbaad could not help but look him in the face.

"Thy tent-maker, O sheik—thy tent-maker!"

NOTES ON LORADO TAFT

BY HENRY B. FULLER

LORADO TAFT, the most prominent of our Western sculptors, was born at Elmwood, Illinois, of New England parentage, in 1860. In 1879, he was graduated from the Illinois State University, where his father was a member of the faculty. He went abroad in 1880, and passed three years in Paris at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. On returning to America, he settled in Chicago, where he has since resided. His mother (also of a good old down-East family) was the source from which he drew his talent.

The earlier years of Mr. Taft's professional career were narrowly conditioned by the naïf demands and appreciations of a new and simple society. In such circumstances, one naturally makes busts of the living and of the dead, whether distinguished or non-distinguished; and one executes soldiers' monuments. A wider field and a fairer future opened out with the coming of the World's Columbian Exposition, and the young artist grasped his first conspicuous opportunity when he contributed two tall decorative groups to flank the entrance of the Horticultural Building: "The Sleep of the Flowers" and "The Awakening of the Flowers." An analogous contribution was made for the adornment of the succeeding exhibition at St. Louis: two groups, with outstanding figures, representing "The Mountain" and "The Prairie."

With maturing years, our artist has left the merely decorative side of sculpture behind him. He has searched his heart, and has come to view with increasing penetration a wider segment of human life. The transition to this newer stage was marked by his heroic group entitled, "The Solitude of the Soul." This presents four figures, two male and two female, partly imbedded in and partly detached from a central core. With sealed eyes and groping gestures these typical personages show that not even the closest intimacy may insure complete understanding, and they embody the touching, disquieting truth that each one of us, despite the best will on all sides, must pass through this life more or less alone.

Mr. Taft's next important work was drawn, with admirable felicity, from his own proper environment. This was the fountain-group of five female figures called, "The Great Lakes." High-standing Superior starts the descending stream; Michigan, Huron, and Erie give sisterly aid; and crouching Ontario, with outstretched arm, directs the flood onward toward the sea.[1] This subject, so manifestly apposite,—indeed, so inevitable,—merely awaited the man. Recognition, both general and official, followed with gratifying quickness. A permanent fund for the decoration of the city of Chicago having been recently established by private beneficence,[2] an enlarged copy of "The Great Lakes"—most graceful and appropriate work—will find a worthy place in the growing scheme of embellishment for the South side system of parks and boulevards.

The latest of Mr. Taft's large groups, "The Blind," illustrates the crucial situation in Maeterlinck's "Les Aveugles," and follows upon a performance of this poignant play which was lately given by

[1] This group was reproduced in THE CENTURY for July, 1906.

[2] A sum of $1,000,000, bequeathed by Mr. B. F. Ferguson, a retired lumberman, to be administered "entirely and exclusively under the direction of the Board of Trustees of the Art Institute of Chicago in the erection and maintenance of enduring statuary and monuments of stone, granite, or bronze, in the parks, along the boulevards, and in the public places," to be expended by the various boards of park commissioners."

MOTHER AND CHILD IN THE GROUP, "THE BLIND," BY LORADO TAFT

"THE BLIND." FROM THE PLASTER MODEL BY LORADO TAFT

(SUGGESTED BY MAETERLINCK'S DRAMA "LES AVEUGLES." SHOWN AT BALTIMORE IN THE EXHIBIT OF THE NATIONAL SCULPTURE SOCIETY, 1908)

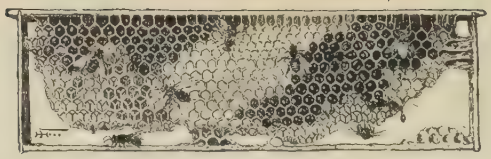
the sculptor and his associates at their summer camp on the Rock River. The dozen sightless ones—old or younger, strong or feeble, sane or half-mad—now realize at last that their priest and leader is dead, and that their only hope for guidance rests with the infant around whom they crowd and grope.

Among other recent works, one may mention busts of Illinois worthies—Governor Oglesby and General Logan—for the Memorial Hall of the Grand Army of the Republic, in the public library building, Chicago. More important is a colossal statue of Washington for the campus of the State University at Seattle. This sets forth our first President, in long military cape and sword of state, as an idea. The figure is severely abstract and architectonic, a presentation of great dignity and power.

But sculpture, pure and simple, is only a single element in Lorado Taft's busy life. To gain the opportunity for such achievement as has already been noted, and to indulge his enthusiastic desire for the artistic betterment of Chicago and the Middle West, he has had to spend a large part of his best years in copious exegesis and comment. Though he maintains three studios,—one at the center of the town, one in the suburbs, and one at Eagle's Nest Camp, near Oregon, Illinois,—yet the lecture-platform and the railway-train continue to claim a good share of his time. He has delivered some two thousand lectures upon art subjects. To this educational side of his work he has brought, in notable union, a high seriousness of purpose and a winning *intimité* of manner. From 1886 to 1907 he was instructor at the Chicago Art Institute; from 1892 to 1902 he was a lecturer in the university extension department of the University of Chicago; and even today he is often on the wing, with his paraphernalia and his assistants, engaged in demonstrating to North, South, West, and, of late, the East, what a sculptor's studio is like, and what goes on within it. By such means, in his present environment, does he earn for the ideal the privilege of subsisting and a continued right to function.

Mr. Taft's teaching has not been without its creative side. He possesses the happy faculty of contriving large *projets* that provide coöperative play for the wits and fingers of many students. Two of these pieces of concerted endeavor may be recalled: a "Funeral Procession," which presented many mourners and pall-bearers in severe and stately garb; and a "Scene in the Temple," where the woman taken in her sin was shown surrounded by a varied circle of Jews dominated by a single Roman soldier. In such compositions each member of the class has been accustomed to take an allotted figure.

So much free discourse, indulged in year after year, could hardly, in the end, avoid the printed page. In 1903, Mr. Taft published his "History of American Sculpture," a genial and thorough work much appreciated alike by professional, amateur, and student. His activities, besides impinging on literature, have also taken a slant, partly by reason of several ambitious projects yet to be realized, in the direction of architecture. Last year, at the Convention of the American Institute of Architects, held in Chicago, Mr. Taft was made a corresponding member of that body, an honor to be interpreted in the broadest sense. He was welcomed not only as a coadjutor of architects, not only as an unwearied promoter, by word and by deed, of the general cause of art, but as a man. Indeed, it is largely as a citizen, giving freely of his best for the common good, that Lorado Taft has taken his firm hold upon the friendly appreciation of his own city and gained the sympathetic regard of his artistic confrères assembled there from throughout the land.



MRS. BIRKIN'S BONNET

BY L. ALLEN HARKER

THE very first time that the baby went out, the monthly nurse carried her to see Mrs. Birkin; and as she marched with slow and stately tread up the narrow garden path to the cottage, a swarm of bees settled all over both infant and nurse. Fortunately the nurse was a Cotswold woman, and knew full well that if a swarm of bees settles upon an infant during the first month of its existence, and departs without stinging, it is a very lucky omen. And people born in other parts of the world will agree as to the good fortune of the latter contingency.

Mrs. Birkin in her porch, and the nurse in her cloak of bees, stood like two statues in the hot sunshine of that September afternoon, the nurse hardly daring to breathe, lest by some inadvertent movement she should change so stupendous a piece of luck into disaster.

Presently the brown cloud lifted itself from the white bundle in the anxious nurse's arms and passed with its own triumphant music to some other place.

The baby still slept sweetly, oblivious alike of good or evil fortune. Mrs. Birkin, her ruddy cheeks pale under the weather-stains of years, came forth from her cottage as the nurse tottered to meet her, holding out the baby and exclaiming hysterically: "Take her, take her, and let me sit down somewhere, for my legs won't bear me no longer!"

"The Lard be praised!" cried Mrs. Birkin, seizing the baby. "That there lamb 'll be lucky an' good-lookin', an' she 'll 'ave a good 'usban' for sure. Bless 'er! Them bees knows what they be about, an' 't is plain they knew as you was Cotsal barn an' bred, an' was n't none of them faintin', scritchin' women as don't rekkernize the Lard's voice, not when 'E 'ollers in their yer."

Then, seated on the little wooden seats on each side of the tiny porch, the women proceeded to sing the size and the exceeding beauty of the new baby, who seemingly preferred the soothing lullaby of the bees, for she woke up and "hollered" with surprising vigor.

A little later the baby paid her visits to Mrs. Birkin in a fine, white perambulator, and, as that worthy woman put it, "You did n't know where you was" before that remarkable infant toddled up the cobbled path to the cottage quite unassisted.

Time slips by noiseless and fleet-footed in a quiet Cotswold village, even as in noisier and more strenuous places, and "Squoire's little darter" grew into "our young lady." To be sure, there were other young ladies in the neighborhood, for the village is large and cheery, with many nice places around; but the other young ladies were in no way remarkable. No swarm of bees had settled on any of them in infancy. For it really seemed as if some of the sturdy sweetness of the bees had passed into the baby they thus honored. As was said of jolly Dick Steele, "she was liked in all company because she liked it."

And now the village was upside down with excitement, for our young lady was going to be married, and Mrs. Birkin was to have a new bonnet for the great occasion.

Mrs. Birkin felt that she had an unusually important part to play in the festivities attendant on this great event, for our young lady's father, who had an excellent memory for dates, had decreed that the wedding-day should be on the anniversary of the day on which, nineteen years be-

fore, the swarm of bees had distinguished his daughter. Such a thing had never happened since, though plenty of babies had come both to Mrs. Birkin's village and the other villages round about, and you may be sure that Mrs. Birkin knew all about every baby that arrived within a ten-mile radius. She is an authority upon babies. She is one of those women who is everybody's mother because she has no living children of her own. In the churchyard, under the green mound that now marks the humble resting-place of Mr. Birkin, there were once two tiny graves where, side by side, lay Mrs. Birkin's twin sons. And for the sake of those two babies, dead these forty years, Mrs. Birkin's heart had kept young and kind, and full of love for all other babies. So that it came about that the very crossest infant ever born into a world it seemed to find singularly unattractive was good with Mrs. Birkin, and in consequence she was in great request with busy mothers.

Nor was it only the babies who loved Mrs. Birkin. Little girls brought their dolls for her to dress, and little boys, even bad little boys, whose grubby hands were against every other man, woman, or child in the village, refrained from pillaging Mrs. Birkin's garden, and had been known to weed it for her, all for love.

For months past, in fact, ever since our young lady's engagement was announced, Mrs. Birkin had pondered the great question of the Bonnet. She had not had a new bonnet for six years. Four years before that, again, she had indulged in a widow's bonnet, in which, on Sundays, she did honor to the memory of the departed Birkin; until the crape grew green with age, and our young lady herself suggested that the time had come when Mrs. Birkin's somewhat mitigated woe might find expression in head-gear less indicative of intense gloom.

In our village, except "of a Sunday," the question of costume is extremely simple. The men wear corduroy; the women, lilac or pink print, with sunbonnet to match. There are those who wish that the wearing of these uniforms extended to Sundays,—the villagers, in the week, are so much more in harmony with the beautiful, gray, old houses,—but those who, like "Squoire," love these people well, would not for the world debar them from the wearing of that finery dear to the heart of woman in cottage and castle alike.

Squoire drives a coach, and often on Saturday afternoons he will pull up in the very middle of our one street and shout, "Any one for the town?" And, sure enough, three or four eager damsels and matrons bustle out of their cottages, are packed in as inside passengers, and away goes the coach to distant "Ziren," where country folk can see the shops and make their purchases, Squoire bringing them and their bundles home in the evening again, and never a penny to pay for carriage hire.

Three times lately had Mrs. Birkin made this journey to "Ziren," rightly so called from its many fascinations. She had flattened her nose against the plate-glass windows of that stately shop in the market-place where there were displayed hats of the most bewitching beauty, and fabrics so delicate that Mrs. Birkin fairly caught her breath at the mere idea of any one daring to wear them. It was undoubtedly an entrancing vision, that shop; but then nothing was priced, and there were no bonnets in that window, and for a bonnet Mrs. Birkin had come to look.

At the corner of Black Jack Street, not quite in the market-place, but facing it, was another shop. Here there were hats and bonnets in plenty, marked in plain figures for all to see, and there was one, manifestly a bonnet "suitable for a elderly person," that positively fascinated Mrs. Birkin. Of white straw was it, trimmed with scarlet geraniums and elegant excrescences of watered ribbon of a delicate mauve shade—a truly bridal bonnet, fitted to grace even the marriage of our young lady herself. But its cost was twelve and sixpence, a truly prohibitive price for Mrs. Birkin—"A'most a month's keep," she sadly whispered to herself. She went away from that window. She walked right round the market-place, she looked into every milliner's window, she gazed upon other bonnets; but there was nothing to compare with the creation compounded of scarlet geraniums and mauve ribbon in the shop in Black Jack Street. All the same, Mrs. Birkin went home with only three yards

of scouring flannel to show for her day's shopping.

But she dreamed of the bonnet, and her waking hours were haunted by its beauties. "I can't afford no more nor ten shillin's," she said to a neighbor with whom she discussed the question. "Mebbe if I waits, her 'll get a bit faded, and they 'll put un down in proice."

Thrice more did Mrs. Birkin avail herself of Squoire's kindness and drive in the coach to Ziren, and on the third occasion she screwed up her courage to enter the shop, and in trembling tones demanded of the young lady behind the counter whether there was any chance of the bonnet—for it still graced the window—"bein' a bit cheaper for cash. I could n't pay for un to-day," she added; "but next week I be comin' in again, an' if so be as her were two shillin' less, I med manage un."

The young lady was good-natured and approachable. She even lifted the bonnet from its stand in the window, and proposed that Mrs. Birkin should try it on.

This Mrs. Birkin did, though her knees knocked together during the process, and she was fain to confess that her handsome, sunburnt face was assuredly "uncommon set off" when framed in the scarlet geraniums and pale mauve ribbons.

"Of course I can't promise that it won't be gone before next week," said the young lady. "It 's a very attractive article; but if it is still here, we might be able to meet you. You would n't like me to put it aside for you, to make sure?" she suggested.

But here Mrs. Birkin was firm. "No," she said; "if so be as you has a chanst to sell it, far be it from me to stand in your way. But if it be still yer, when I do come back, then, if I 've got the money, I 'll 'ave she. The ribbons is gettin' a bit faded," she added shrewdly; and with that parting shot, Mrs. Birkin hurried from the shop to buy yellow soap.

She was not well off, even as such a term is modestly read in a Cotswold village community. For one thing, she was far too fond of giving. For another, although she "went out days" when she got the chance, and was as sturdy and healthy at sixty as many women are at forty, yet she could no longer work in the fields in summer, a long day's haymaking being more than she could stand. Squoire let her live in her cottage rent free, for the departed Birkin had been one of his laborers; moreover, his daughter was very fond of Mrs. Birkin, and that went a long way with Squoire. He also had obtained for her of late, from certain mysterious powers called "Guardians," an allowance of three and sixpence a week, so that with what she could earn Mrs. Birkin got on fairly comfortably. The bonnet money was money saved up for years against illness, but "Law bless you!" she said, " 't is only once in a way. That there bonnet 'll sarve me till I be put away in churchyard along of Birkin, an' if I don't go foine to see that there blessed lamb married to her good gentleman, when be I to go foine? You just tell me that."

The day of the wedding was drawing near. Only six days now till the great day itself. But Mrs. Birkin was still bonnetless. In vain did she count her savings over and over again; by no arithmetical process could they be persuaded to amount to more than eleven shillings and fivepence three farthings. Squoire sent round word that he would drive the coach into Ziren that afternoon and that anybody might go that liked. Mrs. Birkin went, carrying with her her whole worldly wealth.

Once in the market-place, she hurried to the shrine of the Bonnet. It was still there, and on it was a card bearing the reassuring legend, "Much reduced; only nine and elevenpence halfpenny."

Mrs. Birkin paused outside that she might savor the sweets of purchase by anticipation. For fully five minutes did she stand gloating over the bonnet—her bonnet, as she already felt it to be, and she was on the point of entering the shop when she caught sight of a neighbor on the other side of the road, one Mrs. Comley, who held by the hand a small and exceedingly dirty boy about ten years old. His free hand was thrust into one of his tearful eyes, and sobs shook his small frame. It was plain that Ernie Comley was in grievous trouble. Mrs. Comley, too, looked flushed and miserable. She was an unhealthy-looking, undersized little woman whose somewhat dreary days were passed in futile attempts to overtake her multifarious duties. Mrs. Comley

was no manager; and it was not surprising, for one weakly baby was hardly set upon its bandy legs before another appeared to claim her whole attention. Comley was a farm-laborer with twelve shillings a week, so that the charitable made excuses for Mrs. Comley. Besides, she "did come from Birmiggum," and the Cotswold folk felt that that explained any amount of slackness and general incompetence.

It was not in the nature of Mrs. Birkin to pass by any one in trouble. She forgot her bonnet for the moment, and hurried across the road to inquire the cause of Ernie's tears.

"We come by the carrier this morning," Mrs. Comley explained,—it was like her to pay for the carrier when Squoire would have brought her for nothing,—"I 'ad so much to do, an' Ernie 'e done nothing but w'ine an' cry somethin' dreadful all the time because I told 'im plain 'e can't go to no weddin's, nor no treats after, neither. Do you know what that boy 've bin an' done? 'E 've gone an' tore the seat clean out of 'is Sunday trowsies, an' there ain't a bit of the same stuff nowhere. We 've bin an' tried all over the place; an' go in corderoys 'e shall not, shamin' me before all the neighbors, as is nasty-tongued enough as it is. 'E be the most rubsome child I ever see. There ain't no keepin' 'im in clothes, that there ain't."

Mrs. Comley gave the "rubsome" Ernie a spiteful shake, which caused that unhappy urchin to burst into renewed and louder sobs.

"There, there," said Mrs. Birkin, soothingly, "don't 'ee take on so! There 's sure to be summat as can be done, and I 'm sartin of this, as our young lady 'ad far sooner 'e come in 'is corderoys than stopped away. She said most partic'lar as she 'oped *heverbody* 'u'd come. There, Ernie, then, don't 'ee take on so." And Mrs. Birkin patted the boy's shoulder with a kind, comforting hand.

"I tell you as there ain't nothing as can be done," Mrs. Comley retorted fretfully. "Them cloes is tore about shockin'. They was n't new when 'e got 'em, an' 'e be that rubsome they 've all fell to pieces. 'T ain't only the trowsies. And do you mean to tell me that 'e could go to hany weddin' like this 'ere?"

Mrs. Birkin fell back a step that she might the better regard the lachrymose Ernie, and sorrowfully she came to the conclusion that his mother was right; for, indeed, his appearance was the reverse of festal. Although his corduroy trousers had so far withstood his rubsome tendencies, his jacket had given way at the elbows, and he looked altogether as disreputable a small boy as could be met in a summer's day.

"I tried to get 'im a suit at the Golden Anchor, if they 'd only 'ave let me take it on credit; but they be that 'ard—'cash with horder,' that 's their style. An' it 's no manner of use me a-goin' to any of the big tailors: they would n't so much as look at me. There, Ernie, do 'old that row. You 'll never be missed in all that crowd. No one 'll know but what you was there."

This reflection seemed in no way to comfort Ernie, who burst forth into a loud howl, and was dragged down the market-place by his weary and incensed parent.

Mrs. Birkin stood where she was, immersed in thought. Across the road the bonnet shop beckoned beguilingly, and her work-worn hand tightened upon her purse. Slowly she crossed the road, and once more stood staring at the bonnet. How beautiful it was! How brilliant its geraniums, how crisp and dainty its bosses and twists of ribbon! "It be like the bit o' carpet beddin' under Squoire's drawin'-room windows, that 'a be," said Mrs. Birkin to herself.

She stared so hard at the bonnet that her eyes grew misty, and the card with "much reduced" danced before her; but still she did not go into the shop. She stood like a statue for nearly five minutes, still staring at the bonnet; but she no longer saw it. What she saw was her own potato-patch last autumn; and in it, hard at work, was Ernie Comley, digging her potatoes for her because her lumbago was so bad.

"What do it matter for a hold image like me what I do wear?" she muttered. Then she turned from the window that held her heart's desire, and hurried down the market-place after Mrs. Comley and the rubsome Ernie.

She found them staring gloomily into the window of the ready-made clothes shop.

"You come in along o' me," she cried excitedly. "There 's a suit in that window, 'This style eight and eleven three,' as 'll just do for Ernie, allowin' for growth. I 'll buy it for un, an' you can pay me back a bit at a time, as is most convenient. Come on in."

The suit was bought, and presently Ernie, dirty, and as cheerful as he had been tearful a few minutes before, emerged from the doorway, hugging a large, brown paper parcel.

"I must do my shoppin' sharpish," Mrs. Birkin said as she came out of the shop, "or else Squoire 'll be back before I be ready. Good afternoon to you. No; don't you never name it. 'T is no more than you 'd 'a' done for me."

To herself she murmured as she hurried up the market-place: "I don't suppose as she 'll ever pay I, she 's but a slack piece; but I could n't abear as that boy should n't 'ave none of the fun. We 're none on us young but once."

Mrs. Birkin's Sunday bonnet was black, and although a black dress for best is not only permissible, but suitable, for an elderly cottager even at a wedding, to wear a black bonnet upon so festive an occasion is to commit a solecism of the most glaring kind.

Mrs. Birkin was a woman of much resource. Once the bonnet of her dreams had become an impossibility, owing to the expense of Ernie Comley's wedding garment, she set herself forthwith to manufacture another as like the one in the shop window at Ziren as her means would allow.

To that end she purchased a small, a very small, pot of cream enamel; red flowers, of a nondescript kind it is true, but still red, and plenty of them for the money; and three yards of pale lavender ribbon. She then picked all the trimming off her old bonnet, washed it, dried it in the oven with the door well ajar lest the precious thing should "scarch." When dry, she enameled it cream, inside and out, and when the enamel in its turn had dried, she trimmed the rejuvenated bonnet with the new flowers and ribbon. And a very imposing confection it looked. and quite unlike anything to be seen in any window of the Ziren shops. Mrs. Birkin herself felt certain misgivings about it; but she had done her best, and by her best she must abide.

It happened that the night before the wedding our young lady's maid was packing her going-away trunk, talking the while about the villagers and their excitement over the morrow. This maid was "own niece" to Mrs. Birkin, but she was not proud of the relationship. She was a smart young woman who had traveled, and she looked down upon her simple old aunt with, at the best, a tolerant sort of amusement.

"You 'll see some wonderful costumes to-morrow, Miss," she said as she folded dainty garments. "The whole village has got something new. My old aunt now—not that you 'll have time to notice such as she—but you never saw such a bonnet as she 's gone and trimmed for herself. A silly old woman, that 's what I call her. She 'd saved up quite a nice bit of money, and was going to have a new bonnet out of a shop in the town they sets such store by, though 't is n't much more than a village to them as have traveled, is it, Miss? Well, what does she go and do but lend the money as she 'd saved for her bonnet to a woman in the village to buy a suit for one of them nasty, mischievous little boys, so that he could come to your weddin' and the treats an' that? 'T was n't aunt told me, else I 'd have given her a piece of my mind. A fool and his money 's soon parted."

Our young lady turned almost fiercely upon her maid. "I think it was perfectly lovely of Mrs. Birkin," she cried, with a ring in her voice that warned that sharp girl she had in some way offended. "I wish there were more people like her in the world. It would be a kinder, better place. There 's nothing here one half so beautiful as that bonnet of hers."

The maid went on folding lace petticoats in silence, for there was a sound of tears in her young lady's voice. She wondered at the curious ways of the gentry; one never knew where to have them.

The church was packed for the wedding. Only the seats on one side of the central aisle had been reserved for the guests; by special request of the bride, the other side was kept for the villagers, first come, first served, with no distinctions whatsoever. Mrs. Comley was there, with Ernie, all

new suit and hair-oil. Mrs. Birkin came a full hour and a half before the service, and secured a corner seat next the aisle from which wild horses could not have dragged her.

The priest had said his say, the organist was thundering the wedding-march, the wedding was over, and the bride, her veil thrown back from her radiant face, was coming down the aisle on her proud young husband's arm. Mrs. Birkin, tearful and exultant, stood in her place devouring the pretty spectacle with eager, kind old eyes. As the bride reached Mrs. Birkin's pew she stopped, slipped her hand from the bridegroom's arm, and turning, flung both her own, bouquet and all, round Mrs. Birkin's neck. She kissed the old woman before the whole church and whispered loudly in her ear: "Mrs. Birkin dear, that 's the most beautiful bonnet I ever saw."

In another moment she was gone. The last pair of bridesmaids had passed, and after them, visitors and villagers alike thronged into the sunshine. Mrs. Birkin, her bonnet much awry, owing to the heavy bridal bouquet, strayed out with the rest in a sort of solemn rapture. She had been honored above all other women on that great day.

"Wot did 'er say to you?" asked Mrs. Comley, enviously, when they got outside.

Mrs. Birkin laughed. "Bless 'er sweet face!" she exclaimed triumphantly, "if her did n't go and think 't was a bran' new bonnet as I 'd got on! I must 'a' made un over-smartish, that I must."

THE LAST CURTAIN

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

"IT might come to-day, or it might come next week," said the doctor, putting on his gloves. "He may be delirious. You must let me know if he is, and I will come at once, though there is little any of us can do."

The woman in the hall hovered with short, aged steps at the doctor's heels. Old as she was, she could still be described as chubby. She was pretty, too, with the prettiness of a lively woman who has not grown old in heart. But her vivacity was put aside now by anxious tenderness.

"Is the nurse all right, Doctor? Are you sure she knows her business?" she asked solicitously.

"She 's the best nurse we ever had at the hospital," he answered kindly. "But of course she 's not the same as an old friend. It was splendid of you to come 'way down here to nurse him, and at your age, too. Has he no relatives?"

"Not a soul," she answered.

"Why did he never marry?" the doctor asked. "Funny—I remember him so well—used to be taken to see him play when I was only knee-high. And he was so handsome, and everybody said he had such charming manners, both on the stage and off. Father used to declare he could give points to Edward Everett. He should have had a family. Why was it?"

Her sweet mouth trembled as the old lady looked up in the doctor's face. "Well," she answered, "we players are n't always happy in our marriages, I 'm sorry to say. Perhaps he was afraid."

"But surely he had your example," the doctor smiled. "All Boston is proud of your life and your family."

The woman turned her face quickly away. "I did n't marry an actor," she said.

"But he need n't have married an act—" The doctor broke off his sentence abruptly. Then he added gravely and gently: "I used to see you two in 'Adri-

enne Lecouvreur.' Do you remember? And 'The School for Scandal,' too. You were both so good!"

"*He* was great," said the old lady. "He played six hundred parts in his life, and all of them correctly and finely. Who can do that nowadays, I should like to know?"

The doctor whistled. "Why," said he, "now an actor plays one part for two or three seasons, does n't he? He *was* a remarkable man!"

"He was the greatest comedian we 've ever had," she answered proudly.

The doctor patted her hand. "Now, the nurse is all right, and I 'll come again after dinner, anyway," he said. "Good-by."

"Good-by," she answered, and smiled brightly up at him, though her eyes were dim.

The doctor went out into the narrow side street under the shadow of Beacon Hill, where all the low, red brick houses, flush with the walk, were replicas of the old comedian's home; and, stepping into his buggy, drove toward the ampler regions of the Back Bay. The woman, shutting the door behind him, climbed slowly up the stairs, past engraving after engraving in beautiful mezzotint of eighteenth-century theatrical portraits; past a great photograph, framed in ebony and signed, of Booth's sad, sweet face as *Hamlet;* past a bronze bust of Shakspere in the landing-niche, to the second story. There she sat down in the large, dim front room to rest, first listening anxiously a moment at the door to the rear apartment.

How familiar that front room was to her! Not so much because she had sat there times innumerable in the past, as for its thousand objects in quaint juxtaposition that one and all reminded her of the theater, of the old stock-company days at the Museum, when the pride of the American stage had been that company. On the mantel stood the great loving-cup presented to the comedian in this very room one midnight after his last performance, a token not only from the city, but from the nation, of the esteem in which he was held. She knew every famous name that was engraved upon its side with his. They were the names of her friends, too. Above it hung his portrait, the heavy wig, lion-like, abundant, the bright, kindly eyes, the wide, sensitive mouth, the erect figure, not without a touch of stiff, courtly grace. How admirably the artist had rendered him, suggesting the play of emotions over that handsome old face; for it was a portrait painted in his declining years. Her portrait, also, hung on the opposite wall, in powder and satin as *Lady Teazle.* It was hung, as the Japanese display their pictures, quite alone, in curious contrast to the other walls, which were loaded with prints and portraits. And the effect was to honor it, to mark it as an object apart. She got up and stood before it. Was she, then, once so slender and once so beautiful? For the face was beautiful, for all its assumption of petulant pride. She stood a little straighter as she looked, and tried once more to assume that petulant, haughty attitude. Then suddenly realizing where she was, her shoulders drooped lower than before, and she moved weakly to a sofa, the tears of pity and remembrance in her eyes.

The sofa held her in luxurious leather depths. In some play, she recalled—the name had gone from her—the comedian had been called upon to fall suddenly on a sofa, and, objecting in the words of Dundreary to "sitting down two inches before a fellah expects it," had bought this couch himself for a property, sending it over to the theater, to the amusement of the company. Dundreary! Should n't his picture be about somewhere? Yes, there it was above the book-case, an enormous photograph bristling with whiskers, and radiating amiable asininity. It was flanked by a dusty marble bust of Garrick, and a blond wig on a pole. The old lady's eyes wandered over the books, row upon row of them, in browned calf and leather, with here and there the yellow paper of a novel staring boldly forth. But there was one long shelf filled only with scores, even hundreds, of small, paper-backed pamphlets. They were soiled and worn. She got up again, and took out some of these pamphlets. The paper covers, it was evident, had been neatly stitched on by hand, and the titles written in great, firm characters above the actor's signature. They were plays, the leaves filled with marginal notes, stage directions, comments, cuts. They

were the pieces he had played during his sixty years of activity, his thumbed and dog-eared pocket prompt-books. It was an enormous array—Shakspere, Sheridan, Goldsmith, jumbled in with "The Iron Chest," "Box and Cox," Tom Taylor, Robertson, Byron, and authors whom even she had forgotten. The light was failing too fast to read them now. The woman put the dusty little volumes back, and as she did so, it seemed to her as if she were placing something in a tomb.

She moved slowly about the room, pausing by a little gilt chair that had once adorned *Camille's* boudoir, by a cabinet where *Cap'n Cuttle's* wooden hand, with the fork screwed in, reposed in company with Garrick relics, with precious coins and a peach-blow vase, with *Sir Peter's* powdered wig and a second folio of Shakspere. Presently the door from the rear apartment opened, and the nurse came softly out.

"How is he?" cried the old lady, hastening to her tremulously.

"Resting quietly now," said the nurse in cool, steady tones. "If you will watch with him, I think I 'll go out for a bit of air."

"Is he conscious yet? Will he know me?" the woman pleaded.

The nurse took her hand gently. "He will never be conscious again," she answered. "You must n't expect it."

"I know I ought n't to," the other said. "We 're old, he and I. I 've seen most of those I love leave me, some without a word. Death ought to be easy for us old folks. But it is n't, it is n't, dearie! If he could only recognize me once, and just say good-by!"

The nurse patted her hand. "There, there," she said soothingly, "remember, he 's not suffering at all; it 's just as if he were asleep. I 'll be back in less than an hour."

The old lady kissed the young one impulsively, and passed into the rear room.

The dying actor lay upon his clean iron bed, gazing with eyes that saw nothing at the framed playbill on the wall, the first bill that ever bore his name, far down below the magic "Macready." Save for this playbill and a few portraits, and the old man's wig on a dressing-stand in the corner, the room was almost ascetically bare—a room for the elementary events of birth or death. The low winter sun sent in a single shaft through the purple window-panes, which struck on the bed with a kind of uncanny theatrical suggestion, as of a spot-light. It illuminated his pale, withered hands,—fine, slender, nervous hands,—but left his face mercifully in shadow. It was a face with death upon it, the cheeks fallen, emphasizing the heavy wrinkles like marks of parentheses about the wide, sensitive mouth, the gazing eyes quite sightless now, without fire or their habitual twinkle of merriment. And above the face no falling lock of heavy hair swept his brow. The head looked curiously small without that leonine sweep of hair. Nobody while he was in health had ever seen the comedian without his luxuriant wig, so carefully tended. His old friend, even now at his death-bed, felt a twinge of sympathy almost like shame in looking upon him—on the sparse, feeble threads of white, that only an actor would have sought to hide, and only an actor would understand as a tragedy. What could be the harm? Gently the woman took the heavy black wig from the dresser, and, raising his head, adjusted it with professional expertness. Then something of the leonine aspect was restored: it was her old friend's face, indeed, though death was upon it.

She took his cold hand and patted it with her chubby, warm ones. The unseeing eyes turned toward her without recognition. For a while she sat so by the bedside. Then suddenly he began to stir, and his lips opened to speak.

"What is it? What is it?" she cried.

The lips struggled silently with the words, and a light of intelligence struggled behind the unseeing eyeballs. Then, almost without warning and in spite of her frantic efforts to push him back, the old comedian sat up in bed. As he did so, he came into the shaft of sunlight that was higher now, passing over the bed and casting his shadow, the shadow of that leonine head, against the far wall of the room. The eyes danced terribly with fun. He raised one hand with an awkward gesture. Over his shrunken face came a look of loutish stupidity that would have been comical had it not been so tragic.

"Dost thou not suspect my place?" he cried, his throat finding words. "Dost

thou not suspect my years? O, that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer, and, which is more, a householder, and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him. Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down an ass!"

The voice had grown stronger and more unctious as the speech progressed, till they were the echoes of *Dogberry's* very own that died in the chamber. The deaf ears listened to the storm of laughter and applause.

His watcher, herself half in hysterics with fright and pity and a horrid desire to laugh at the waked memories of that inimitable performance, strove to push him back upon the bed, repeating over and over, "Lie down, dear; lie down, dear." But he threw her off with spasmodic strength, and suddenly began singing in a cracked voice, while his hands went through the motion of digging with a spade:

"But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such."

He motioned as if tossing something up with a grunt, and went on:

"A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet."

Then the head turned slowly round, the eyes twinkled, and the voice replied saucily to Hamlet's unheard, "Whose grave is that?" "Mine, sir."

"Lie down! Oh, lie down!" moaned the woman. Her words broke the train of suggestion, and for a space the light faded almost out of the old comedian's face. His memory was groping in its dim chambers of the past. Then the light came suddenly back. He drew himself up haughtily. Here was no clown, but a proud gentleman, outraged, suffering. "A very clear account, upon my word; and I dare say the lady will vouch for every article of it," he cried, with icy scorn.

He waited for the response. There was none. Pain, bewilderment, anger, came over his countenance. "Quick, quick, the cue!" he hissed as to a prompter, and his mouth and fingers contracted in an agony of suspense.

The actress could not bear that appeal. "For not one word of it, Sir Peter!" she cried.

"How!" said the figure on the bed, "don't you think it worth while to agree in the lie?"

"There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you," answered the woman at the bed-side.

"I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am!" cried the old comedian, the throb of a noble passion in his voice. The woman was too moved to go on, but he did not wait this time. "Ay, let her alone, sir," he flung angrily at *Joseph*. "You 'll find she 'll make out a better story than you, without prompting."

Then he waited again.

The woman jumped the next speech to the cue, and the dying actor met it with, "Now, I believe, the truth is coming indeed!" Again she gave him his cue, *Joseph's* "Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, Heaven knows,—" and he turned upon the invisible *Joseph,* drawing himself up to his full height. "That you are a villain!" he exclaimed. "And so I leave you to your conscience."

"You are too rash, Sir Peter," said the woman, continuing *Joseph's* lines. "The man who shuts out conviction by refusing to—"

"Oh, damn your sentiments!" shouted the figure on the bed, in a voice that rang through the chamber.

The eyes remained blazing for a moment, the shoulders erect, the whole face transfigured. Then, as if a curtain had indeed descended, the fire went out, the poor body collapsed, the face fell out of the shaft of sunlight into the shadow of the pillow, and lay there white and sightless. The old lady buried her face on his hand and shook with hysterical sobs.

So the nurse found her, and led her gently away to the leather couch in the

dim library, and telephoned for the doctor.

"Him—go to him," she said, when the doctor arrived.

It was quite dark when the nurse and the physician came through the door from the chamber. The nurse lighted the gas, and then the two took the old actress by both hands. "It was quite painless," they said. "He looks peaceful and happy."

She turned her face up at them, trying to smile through her tears. "He played his old parts," she said. "He played his best part, and I played it with him! That was something, after all, was n't it?"

She paused and looked about the room. "Dearie, won't you light the candles on the mantel by his portrait?" she asked. "He always loved candle-light."

The nurse did so, and turned down the gas. The doctor helped the old lady rise. Her step had become feebler; she tottered as she moved toward the chamber door. "Now I can go in to him," she said, "and see how peaceful he looks. There are no such actors any more."

TOPICS OF THE TIME

COPYRIGHT IN MECHANICAL MUSIC

THE devoted and patient labor of the Joint Committees on Patents of the two Houses of Congress in their effort to frame a satisfactory copyright bill—a labor which has now extended over three years—bids fair to reach results at the short session of Congress next winter. The testimony, either in addresses at public hearings or in documents filed, is substantially all in, and the work of drafting a final bill has been intrusted to a subcommittee which is to do its work during the vacation. The attitude of the committees has been catholic and open-minded, and the members (especially the chairmen, Senator Smoot and Representative Currier) have felt their responsibility in framing a new act which shall become, by the soundness of its principles and the adequacy of its remedies, the law of the land for many years to come. In bringing about such legislation the committees will achieve for themselves an honorable reputation of the sort that compensates for all the toil and cynical discouragement that invest the daily work of the conscientious legislator.

The chief stumbling-block has been the inability to reconcile the interests of composers and of those engaged in the reproduction of music by mechanical means. After the latter had fought vigorously the plain ethical principle involved,—that a composer is entitled to compensation for all commercial use of his music,—suddenly, at the last moment of the hearings, with a candor that in the circumstances does them great credit, they acknowledged the main contention, pleading only for an equal chance at the business involved. So a bill has been introduced by Mr. Washburn of Massachusetts recognizing the right, and endeavoring to meet the difficulty by providing that any piece of music so reproduced by one manufacturing company may be reproduced by any other on the payment to the composer of a percentage, as yet undetermined in the bill.

This seems on the face of it the fairest of fair play. But we greatly mistake the situation if the practical working out of the idea does not create more difficulties than it cures. Has the law ever before addressed itself to the providing of business for any private branch of commerce? *Opportunities* of business, yes; but not even in the tariff or the Interstate Commerce Law has the principle been laid down that one shall not sell or refuse to sell his wares as he may choose. Would it establish a principle of equality to compel a livery-stable-keeper to let his horses at the same rate to any one who comes?

Is it wise that Congress should undertake to regulate private business, by fixing a percentage of profit, which may be too high one year and too low the next? And by what complicated and expensive machinery analogous to the internal revenue service will Congress supervise the exercise of the new right it is designed to confer? Why should not this right be analogous to all the other rights possessed in copyright property,—a multitude in kind,—and the operation of the law be left to the simple law of contract? The principle of "common carrier"—the right of any one to be served and at the rate of any other—is certainly not applicable here. It is the pure and simple principle of property, the essence of which is *the right not to sell.*

Now, what is back of this straining to make a new sort of property in music mechanically reproduced? First, what seems to us a confusion with the monopoly of patents; and, secondly, the fear that a certain reproducing company may become a trust, because it has had the enterprise to obtain contracts for the output of certain composers. We believe this fear, in the constitution of things, is groundless, and that it is directly in the public interest, as against dangerous trusts, that a composer should choose his agent, rather than be compelled to choose many agents, some of whom may be financially irresponsible, and none of whom he can compel to present his music unmutilated. One has only to apply the principle to his own business to see how subversive it would be of the stability of the commercial world. How much better that, as in the case, in 1891, of the uncompensating reprinters of books, the law should confer upon the mechanical companies the opportunity of ownership, instead of a chance to scramble with a score of rivals for a divided market. As for the "trust," there can never be any such thing in copyright material. There never has been a book trust and never will be, for you cannot "corner" creative talent. It is a constantly recurring, invisibly growing crop.

Again, Congress has not been authorized by the Constitution to confer any rights to authors except "exclusive" rights for limited terms, and it is difficult to see how such a right as the one proposed could fail to be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. Moreover, as every one knows, had it been suspected that this question would ever arise, a composer's copyright in the mechanical reproduction of his music would have been provided for explicitly in the Act of 1891.

The American Copyright League, representing the authors' interests, is so confident that a measure which shall be both constitutional and workable cannot be devised, that it has announced that it will not oppose, by reason of the attempt to do so, any bill that in a separate provision shall recognize the composer's ethical interest in the commercial reproduction of his work.

A HIGH PRICE TO PAY FOR WATER

APROPOS OF THE GRANT OF THE HETCH-HETCHY VALLEY TO SAN FRANCISCO FOR A RESERVOIR

TOO little was said at the White House Conference of the conservation of one of our chief resources, our great natural scenery, though Mr. Horace McFarland made an impassioned appeal for its protection as a national asset. This is in no sense a local question. The Palisades and Highlands of the Hudson, the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, Niagara, the Yellowstone Park, the Arizona Cañon (to name but the chief of such treasures), belong to the whole country, and their invasion by special interests or their diversion to commercial uses should be a matter of the most vigilant scrutiny.

The Secretary of the Interior, for reasons which doubtless appear to him good and sufficient, and with the approval of the President, has made over to the City of San Francisco, on certain conditions, as a reservoir for its water supply the wonderful Hetch-Hetchy Valley, one of the most beautiful gorges of the Sierra, which, as part of the Yosemite National Park, was set aside in 1890 by reason of its scenery for the recreation and use of all the people. This action has, on the face of it, the authority of a congressional provision (of February 15, 1901) by which the Secretary of the Interior may grant water privileges in the three National Parks of California, *"if not incom-*

patible with the public interest.". Whether the United States Supreme Court would hold that such authority extends to the destruction to so large an extent of the original purpose of the reserve, may yet be the subject of adjudication.

In a matter relating to public lands the presumption is in favor of any course taken by President Roosevelt, Secretary Garfield, and Forester Pinchot. As our readers know, we have vigorously supported their enlightened services to the cause of forest conservation, as we have the services of preceding administrations. It was in this magazine that the movement for the creation of the Yosemite National Park first took public form in 1890, and the chief reason urged upon the Public Lands Committee for making the reservation—and we know whereof we speak—was to rescue from private invasion and for public use the rare beauty of the Hetch-Hetchy and of the Cañon of the Tuolumne River, which flows through it. We therefore have particular regret that we do not find satisfactory the reasons officially given for the Administration's extraordinary step, which, logically, would place the great natural scenery of the country at the service of any neighboring city which should consider its appropriation necessary or even desirable.

Let us say at once that we hold human life more sacred than scenery, than even great natural wonderlands, vastly as they contribute to save life and promote happiness; and if that were the issue, if San Francisco could not otherwise obtain an abundant water supply, we should be willing to dedicate to that purpose not only Hetch-Hetchy, but even the incomparable Yosemite itself. But this is not the contention of Secretary Garfield in the official document granting the request. The Administration's position is not that the step is a last resort, that no other source is adequate, but that Hetch-Hetchy affords the most abundant and cheapest available supply of pure water. Even this is stoutly denied by the opponents of the scheme, who contend, moreover, that a dozen other adequate systems may be found. Eminent and disinterested engineers have declared the present supply excellent and capable of ample development, as the water companies claim, and since the city fixes the water-rates, and at need may condemn and acquire these sources at reasonable cost, there would seem to be no dangerous "monopoly." Indeed, the permission to dam the beautiful valley into a lake is conditional upon the previous exhaustion by the City of the resources of Lake Eleanor, which is also in the National Park. Other conditions are attached and compensations agreed upon which are believed by the Secretary to be safeguards of the public interests, with the important omission, however, to provide safeguards against the destruction of the scenery; but the fact remains, that of this great reservation, which is as large as the State of Rhode Island, the northern third—for the watershed of the valley even above the Tuolumne Meadows must go with the valley itself—is to be withdrawn from the use of the people of the whole United States and given to the City of San Francisco. This involves a new principle and a dangerous precedent, and is a tremendous price for the nation to pay for San Francisco's water, and the burden of proof that it is *necessary* is upon those who advocated the grant. It is not enough that it should be thought merely *desirable*.

It is idle to attempt to discredit such defenders of the public's previous rights in the valley as John Muir and many other members of the Sierra Club and other like organizations by calling them "sentimentalists" and "poets." Cant of this sort on the part of people who have not developed beyond the pseudo-"practical" stage is one of the retarding influences of American civilization and brings us back to the materialistic declaration that "Good is only good to eat." Most of those who oppose the grant live in San Francisco and vicinity and are deeply interested in the future of that redoubtable city; but they know the growing vogue of the few camping-grounds of the health-giving park, into which, in the torrid and dusty summer the people of the lowlands swarm in "the pursuit of happiness"; they know the exceptional beauty of the Hetch-Hetchy, only surpassed in the Sierra by the neighboring Yosemite and by the distant and not easily accessible King's River Cañon; they know, also—to meet on its own ground the argument

of cheapness—the money value of California's great natural attractions and that once to destroy the beautiful valley floor by flooding will be to render it irrecoverable.

There is one ground of hope that the danger may be averted. By the time it can be demonstrated that Lake Eleanor is not adequate, it is likely to be generally recognized that a pure water supply need not depend upon mountain resources, but may be obtained by filtration from streams of less pure quality. Meantime the citizens of San Francisco, who (alone of Californians!) are to vote upon the question, will do well to exhaust every other possibility of meeting their needs before giving their consent to the ruin of one of their imperial State's greatest natural treasures. We are confident that this issue would be the one most approved by the officials at Washington, who from conscientious motives, have given assent to local official demands.

OPEN LETTERS

The New York Public Schools Athletic League

ALTHOUGH the newspapers have been filled with descriptions of the work of The Public Schools Athletic League, yet there are comparatively few who know anything about it. The reason for this is that the news concerning it has been printed in the sporting columns, which a large class of the community never read. Consequently, they are utterly ignorant of the fact that although only a little more than three years old, the league is conceded to be the largest athletic organization in the world. They are also ignorant of the much more important facts, that by the games and exercises which it has instituted it has raised the physique of the great army of boys who attend the public schools of Greater New York over twenty per cent., has similarly improved their morale, and has correspondingly improved the discipline of the schools which they attend; that in doing this, it has raised and expended over $40,000, all of which has been contributed by private persons, and that it has induced the City of New York to spend $400,000 in purchasing and equipping four athletic fields for the use of the children.

The league was started in December, 1904, by a number of members of the Board of Education and others interested in athletics. Its founders appreciated that the enormous spread of the city and its increased population had rendered the streets in congested districts too crowded to permit the city boy to obtain the exercise which a country boy receives, and through which he attains his physical and, to a great extent, his mental development. That the boys, instead of working off their superfluous energies in wholesome games, as nature intended that they should, became members of "gangs," and addicted to vicious practices. Consequently, not only was their physique decidedly below normal, and growing steadily worse, but their morals and habits were correspondingly deteriorating. This naturally affected the discipline of the schools, where the number of boys becoming ungovernable was so rapidly increasing that the restoration of corporal punishment in the schools was being seriously advocated. The schools did what they could in the matter, but the numbers attending them were so great that the only physical exercise which they could provide was a brief instruction in callisthenics.

There is not room here for a detailed account of the work of the league. Briefly, it selected its officers from prominent men in the Board of Education, from men who were leaders in athletics, and, last but not least, from well-known business men, who furnished the financial support without which nothing could be accomplished.

The exercises which it has established cover all branches of athletics. They are mainly running, particularly in relay races. They also include high-jumping, pole-vaulting, "putting the shot," basket-ball, swimming (in the public baths), and particularly baseball. This has been a great feature, as last year there were over 106 teams, the ultimate winners displaying remarkable skill.

The league has received strong support from many influential men. Probably the greatest assistance which has been given it was by President Roosevelt, who at the beginning not only accepted the office of its honorary vice-president, but wrote a public letter commending its work, which as an indorsement has proved to be of the greatest value. A large number have given many

valuable prizes for competition. In addition to these prizes for experts, the league has established a "button," which it gives to each boy who annually passes a certain simple standard of "chinning," running, and jumping. The purpose of this is to reach the individual boys who otherwise might not become interested in the games because they think they do not possess sufficient athletic ability to enable them to be selected to represent their schools in the contests.

From the beginning, the league has enforced an inflexible rule that no boy would be permitted to compete in any contest unless he was certified by his principal to be up to a certain standard in conduct and deportment.

The result which has been attained can only be described as remarkable. There is scarcely a public school in New York in which there is not a strong athletic feeling. Not only have a number of fine athletes been developed, but, as has been said, there has been a remarkable improvement in the physical development of the boys.

The efficiency of the schools has also been greatly helped. The boys who are interested in athletics are apt to be those hardest to control, and who do not take an interest in their studies. These, now, finding that the only way in which they can gratify their ambition to join in the contest is by becoming good scholars, have turned over a new leaf. A teacher said to me, "All the little toughs in my class have become saints, not because they want to be saints, but because they want to compete in your games." Consequently, principals and teachers are unanimous in the support of the league.

It is difficult to appreciate the immense numbers the league has to handle. There are over 600,000 children attending the public schools of New York, of which one half are boys. Of these, 150,000 are old enough to participate in the games, and are anxious to do so. This renders the work complicated as well as expensive.

Great difficulty has been experienced for the want of suitable space in which this great army of boys can exercise. All the school playgrounds, the roofs of the school buildings, and even the streets, have been utilized. The greatest help which has been received has been from the colonels of the various regiments that have permitted the use of their armories, without which favor little could have been accomplished.

The four new fields which the city is constructing are about completed, and some of them are in actual use. They will be fitted up in the most approved manner with racing tracks, grounds for jumping, and dressing-rooms, with lavatories, and will be found to be of the greatest possible value.

The league spares no pains to impress upon the boys that to succeed in the games they must not smoke cigarettes or indulge in vicious habits, and that to be an athlete means to be a square, honorable gentleman; that they must avoid anything mean or underhanded, and not attempt to take a dishonest advantage, and when their opponents win, must congratulate the victors. Principles of this kind were unknown to a great many of the boys, and it has not been at all an easy task to get them to understand them. The success which has been attained in this direction has been great, and the present tone in the schools in this direction is one that can be copied to advantage by a great many of the football and other teams of our colleges. The extent of the work can best be judged from the fact that the largest colleges think they do well when they get a few hundred to participate in one of their meetings, while a single one of our large schools will have 700 boys in its games, and the meetings of the league often have 1000 competitors.

One of the most valuable exercises which the league has introduced is that of teaching the boys of the high schools to shoot with a military rifle. This is accomplished by a very ingenious machine called the "sub-target gun machine," which has a military rifle attached, and which when aim is taken with this rifle at a target across the room, and the trigger is pulled, registers upon a miniature target the exact position which the bullet would have made on the target aimed at if the gun had been loaded. The league has installed one of these guns in each of the twelve high schools in the city, and the boys have become very expert. To prove to them that the skill attained with this machine was valuable in actual shooting, it annually holds a contest at Creedmoor, where the boys shoot at 100 and 400 yards. This has been greatly helped by President Roosevelt, who promised to write a letter of commendation and congratulation to the boy certified by the league to be the best shot during the year. The last match was shot at Creedmoor on June 29, 1907, and in it the boys displayed a skill in shooting which was fully equal to that of the ordinary National Guardsman, and in some instances was superior. The President's letter was won by Ambrose Scharfenberg of the Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, who made a record which was equal to that of an experienced rifleman.

If this system should be extended to the other high schools of the country, as it is likely will soon be the case, there should be at least 20,000 young men who are graduated from these schools every year who will be effective shots with a military rifle, a skill they will never lose. This in the course of time will give the country a supply of trained

marksmen among the mass of our people, which will make our volunteers, when called upon, efficient soldiers, thus constituting a guarantee of national peace. Our regular army is necessarily a small one, and when war comes, it must be supplemented by hasty levies of volunteers. The only way, therefore, by which the country will ever become prepared to defend itself in the case of war is to have the people as a mass trained in the use of the rifle, so that as citizen soldiers they will be formidable to their opponents. The value of this skill by citizens defending their liberties was first demonstrated by our ancestors in the Revolution, and recently by the manner in which the Boers were able to defend themselves against the greatly superior number of trained soldiers of the British Army.

George W. Wingate,
President Public Schools Athletic League.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Mythological Zoo

BY OLIVER HERFORD

With pictures by the Author

Drawn by Oliver Herford

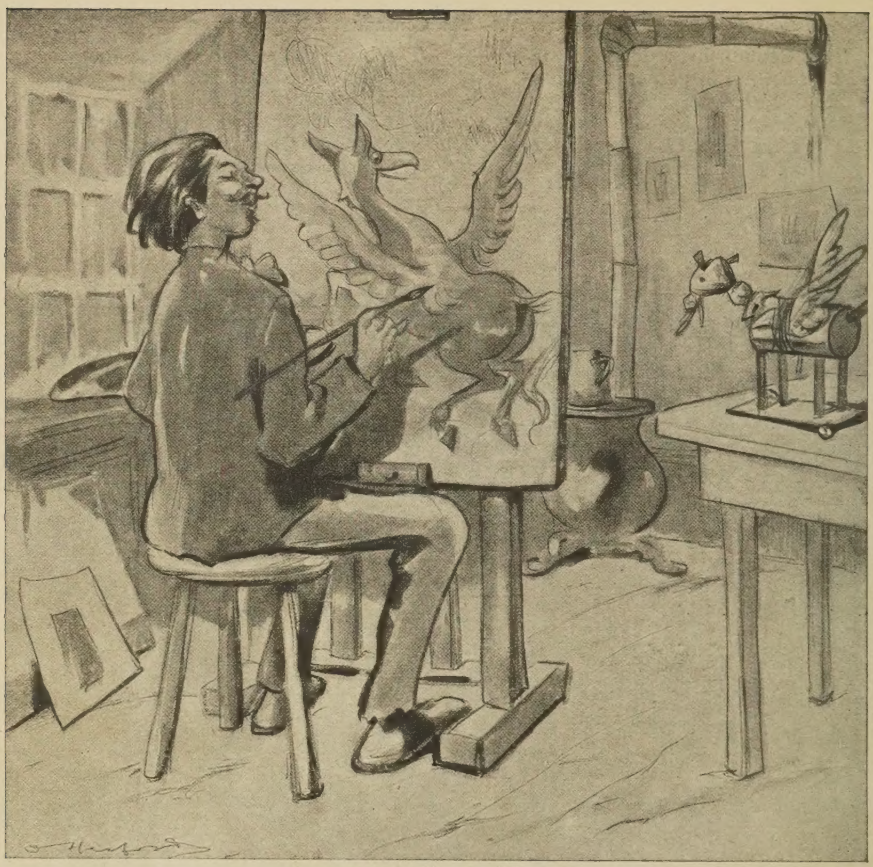
VII—The Centaur

THE Centaur led a double life:
Two natures in perpetual strife
He had, that never could agree
On what the bill-of-fare should be;
For when the man-half set his heart
On taking dinner à la carte,
The horse was sure to cast his vote
Unswervingly for table d'oat.
A pretty sort of life to lead;
The horse in time went off its feed,
The hungry man was nigh demented,
When one day—oatmeal was invented!

Drawn by Oliver Herford

VIII—The Satyr

THE Satyr lived in times remote,
A shape half-human and half-goat,
Who, having all man's faults combined
With a goat's nature unrefined,
Was not what you would call a bright
Example or a shining light.
Far be it from me to condone
The Satyr's sins, yet I must own
I like to think there were a few
Good Satyrs who to heaven flew,
Whom, when Saint Peter, stern and proud,
Beheld, he cried, "No goats allowed!"
And slammed the gate so quickly to,
Only their human halves got through;
Whereat the kindly saint relented,
And that 's how Cherubs were invented.



Drawn by Oliver Herford

IX—The Hyppogriff

BIOLOGISTS are prone to sniff
At hybrids like the Hyppogriff.
In evolution's plan, they say,
There is no place for such as they.
A horse with wings could not have more
Than two legs, and this beast had four.
Well, I for one am glad to waive
Two of his legs, his wings to save.
I 'd even sell my auto — if
I had one — for a Hyppogriff.

After the Costume Ball

(TO MARIAN, AS "AN EARLY FLORENTINE")

BY SAMUEL F. BATCHELDER

WHEN bronzed Vespucci back to Florence came,
Christening two continents by freakish fate,
Had he but known the music of thy name
He would have begged thee for their sponsor straight.
Yet glad am I thou wast not there, sweet dame,
When bronzed Vespucci back to Florence came.

When Galileo's wonder-working glass
Brought down the stars to earth one Tuscan night,
Not one that through his trembling ken did pass
As thy dear eyes shone even half as bright.
'T is them I 'd liefer gaze in, radiant lass,
Than Galileo's wonder-working glass.

When the great doge Foscari wed the sea
And maidens danced in Venice all night long,
The best they footed not as fluently
As thou last night amid that rainbow throng.
Thou wouldst have changed his mind, I warrant me,
When the great doge Foscari wed — the sea!

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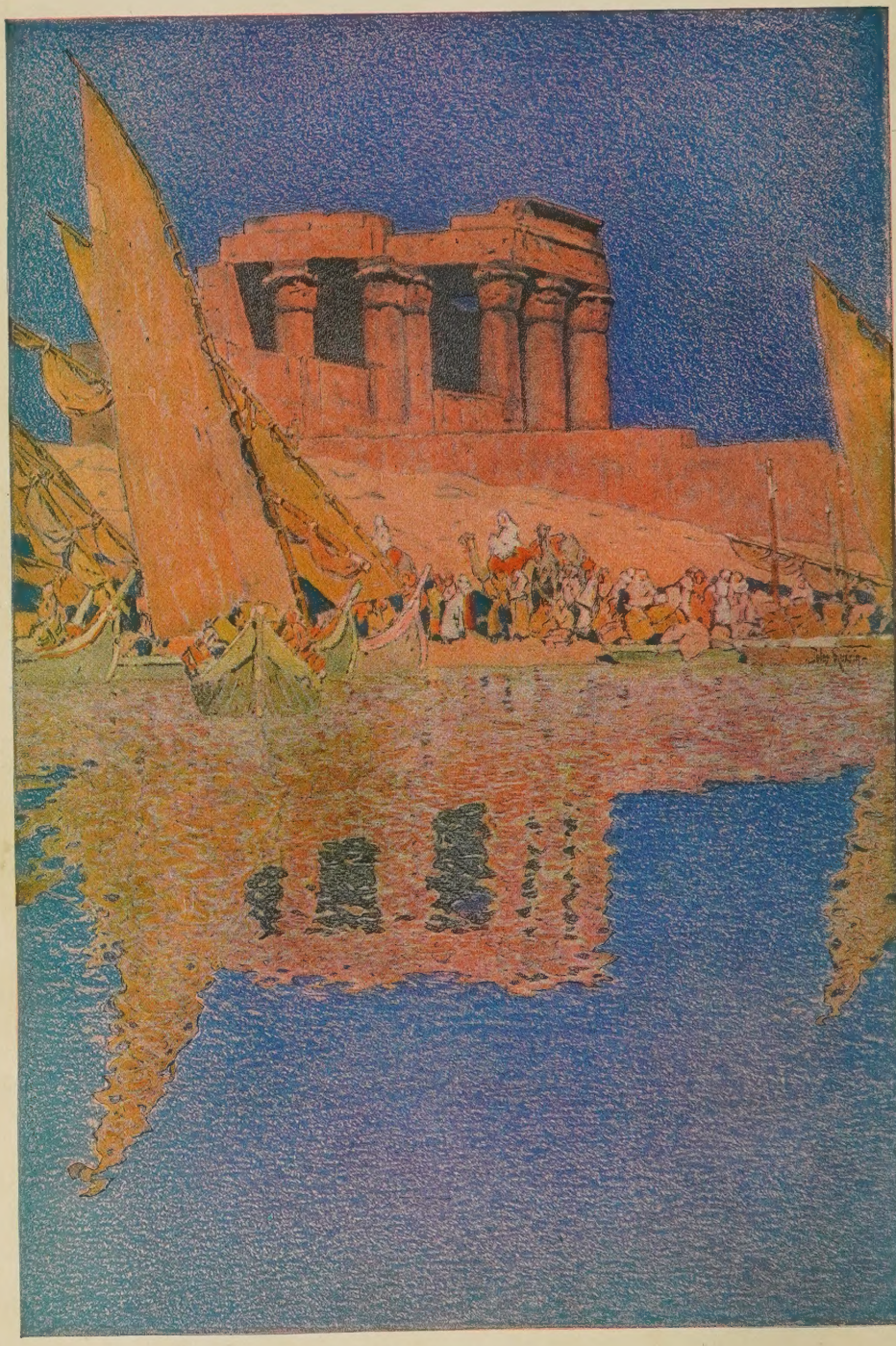

THE TEMPLE OF KOM OMBOS

PAINTED FROM NATURE BY JULES GUÉRIN